

# AMERICA REVISITED.



By George Augustus Sala.

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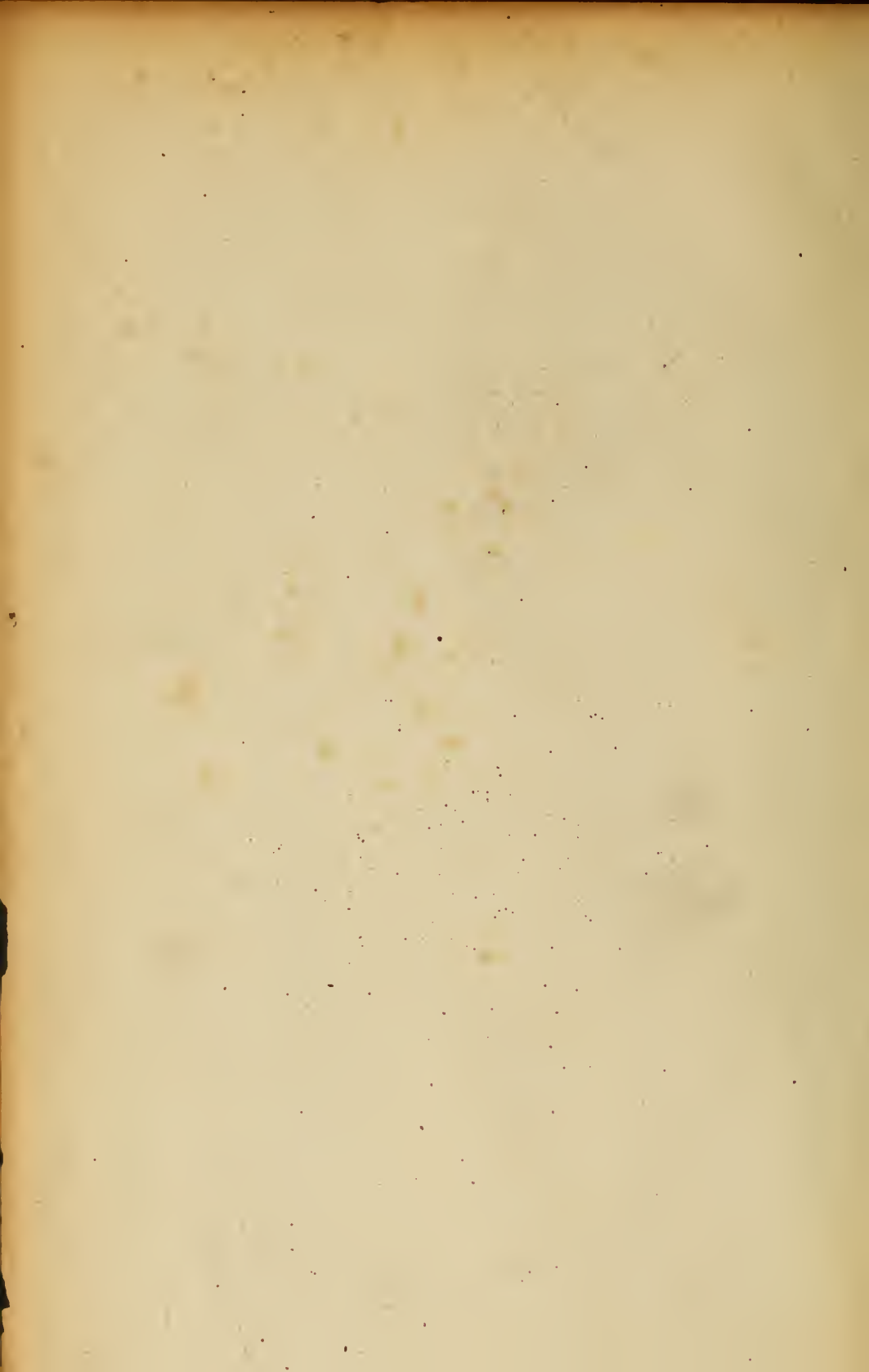
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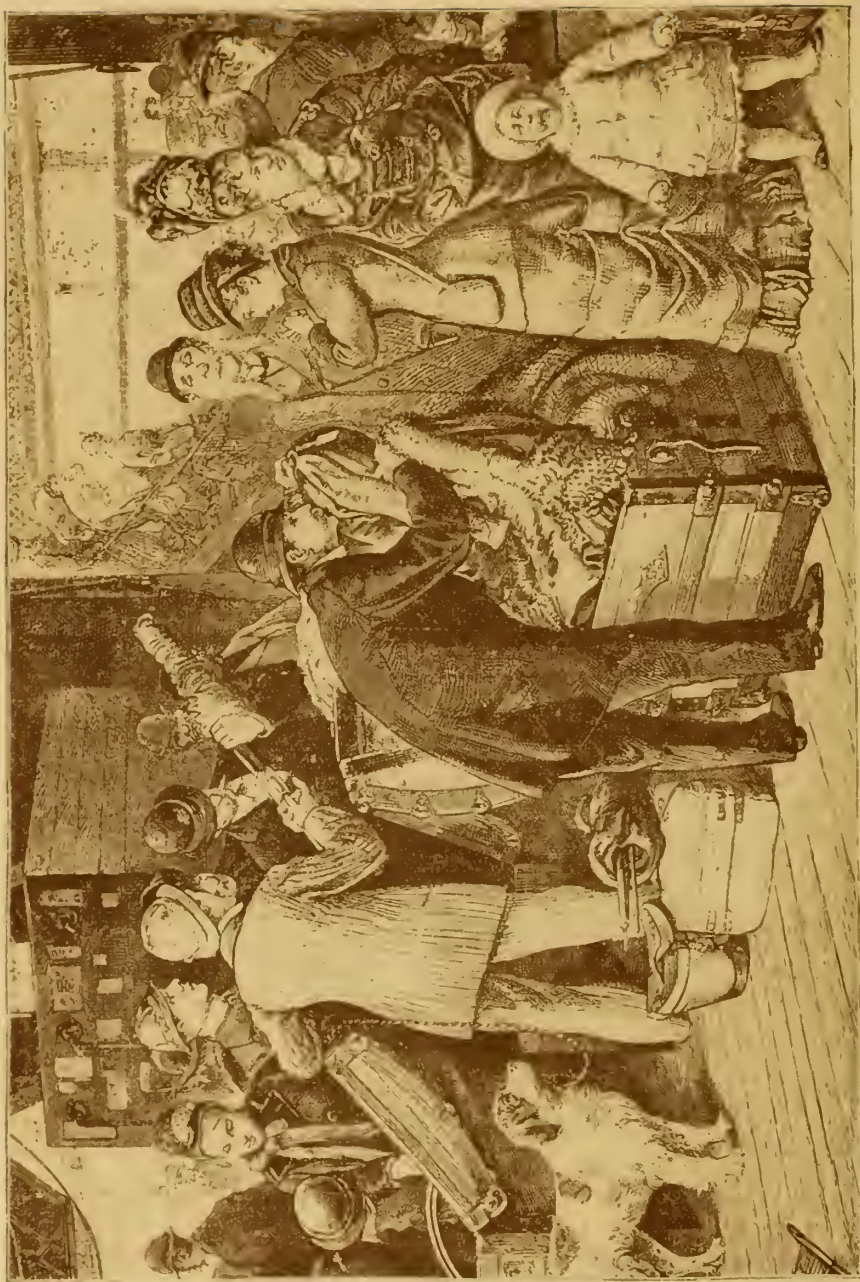
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CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS EXAMINING PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE AT NEW YORK.

# AMERICA REVISITED:

FROM THE BAY OF NEW YORK

TO THE GULF OF MEXICO,

AND

FROM LAKE MICHIGAN TO THE PACIFIC.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY DUE NORTH," "PARIS HERSELF AGAIN," "AMERICA IN THE MIDST OF WAR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH NEARLY 400 ENGRAVINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO  
LADY LINDSAY  
(OF BALCARRES).

DEAR MADAM,

It was on board the good ship *Scythia*, Captain Hains, bound from Liverpool to New York, in November 1879 (and in very rough weather), that I finished a newspaper article commenting on an admirable Address on Art delivered in public by your accomplished husband. The remembrance of that circumstance, and of a hundred kindnesses besides, for which I am indebted to yourself and to Sir Coutts Lindsay, leads me to hope that you will look with some slight favour on this Book, which, with feelings of the sincerest admiration and respect, I dedicate to you.

And I am very much your Ladyship's servant,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

46, MECKLENBURGH SQUARE, W.C.,  
*July*, 1882.



## PREFACE.

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KING CHARLES THE SECOND, urbane to the last, apologised to the courtiers who surrounded his death-bed for having been an unconscionably long time in dying; and “*America Revisited*” needs, perhaps, to be made the subject of even more profuse apologies, owing to the apparently unconscionable amount of time which has been consumed in bringing the work out. Its publication indeed, has been postponed in consequence of a variety of circumstances, with the enumeration of which it is not necessary to trouble the reader, beyond hinting that among the causes of its tardy solicitation of public favour has been my own absence from England on journalistic business during a considerable portion of the year 1881:—first in Russia, whither I proceeded on the morrow of the assassination of the Tsar, Alexander II., and next in Italy, where I was fain to rest during many weeks towards the close of the year, slowly recovering from a severe illness by which I had been prostrated in Corsica. The delay, however, has enabled my publishers to bestow the most elaborate care on the illustrations of these two volumes, which, from the pictorial point of view, will, I hope, be found worthy of

the same amount of public encouragement as was bestowed on "Paris Herself Again."

With respect to my own share in the work—the writing of it—only a very few words of mine are needed. When I first went to the United States, in the year 1863, I was, comparatively speaking, a young man :—very prejudiced, very conceited, and a great deal more ignorant and presumptuous than (I hope) I am now. When I landed in America, the country was convulsed by one of the most terrific internecine struggles that history has known. I took, politically, the wrong side ; that is to say, I was an ardent sympathiser with the South in her struggle against the North. In so taking a side, I was neither logical nor worldly-wise ; in short, I approved myself to be what is commonly called a Fool ; but my partiality for "Dixie's Land" was simply and solely due to a sentimental feeling ; and at thirty-four years of age it is permissible to possess some slight modicum of sentimentality. My heart was with the South because I came on my mother's side of a West Indian family—and a slave-owning family—ruined by the Abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies ; and although I know perfectly well that I was altogether wrong in what I wrote politically concerning "America in the Midst of War," my heart is still in the South :—with her gallant sons and her beautiful daughters ; and the song of "Maryland ! My Maryland !" yet stirs that heart like a drum, and will not cease so to stir it, I hope, until it ceases to beat, for good and all.

During my stay in the States in 1863-4, I did not go farther south than Culpepper Court House, in Virginia. In order to penetrate to the extreme South I should have had to run the blockade; and to do this would not have been agreeable to the interests of the paper for which I was writing, the proprietors of which required two long articles a week from my pen. I might, indeed, have gone by sea to New Orleans, over which the Federal flag floated; but General Benjamin Butler was in command in the Crescent City, and knowing that distinguished soldier and lawyer to be a very "thorough" personage, I thought (remembering that I had written sundry remarkably uncomplimentary articles about him) that it would be on the whole a prudent thing *not* to give him the chance of hanging me. Very possibly General Butler never heard of my name, and never read a line of what I wrote about him; but it is always well to be on the safe side.

I may fairly say that from the end of 1864, when I returned to England, to the end of 1879, when I revisited America, I was haunted by a yearning to see "the Palms and Temples of the South." That yearning was gratified just after the New Year 1880, when after passing many delightful days in Baltimore, Maryland, in Richmond, Virginia, and in Augusta, Georgia, I found myself in the charming city of New Orleans. In the capital of Louisiana my wife and I spent the Carnival; and among the polished, amiable, and kindly society of a most interesting and picturesque city we made a host of friends who,

we hope, will not readily forget us. I am sure that we shall never forget them.

Equal kindness and courtesy had been shown to us in New York, at Philadelphia, and at Washington, and were afterwards extended to us at Chicago, at Omaha and at San Francisco. "Railway Kings," "Silver Kings," "Corn Kings," "Pork-Packing Kings," "Hotel Kings," were all kind to us. Photographers took our portraits for nothing; theatrical managers offered us "the courtesies of the house"; I was made an honorary member of at least twenty clubs between the Atlantic and the Pacific; we had invitations to balls and receptions innumerable, and even the "interviewers" were merciful to me, and forbore from publishing embarrassing particulars touching the total of inches of my circumference of waist, the precise hue of my complexion, or the exact number of front teeth which I had lost. In fact we found friends everywhere. We spent four and a half months in the States, and travelled twenty thousand miles; and as the *Hecla*, one sharp afternoon in April, 1880, steamed out of the Port of New York, the last of our friends who "saw us off" shouted from the wharf, "Good bye; and be sure to come back again!" We hope to go back again, if we are spared.



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\* \* The publishers of "America Revisited" desire to acknowledge the great obligations they are under to Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York; to the proprietors of the New York "Daily Graphic;" and to Messrs. Pettit & Russ, of San Francisco, for the courteous permissions readily given to copy from various publications belonging to them some of the more interesting illustrations contained in the present volumes.

THE majority of the letters comprised in "America Revisited," were originally published in the "Daily Telegraph" newspaper, and are now reproduced by permission of the proprietors of that journal. All of them, however, have been carefully revised and considerably amplified; and the concluding letters from Salt Lake City and Chicago are altogether new ones.



MUSTER OF THE CREW OF THE SCYTHIA.

## AMERICA REVISITED.

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### I.

#### OUTWARD BOUND.

On Board the Cunard SS. Scythia, at Sea, Nov. 23, 1879.

SIXTEEN years ago, at nine o'clock, on a foggy November night, I went away from Euston Terminus by the famous express popularly termed "the Wild Irishman." We sped to Holyhead, whence we crossed, in what seemed to me a terrible storm, but which was pronounced on competent nautical authority to be "only a capful of wind," to Kingstown. If I remember aright, we contrived to snatch some breakfast in Dublin; and then we raced away by another express southwards to Cork, and so to

Queenstown, where, with our luggage, a tender conveyed us on board the British and North American Royal mail steamer *Arabia*, Captain Cook commanding, bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Boston, United States of America. Well do I mind the ugly, gusty, iron-grey Sunday afternoon when I set foot on the *Arabia's* deck; the too copious dinner which was served almost so soon as we had cast off the tender; the forty-five lady and gentlemen passengers who, with beaming countenances, sate down to the repast; the four or five gallant yet oscillating individuals who were all that remained at table by the time that the boiled mutton and caper sauce had succeeded the fried sole.

How we tossed and tumbled during our ten days' voyage! What desperate attempts did I make to acquire the use of my



“sea legs”—attempts which only resulted, after infinite staggering about and “cannoning” against one’s fellow-sufferers, in the humiliating conviction that the legs which had been found tolerably efficient in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, the Baltic, and the Black Sea, were miserably unserviceable in Mid-Atlantic. How strongly did I “make believe” in November, 1863, that I liked



my trip, that I was enjoying myself immensely, and that I felt "awfully jolly:" the pusillanimously concealed truth being that I was intensely wretched, and that had a big fish come that way I should not have very much minded to have voluntarily played Jonah's part by way of a change. Oh! the wearisome iteration of the remark, "How rough it was last night!" Oh! the intolerable monotony of the boiled mutton and caper sauce. There was of course plenty more to eat on board, (indeed you are rather over than underfed in a Cunard steamer); yet one always gravitated, one knew not why, to the salubrious yet somewhat insipid diet on which, it is stated, Lindley Murray composed his English Grammar. To be sure the distinguished Anglo-American grammarian (I am wholly unacquainted with the rules laid down in his book) was for many years a chronic invalid, and confined to his room: thus nothing more "choleric" in the way of meat than boiled mutton was allowed him by his physicians.

How grateful I was on that first transatlantic voyage for the few hours' respite from pitching and tossing which we enjoyed at Halifax. One shaved, one posted up one's log, one scribbled complacent letters to friends at home, one paced the deck with a confident stride, as though one had been born with "sea legs." Vain pretender! Next morning you could not have "toed a line" had it been as wide, even, as a church-door. There was a large military garrison—the "Trent affair" was then to the fore—at the Halifax of those days; and the British "soldier officers" in astracan-lined pelisses, and escorting beauteous damsels in sealskin mantles and pork-pie hats of sable and beaver, came on board to peep at us as folks fresh from strange and fearful experiences of the melancholy ocean. To me the sea is never sane. It has too much to do with the moon to be quite *compos mentis*; and it is always either melancholy mad or raving mad, like Cibber's "Brainless Brothers."

To be stared at when you come into port is at once the privilege and the purgatory of those who go down to the sea in

ships. Grin and bear it; that is the only counsel that I have to offer when such a contingency arises. It is your lot to-day; it may be that of Alexander the Great to-morrow. Console yourselves with such a reflection, ye unfortunates, who, landing at Folkestone from the Boulogne packet, are subjected on your way to the Pavilion Hotel to the coarse scrutiny and the ruffianly comments of "'Arry." "'Arry" is all over the world. He is the same darkly covered curious Impertinent who asked *Æsop* what he had in his basket, and got his answer to the effect that the pannier was purposely veiled in order that fools should not know what was within it. He is the Fool of Scripture; stripes are appointed for his back, and the correction of the stocks for his ankles; but no amount of remonstrance nor of appeals to his better feelings will deter him from thrusting the tongue of vulgar impudence into the cheek of imbecile derision, and mocking his wretched little self of his betters because they happen to be dishevelled and unshorn, and are looking pea-green after a sea voyage. But there is a Nemesis for "'Arry." Sometimes the creature goes to sea himself and is forced to run the gauntlet of criticism when he lands. Poor wretch! A trip to Southend on a breezy day will suffice to convert him to the semblance and status of a sponge in a gutter and an oyster at the bottom of a barge.

Sixteen years make a considerable slice out of a wayfarer's life. Try to count up the strange and wonderful adventures and misadventures, the hair-breadth 'scapes—were they even from the pedagogue's rod—the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows that were your portion up to the time when you were sixteen—and it seemed, when you had passed that age, that you would never be twenty-one. Sixteen years may mean, even the most precious period of life—the period when our scent is keenest, and our ears are quickest of hearing, and our eyes most widely open in the matter of men and cities—the period when, if we are ever to buy wisdom at the price of experience, we may purchase a vast stock of the first named commodity,

and lay it by for the invalid days when our travels are over, and we can behold fresh men and fresh cities no more. Any way, sixteen years are a large excision, a terrible shrinking of that "Peau de Chagrin," which all of us carry concealed about us, and the irreparable area of which we generally do our best to diminish every day of our lives.

I arrive, not without some sadness—and not without some cheerfulness, too—at the recognition of that fact when, on a foggy November evening in 1879, I find myself standing on the platform of a Pullman car attached to the five o'clock express from St. Pancras to Liverpool. Once more I am bound for the United States; but my bourne, this time, is New York instead of Boston; and I am not by any means in so feverish a hurry as I was forced to be in 1863. Then I was on the War path; now I am in quest of meek-eyed Peace. I mean to take things easily, for I am not a solitary traveller. I have somebody with me to part my hair (she can part it, even in a nor' wester) and take care of my money, and rally me when I am cross. There is no need to tempt the tempestuous billows of St. George's Channel, nor to race across the Green Isle. I am content to miss the chance of hearing those brilliant repartees, full of mother-wit, for which the outside car drivers of Cork and Queenstown are so justly renowned. I escape the quadruple shipment and transshipment of luggage. I elude the payment of much *backshish* to porters, and the possible loss of more valuable temper. I intend quietly to board the Cunard steamship *Scythia*, at Liverpool, to-morrow (Saturday) morning, and I should be very glad to go tranquilly to sleep so soon as I enter my state-room, and to wake no more until the good ship arrives at Sandy Hook. Failing the desirable consummation of some skilful physician inventing a Temporary Animation suspender for the use of ocean steamer passengers, I must take the rough with the smooth and resign myself to the inevitable—the pitching and the tossing, the boiled mutton and the caper sauce.

The Pullman car, which I consider for the nonce, as a

cheerful instalment of Transatlantic experiences to come—and a very comfortable and even luxurious instalment it is—conveys us to the great city of the Mersey; and we find cosy quarters at the Adelphi Hotel—quite another Adelphi to the snug hostelry which I knew sixteen years syne; tending somewhat to the caravanserai stage of development, with post-office, telegraph offices, hairdressers' shops, lifts, and other innovations on the premises, and excellently well appointed in every respect, and, in particular, providing you with a capital breakfast. Should you be slightly sad on the occasion of the last breakfast which you are to consume in your native land? Is a little melancholy permissible over the muffins? Is a sigh quite out of place over the kippered herring, or the broiled ham and eggs? May you drop one tear into your tea? I think not. When Lord Byron went away from the Island of Naxos, he remarked (in verse) that, although not a tear in sorrow fell, nor a sigh in faltering accents escaped his bosom, the heart within him grew cold at the thought that the shores of Naxos he should never more behold. I utterly and deliberately decline to believe that Lord Byron's heart was affected one way or the other by his departure from Naxos, where his lordship only abode a very few days, and which is an island mainly noticeable for its abundance of fleas, and for the quantity of resin with which the natives (who are great rascals) doctor their normally nasty wine, which they still have the impudence to call "the wine of Bacchus" (*κρασι του Διονισσου*). I suspect that Lord B. pretended to be so fond of Naxos, because it was there that Theseus (a strongly Byronic hero) behaved so unhandsomely to Ariadne.

I do not know whether probity prevails as a rule on the occasion of every departure of a Transatlantic steamer from Liverpool; but so far as my observation extends the neighbourhood of the landing stage in that superb city presents on a "Cunard Saturday" the aspect of a Rogue's Paradise and a Carnival of Knaves. The police do their best to keep the brigand baggage porters and the bandit newspaper-vendors in





ARRIVAL AT THE LANDING STAGE.

something approaching tolerable order ; but you must have all your wits about you to avoid being fleeced at every step. The noise, confusion, extortion, and downright cheating going on are nearly as disgraceful as the chronic row outside the railway terminus at Naples. I dare say that the neighbourhood of our own docks in London is almost as unseemly ; but, save when we take the "Ankworks package," or Antwerp packet, as Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewit did, English tourists usually begin their voyage at Charing Cross or Victoria station, and not at the Docks. I have travelled a great many thousands of miles in strange lands in the course of the last five-and-thirty years ; but cannot remember that I ever started on a continental tour by steamer from the Thames save on one occasion, and that was when as a boy of ten the steam-packet *Harlequin* took me and my sister from St. Katherine's wharf to Boulogne, on our way to school in Paris.

We escaped from the Liverpool landing stage *condottieri* by

the skin of our teeth, and with the loss of a considerable number of shillings; and in due time we were bestowed on board the *Scythia's* very lively little tender, appropriately named the *Satellite*. And it was on board that craft, steaming towards



GOING ON BOARD THE TENDER.

the great ship, that the philosophical side of the melancholy and muffins, the tear and teapot question presented itself to me. It is when there is nobody to bid you good-bye when you are starting on a long voyage that you feel sad. Our hands had been half shaken off our wrists ere we left St. Pancras. Dear old friends of my youth had clustered round the Pullman car to bid us God speed and good luck. My dear old American friend "Sam" Ward (then on a short tour in Europe) was among them. But there are half a million people, more or less, in Liverpool the *Superb*, and *Nobody* that we knew. Stay!

*Sursum corda!* The heart was not to feel cold at the thought of being quite solitary among so vast a multitude. A familiar face, a kindly hand presented themselves. Everything by the thoughtful politeness of Mr. George Behrend and Mr. Charles M'Iver had been made "right" for us on board the *Scythia*. Comfortable state rooms, seat at the captain's table, everything that courtesy could suggest; nor am I infringing the laws of maritime etiquette, I hope, by tendering here my very warmest thanks to the authorities of the Cunard Steamship Company for the constant and obliging attention extended from the beginning to the end of the *Scythia's* voyage to two very old travellers.

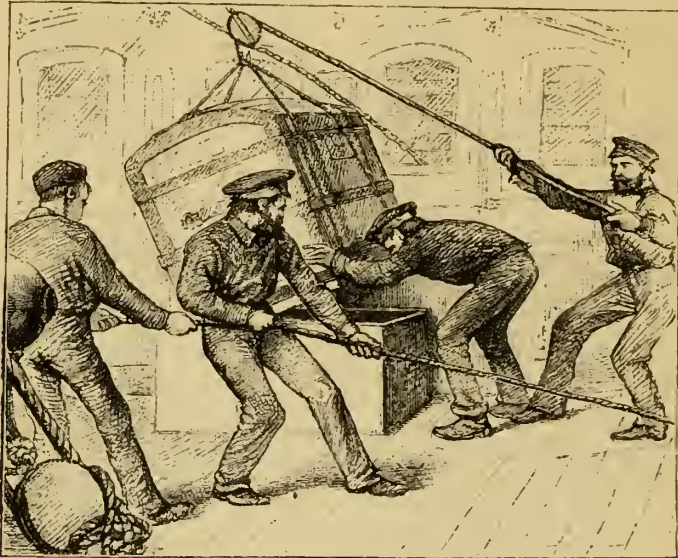
The landing stage was covered with a frosty rime; it was bitterly cold, and there was a sea-fog ahead when the *Satellite* left. But soon the air grew milder, the fog cleared off, and the



PASSENGERS ARRIVING ON BOARD THE SCYTHIA.



sun shone gloriously bright; and a perfectly lovely day made all hearts glad by the time when we found ourselves in the midst of a wilderness of luggage at the gangway of the *Scythia*. Anxious moments, those, to all of us! Wherever was the brown leather bag? What on earth—or rather on sea—had become of the dressing case? Had the portmanteau labelled “state



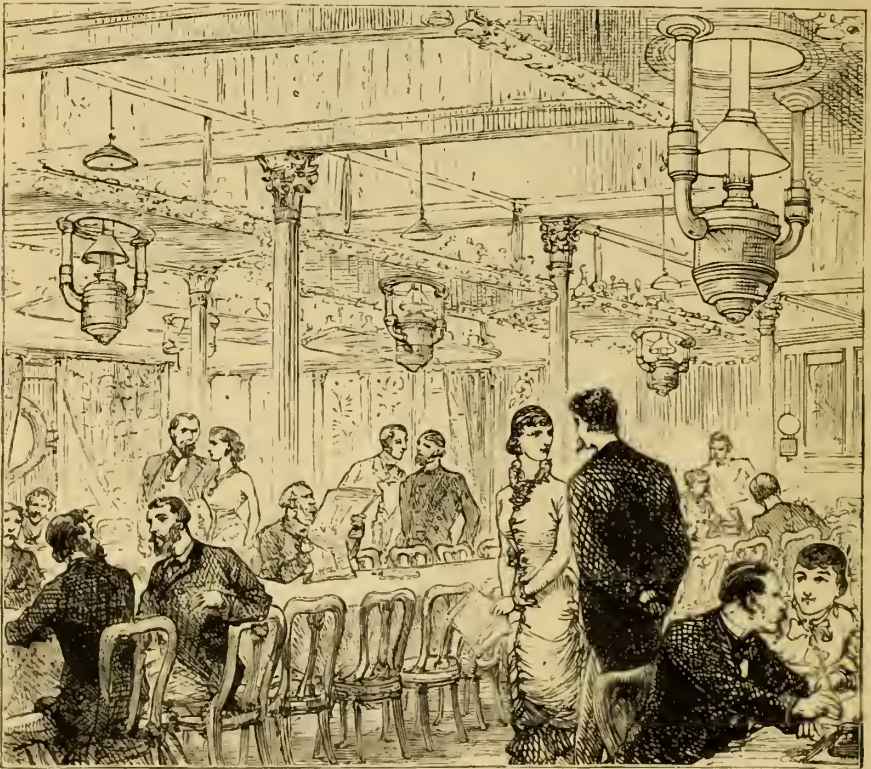
room” got inadvertently lowered into the hold? That way madness lay. Then you had to find your bed-room steward and “interview” him, and do your best to produce in his mind the impression that you were a rigidly exigent and austere person, always wanting something and sternly determined to have it, but who might possibly be mollified by unflagging attention to your wants into the administration of a “tip” at the conclusion of the voyage. I do not know whether all the ’tween-deck servitors of ocean steamers receive a gratuity from the passengers, but I am certain that the stewards, and especially the stewardesses, deserve one. How would you like to be called up at three o’clock in the morning, and in the middle of a heavy gale, to

procure oranges and stewed prunes for a lady passenger who does not feel quite so well as she might?

We took in cargo up to the very moment of our departure; and to the contents of the lighters which swarmed like wasps round our big black hull there seemed to be no end. All kinds of incongruous merchandise did the *Scythia* engulf in her huge maw. Pig iron and tin plates by the ton were hopefully reported by commercially-minded passengers; and there was cheerful talk of the revival of trade and prosperity which was to inflate to immeasurable proportions. There was a rumour, likewise, that we carried boxes galore of oranges and lemons and grapes. What, indeed, might not be expected to form part of the cargo of a Cunard steamer? Consider the prodigious quantity of coals which she has to carry. Ponder over the enormous aggregate of her stores, from the flour for her daily fresh-baked bread and pastry to her wines and spirits, her beer, and her aerated waters. We were about a hundred and twenty saloon passengers on board; while forward, in the steerage, there were about a hundred more. Think on the enormous mass of daily sustenance required by this great company of hungry people, and the provisions for the officers and crew, and the drinking water for all on board. Admiral Noah's purser may have had a hard time of it, and it is possible that the carnivora on board the Ark may have grumbled somewhat at being temporarily restricted to diet farinaceous or leguminous; but the human passengers in the saloon of that primitive craft were few: whereas, on board a Cunard steamer, the humans are many, while the dumb live stock has altogether disappeared.

Each Cunarder, sixteen years since, used to carry a cow for the supply of milk for the saloons, to say nothing of a sheep or two, a pig sometimes, and numerous live poultry; but since the rumours of rinderpest and pleuro-pneumonia have been rife in the land, and the passing of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, the great ocean steamers have carried no live stock for saloon consumption at all. On their return voyages the Atlantic

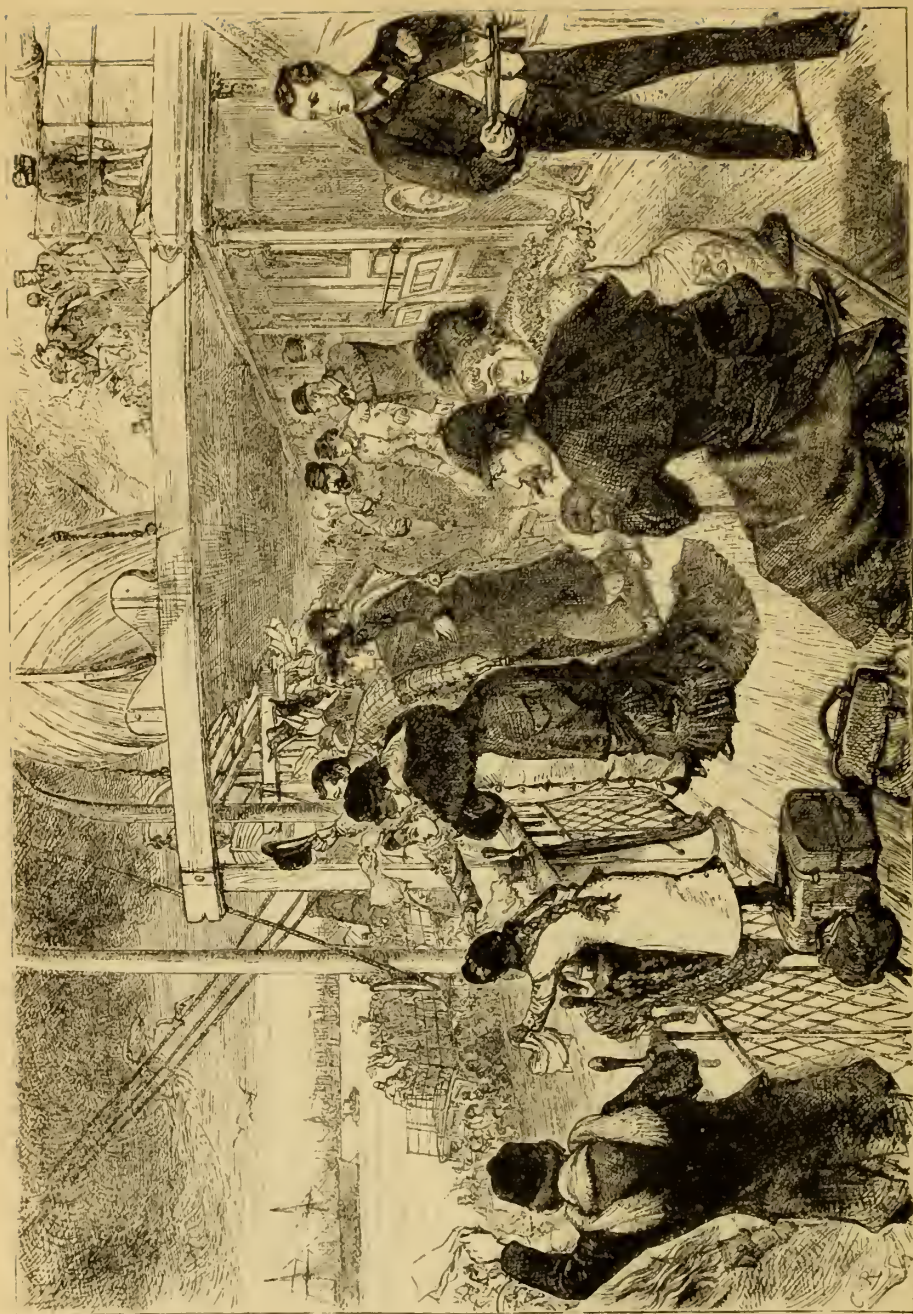
steamships carry, however, some live stock on freight, in the shape of numerous barrels of American oysters, the pearls of Fulton market, which bivalves have been consigned by hospitable Americans to their friends in England. The milk on board the *Scythia* is all condensed, or otherwise preserved, and we had plenty of it, and to spare. The supply of fresh meat, poultry, and eggs was seemingly inexhaustible, yet everything of that nature had been carefully packed in ice. Thus also was it with the lettuces, the beetroot, and the mustard and cress, of which healthy green-meat we had a regular, copious supply. Thus, too, was it with the tomatoes, and the rich abundance of fruit provided at dessert. As for the celery, it only "gave out," or became exhausted, thirty-six hours before the time forecast for



THE SALOON OF THE SCYTHIA.







THE CUNARD COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP SCYTHIA LEAVING THE MERSEY FOR NEW YORK.

arrival in port; and that last-named esculent only failed us owing to the astonishing avidity with which the American ladies on board munched celery at all times and seasons. Is there a belief prevalent in the feminine mind that celery is a preventive of seasickness?

I have touched on the abundant nature of the "provand" on board a great ocean steamship of the present day, because I have a keen remembrance of what a ship's culinary arrangements were like, not sixteen but six and thirty years ago, when I first undertook a sea voyage of any duration. How astonished would be a saloon passenger at this time of day were he expected to dine at least four times a week on pea-soup, corned beef, fat salt pork—often rancid—and suet pudding without any suet in it! He would be even more amazed if the captain were in the habit of getting drunk, swearing at his passengers, and threatening to put them in irons; that the biscuit was weevilly, and the butter—when there was any butter—horribly tainted.

But the last case of tin plates was dropped by the derrick into the big ship's hold, and I found myself humming "When I beheld the anchor weighed" from Balfe's "Siege of Rochelle." Good-bye, tender *Satellite*! Good-bye, superb city on the Mersey! We drop down below the docks, "below the church, below the hill, below the lighthouse top." Only in the remote distance, now, we discern the fluttering of tiny white pennons from the tender's deck. Yes; it is possible to put a deal of heart into a pocket-handkerchief. We wave our handkerchiefs in response to the last salute of friendship. Good-bye, England!

The bell rings for lunch, and there is at once an immense demand for chicken broth, than which there is supposed to be not a finer antidote for the *mal de mer*. Some experts recommend dry champagne. Others pin their faith to bottled beer. Yet another section of suggesters boldly proclaim their belief in brandy and soda. There is, on the other hand, a sect of sea-quietists who assure you that all you have to do is to prostrate yourself flat on your face on the sofa in your state-room and



remain there until the voyage is at an end. But how is an individual to remain prone on his bosom for eleven mortal days? The ordinary Atlantic traveller has little in common with the Greek monks of Mount Athos, who, as Gibbon tells us, used to pass years in one position, intently occupied with the outward contemplation of their stomachs. A good many travellers by sea are, it is true, forced to devote more of their time than is pleasant to internal stomachic contemplation.

Poor Artemus Ward said that the two greatest difficulties which he had to encounter on a sea-voyage were to keep inside his berth, and outside his dinner; and most of us have heard the story of the gallant officer in the American army, who when he landed at New York from the steamer which had brought him from New Orleans, declared that he had "thrown up everything except his commission." I am on the whole led to believe that the Americans are more subject to sea-sickness than we English are: and this I ascribe less to stomachic disturbances than to their excessive nervous temperament. American ladies as a rule suffer fearfully at sea; and in many cases they are absolutely deterred from coming to Europe through the dread of sea-sickness.



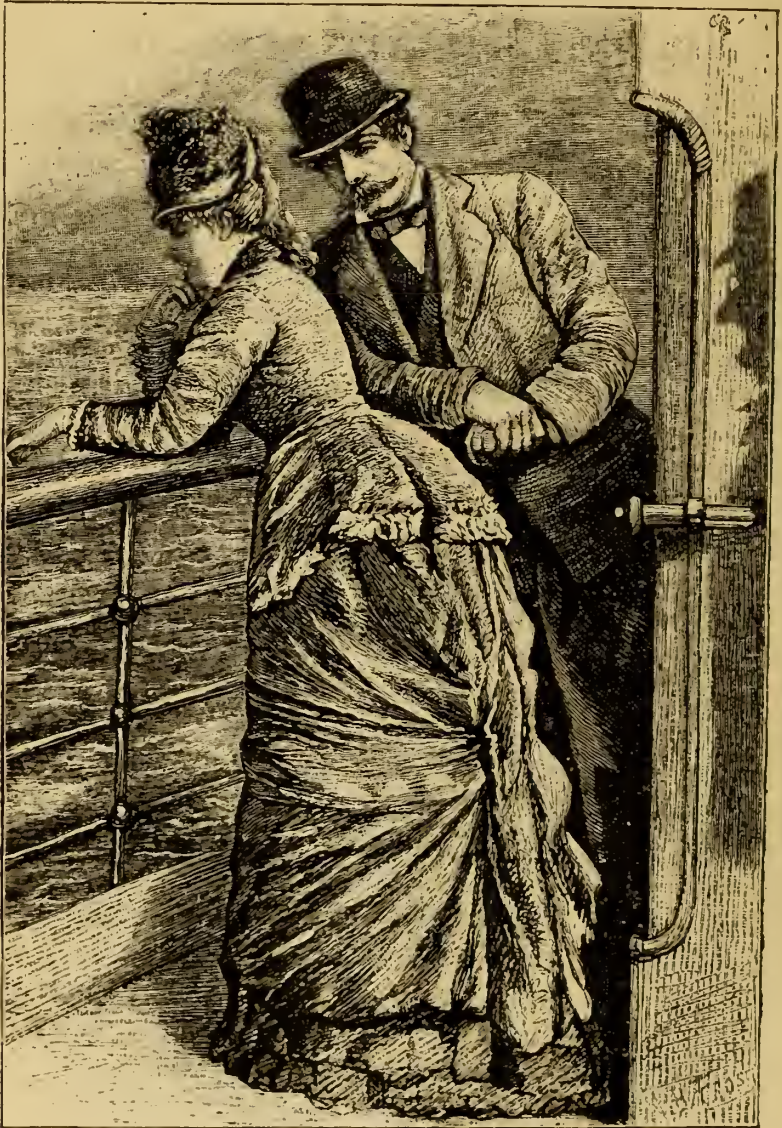


Another division of doctrinaires cry out "Nonsense! hard biscuits, and an occasional nip of green Chartreuse are the only real panacea." Meanwhile, among the ladies, there are dark and distant rumours of chloral. And all this while the sea is like a millpond.

My own belief concerning sea sickness is that the best way to deal with it *is not to think anything about it*. If you are going to be sick you *will* be sick; and very often the sickness will prove a benefit instead of an evil, and after two or three days' agony will bring you up in the saloon again, smiling and with a prodigious appetite. But the very worst thing which, according to my thinking, a lady or a gentleman can do is to worry him or herself at the commencement of the voyage about what is going to happen, either in the direction of sea sickness or otherwise. All kinds of things may happen. You may be seasick, or you may be shipwrecked, you may be captured by pirates—piracy is a great deal more prevalent than most people imagine—the ship may take fire; you may "pig" right into the middle of an iceberg, as the *Arizona* did; or you may see—or fancy that you see—the Great Sea Serpent.

The best thing, I apprehend, that you can do is to take all things quietly and cheerfully, and to be thankful for all things, especially for the blessing of being in a place where neither newspapers, letters, nor telegrams can reach you. The last of those afflictions we underwent at Queenstown on Sunday morning. At two o'clock in the afternoon of that day the *Scythia's* Irish tender, also appropriately named the *Jackal*, came over to us with the mail bags and a few more passengers, who had chosen to undertake the great race against time by leaving London on Saturday night and scampering across Ireland. Then there was more waving of pocket-handkerchiefs. Our screw began to make alarming noises—noises continued without intermission during the voyage. The tender *Jackal* diminished to a very small speck indeed; the green shores of Ireland gradually disappeared below the horizon. We left the Fastness Rock behind us, and

were off in right earnest on our way to a land which, when I first visited it, was in the midst of war; but which I hope to find now in the full enjoyment of peace and returning prosperity.



BEHIND THE WHEEL HOUSE.



THE CUNARD COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP SCOTIA AT SEA.





Nov. 26.

Well, all things must come to an end; and my third Atlantic voyage is over. We have sighted Sandy Hook; we are in the beauteous bay of New York. The good ship, which in bygone

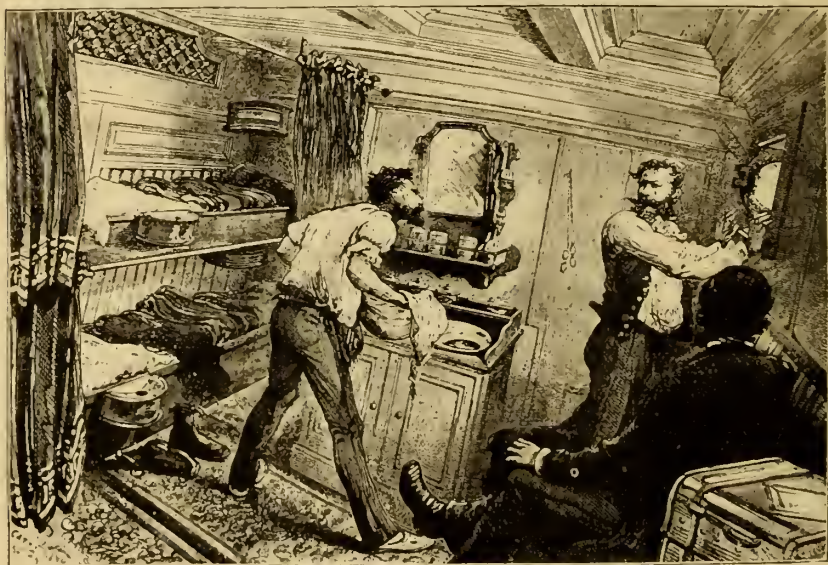


A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK.

days would have landed her passengers at Jersey City, now swings her enormous bulk into a comfortable berth at a pier on the North River in New York itself, and within an easy distance of the chief hotels of the Empire City. Ours has been rather an eventful voyage; but my log of it would have been much longer had I been able to hold a pen or write a legible sentence during at least five-eighths of that voyage's continuance. We have had a storm or two—a storm or six, so it appears to my darkened mind—since we left Queenstown. On the Monday after our leaving the shores of Erin I deferentially asked an ancient mariner who was swabbing the *Scythia's* quarter-deck what he thought of the weather outlook. The reply of the ancient mariner was oracular in its ambiguity, but still it was

much to the point: "*Them as likes a good dinner,*" quoth he, "*had better get it to-day.*"

I dined as heartily as I could that Monday; but on the morrow came Chaos. How we pitched! How we tossed! How we rolled! How we wallowed in the trough of the sea! How some of us were bruised from top to toe by tumbling about our state-rooms and grovelling under our berths! But it has all come to an end, and everybody on board the *Scythia* is shaking hands with everybody else, and exchanging congratulations upon the "good time" which we have all had. Champagne is flowing; healths are being drunk; and from the smoking-room I hear the refrain of "For he's a jolly good fellow." And so say all of us; and everybody pledges Captain Hains, our gallant and courteous commander. One terror only looms ahead—that of the New York Custom House. I wonder whether I shall lose my temper there, as I did at Boston sixteen years ago. But of my fiscal experiences I shall have to tell you in my next letter.



MAKING ONE'S TOILETTE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



“We’s stuffed you long enuf. Now you’ve got to stuff us.”

## II.

### THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW YORK.

New York, Nov. 28.

YESTERDAY (Thursday) was Thanksgiving Day in New York ; but, ere I discourse concerning that highly important celebration, I must say something touching the manner in which we passed the terrific ordeal of the Custom House. Throughout the voyage of the *Scythia* the Custom House had been held up to me as the fearfulest of bugbears ; and it was not only the foreigners on board who were loud in denouncing the grinding tyranny of the tariff and the inquisitorial proceedings of the *douaniers*. Those of my fellow-passengers who were Americans were prompt to join in the chorus of indignant disparagement of the fiscal system at present in force, and to indulge in



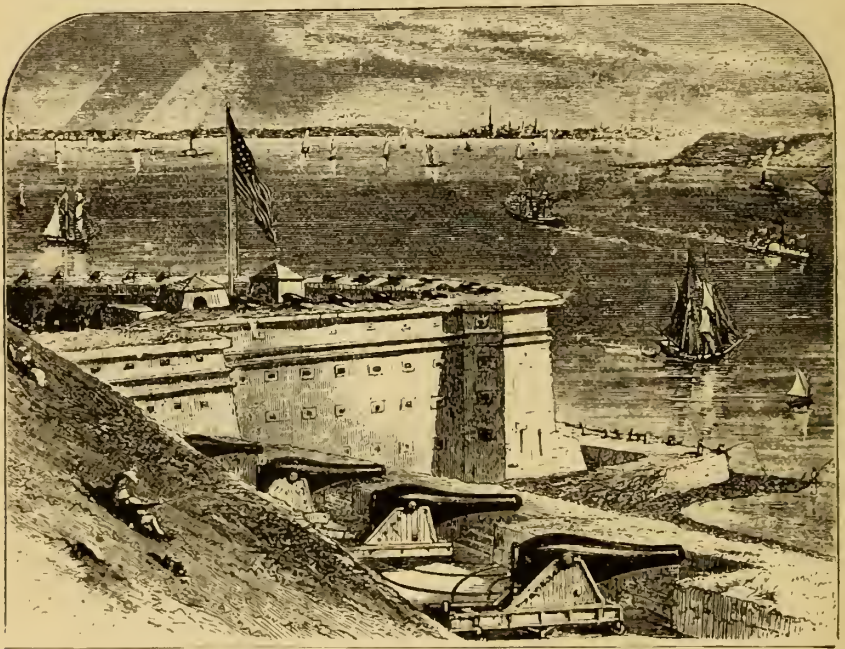
the most dismal prognostications, touching the treatment to which their trunks and themselves would be subjected on our arrival. Ladies turned pale with mingled horror and wrath, as they recited how the masterpieces of Worth—the exquisite textile frivolities which they were bringing home to rejoice the eyes, or make envious the hearts, of their female friends withal—had been ruthlessly dragged out of Saratoga trunks, exposed *coram publico* on the dockhead, and ungallantly examined under the arms to ascertain whether the dresses had ever been worn; and how, if they proved to be new, they had been subjected to exorbitant duties.

Then uprose shrill complaints that renovated lace and cleaned gloves had been treated as unused articles of wear, and saddled with a charge of sixty per cent. *ad valorem*; that the inhuman Custom House officers would not recognise the right of a lady to import, say, fifteen corsets—best “Duchesse” or “Swanbill” pattern,—eight Parisian bonnets—either of the “Gainsborough,” the “Leonardo da Vinci,” or the “*Galette fleurie*” fashion—with, say two dozen pairs of silk stockings, a couple of fans, a sunshade, and a box full of cambric handkerchiefs, trimmed with *point d’Alençon*, for her own personal use. “As if *we* wanted to smuggle anything! As if *we* were New York milliners and dressmakers, who crossed the Atlantic half-a-dozen times a year in order to smuggle ‘dutiable’ articles into the States.” At the vehement disclaimer of such an imputation, I noticed that a lady, presumably of French extraction, nodded her head in acquiescence with the sentiments just uttered, but, at the same time, turned very pale. The gentlemen on board were quite as excited, and took equally gloomy views of the prospects before them. One passenger, presumably addicted to field sports, had brought with him a hunting suit of the most approved Melton Mowbray model, which he hoped to display at a meet at Rock-away Beach on Thanksgiving Day. He would have to “declare” that suit, he muttered. He would have to pay for his “pink,” for his buckskins, for his tops, for his velvet cap—nay, even for

his new hunting crop. There was no way out of it. Articles not "declared," and found to be "dutiable"—the abhorrent word—were liable to peremptory seizure; and the worst of it was, that it was impossible to bribe the Custom House officers. They are for the nonce immaculate. They are all inherently as incorruptible as the late Lord Bacon; while, practically, their acts and deeds are, moreover, so narrowly watched by agents from the Treasury Department at Washington, flitting about in plain clothes, lurking round corners in the approved manner patronised by Mr. Chevy Chymer, peeping through chinks in partitions, and taking notes of all they see, that the subordinate officials of the revenue could not be venal, even if they wished it.

I listened to the dolorous forecasts of my fellow travellers and held my tongue, hoping for the best. I have seen something of Custom Houses—even to the most rigorous of those detestable anachronisms—and I never came to much grief. I cannot remember, out of the United States, ever to have paid any duty upon anything save on one occasion, when a French *douanier* at St. Jean de Maurienne, when I had crossed Mont Cenis, mulcted me in the sum of five francs, as an *ad valorem* duty on a plaster statuette of Garibaldi which I had brought from Turin. As regards smuggling—a recreation to which I never cared particularly to devote myself—it may be held to be like matrimony—a lottery. I remember, in the spring of 1864, sailing from New York to Havana and the Spanish Main; and prior to our departure, the Custom House officers searched not only the baggage, but the persons of sundry of the passengers who were bound for St. Thomas, and whom they suspected of conveying contraband of war for the use of the Confederates. Symmetrically suspended to the crinoline of one particularly guileless-looking young lady, the female searchers found no less than twelve revolvers; while in her toilet-bag was a rebel mail, in the shape of a large packet of letters, addressed to prominent personages in the South, and a very nicely-bleached human skull, labelled "Chickahominy," a trophy of warfare down by

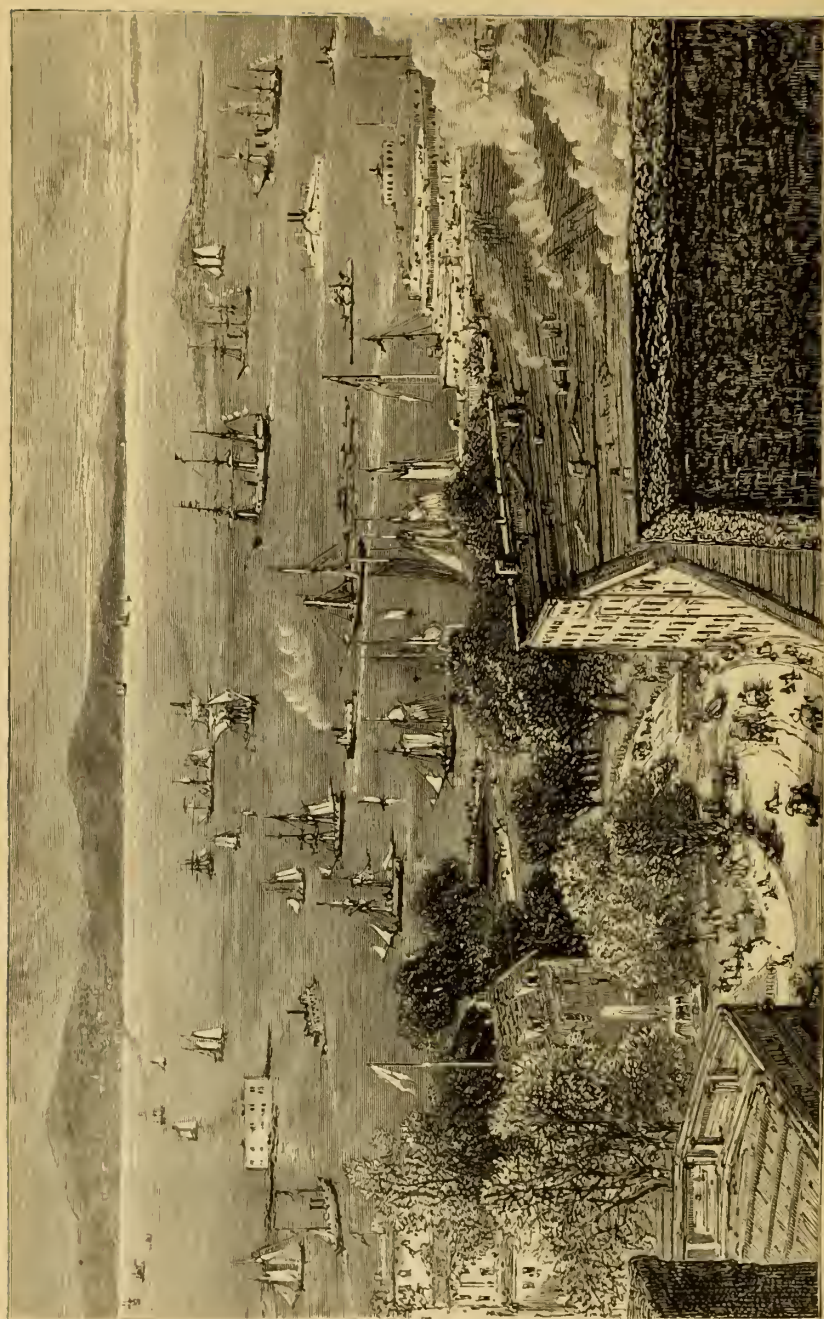
that river, I apprehend. Everybody was very much shocked when revelation was made of the *trouville* discovered on the guileless-looking young lady. Elderly gentlemen on board opined that she ought to be sent to Fort Lafayette. The Northern ladies sent their erring sister to Coventry. In particular was a tall gentleman, with an orange-tawny beard, and wearing an Inverness cape and a Jim Crow hat, scandalised by the escapade of the fair Secesh. "She oughter hev known better," he more than once remarked. When we were under weigh, and he had found out that I was an Englishman, he informed me confidentially, that he was an habitual blockade-runner, and that he was "all over quinine and spurs:" both being just then articles of prime necessity in Secessia. An odd time. I was told once of five-and-twenty thousand dollars' worth of smuggled diamonds being hooked, by a cautious supervisor, out of a German lady's chignon.



NEW YORK FROM FORT WADSWORTH, STATEN ISLAND.







THE BAY OF NEW YORK.

It was after the *Scythia* had passed the fort on Staten Island—I do not know its name, but it is one of the most picturesque forts I ever saw—that we were boarded from a pretty little steam yacht by the much-dreaded officers of the Custom House. Everybody answering to the name of passenger trembled. Everybody seemed a galled jade, and our withers were all wrung. Wincing appeared to be universal; and all placidly indifferent to doings of a fiscal nature as I had been, I remembered that, stowed away in a particular portmanteau, I had three pairs of new shoes. Why had I not had the soles shodded or roughened with a file before leaving my native land? But I consoled myself with the hope that somebody else might have taken the precautions which I had failed to take.

Now was the moment to “declare” as to what you had in your belongings, and to make solemn oath as to the truth of your declaration. So, very weak with the mournful feelings and dejected mien of schoolboys on Black Monday, we descended to the saloon. The chief official—a benevolent old gentleman, with snowy hair—sat enthroned in state at the head of the table, at which Captain Hains had, during eleven days, presided with so much grace and urbanity. Some subordinate inquisitors and sworn tormentors sat by him; and the table was littered with forms of declaration. I think that I was number three on the list of declaratory oath takers. I gave the chief inquisitor my name. He bowed gravely, and said that he had a communication for me. I felt slightly unnerved. What could the communication be? An order to quit the territory of the United States forthwith? Not at all; it was an invitation from a valued American friend of many years’ standing to dine with him at his beautiful country house at Glen Cove the next day. I felt reassured, and immediately affirmed to I am sure I know not what—for I am parcel blind and hard of hearing—quite cheerfully.

Then I made way for a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, who with troubled aspect thronged round that terrible table. Some of the

ladies subsequently dissolved into tears. Some of the gentlemen, more philosophic under tribulation, consoled themselves with those especially mild and balmy "cocktails" for the confection of which Robert, one of the saloon stewards of the *Scythia*, is so justly celebrated. There was, of course, a good deal of swearing gone through below; but I incline to the opinion that there was a prodigious deal more swearing performed in an unofficial manner on the *Scythia's* deck and in the dock-shed during the agonising period of baggage examination. Oaths of allegiance—we had to hear a disastrous deal about them during the English Parliamentary session of 1880—are, no doubt, very important matters (Talleyrand, as is well known, swallowed thirteen of them), but, in my humble opinion, the American Custom House oath is a farce and nothing more:—a "screaming," not a solemn one.

What happened to my companions I candidly aver that I do not know, and I am selfish enough to confess that I do not much care. In a Custom House examination it is a case of every man for himself; and given a grinding, rasping, indiscriminate, omnivorous tariff, such as the present American one is said to be, I suppose that most persons strive to evade the duties as far as they possibly can, and that if everybody had their deserts few would escape the whipping in the way of surcharges. My own experiences were brief, simple, and eminently satisfactory. The enormous dock-shed into which we were turned loose from the *Scythia's* gangway presented one of the most extraordinary spectacles that I ever beheld. Imagine the Long Room at the London Custom House brought into combination with the platform of the Midland Railway Terminus at St. Pancras. Throw in one of the huge corridors of the Bezesteen at Stamboul with a *soupeçon* of the Agricultural Hall at Islington. Imagine this colossal area traversed in every direction by brawny porters wheeling towering masses of luggage on hand-barrows, and in the corners of the shed picture the powerfully-horsed wains of the Express Company ready to carry away the trunks and portmanteaus, so soon as they have



passed the Custom House, to the various hotels at which the owners of the luggage intend to stop.

The transport of baggage in the United States has been reduced to a science, and entails the merest minimum of discomfort to the traveller. There are very few hackney carriages, comparatively speaking, in New York, and the light and elegant coupés which you hire for a dollar an hour—the tariff at the steamboat piers is much heavier—cannot be expected to carry heavy luggage. Thus, you are thrown on the tender mercies of the Express Company. But the Express man takes no advantage of you. He is your guide, philosopher, and friend. You tell him where you mean to stay; he whisks with amazing celerity your needments into one of his wains, and away he goes, down all manner of streets to the Brevoort, to the Fifth-avenue, to the Windsor, to the Buckingham—to anywhere in Manhattan that you choose to indicate. You may proceed to your hotel in a coupé, or by the Elevated Railroad, or by the street cars, and arrive at your destination laden only with a hand-bag or a writing-case; but the Express man will not be long after you; the hotel lift (in American invariably “elevator”\*) will hoist your things to the floor on which your room is situated; and by the time you are out of your bath you will find your trunks and portmanteaus in your bedchamber, unstrapped and ready for opening. The trouble and the travail

\* Although it may seem a very petty point of detail on which to dwell I may point out that in their travelling as well as their official technology the Americans seem to show a preference for words of French or Latin derivation over words of Anglo-Saxon origin. Thus our “lift” is the American “elevator,” a government office is often a “bureau,” the word eating-house has almost entirely disappeared in favour of “restaurant” and “saloon;” a doorkeeper is a “janitor;” a dead-house a “morgue;” a coffin a “casket,” and a shroud a “robe.” The system of railway nomenclature seems to have been designedly built on French instead of English lines. Thus our “station” is a “dépôt” (pronounced *depo*); “luggage” is “baggage” (French *bagage*); the “guard” is a “conductor,” the “driver” is the “engineer,” and the “engine” the “locomotive.” “Railroad” and “Railway” are with us convertible terms; still, officially, we adopt the word “Railway.” The Americans have adopted “Railroad.” The “London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway”—the “Erie Railroad.” In the latter is there not a slight assimilation to the French “*chemin de fer*?”

lie in getting these said trunks and portmanteaus through the Custom House.\*

The which, since I last strove to picture it, has undergone another transformation. Did you ever read Beckford's "Vathek?" If you have ever perused that delightful romance, carry your mind back to the description of the Hall of Eblis, with its countless multitudes of troubled souls wandering hither and thither in two opposite tidal streams. As I contemplated the new aspect of the dock-shed, the *locale* of the Hall of Eblis seemed to have been transported to a pier on the North River, New York. There were the countless multitude of anxious souls, wandering up and down, hither and thither, in dolorous quest of their

\* The proprietors of the White Star Line of steamers wrote some weeks since to *The Times* to state that so early as 1872 they introduced the check system in the treatment of passengers' luggage, but they were compelled to abandon the innovation owing to "lack of co-operation, if not positive indifference and apathy, on the part of the carrying companies who formed part of the machinery necessary to accomplish successful development." There can be no doubt that the system of checking the luggage of travellers at the station of departure and transmitting the baggage by express waggon to the address indicated by the passenger is a practice productive of very great convenience and comfort to travellers in the United States. It is extremely questionable, however, whether the system could be successfully worked in England without a radical revolution in the construction of railway trains, and the substitution of gregarious travelling in cars for segregated travelling in compartments. In the United States the express agent, a short time before the train reaches a terminus or an important station, walks right through the chain of cars from the baggage-van to the locomotive, and, accosting each traveller, asks him whether he has anything to "express." If he have, the metal luggage-check is handed to the agent, together with an intimation of the hotel or the private dwelling where the passenger intends to stay. He pays a fee—which in England would be thought a high one—according to the number of packages to be "expressed," and he has no further trouble in the matter. When he is at his journey's end he may jump into a street-car or walk to his hotel or his private dwelling; and there within a reasonable time his luggage will be delivered in as safe and sound a condition as can be expected after it has been pitched out of the railway vans on to the platform or the stones of the street by the porters, who are so traditionally reckless that they are popularly known as "baggage-smashers."

But what arrangements could be made on English railways for "expressing" luggage? The checking at departure would be easy enough. It is, indeed, only metallic ticketing; and, on long journeys, a ticket is pasted on the passenger's trunk and a counterfoil is delivered to him to facilitate his obtaining his *impedimenta* at the station of arrival. On the Continent the ticketing system is universal; in England it is partial. Continental railway trains also have continuous footboards which would enable the express agent to creep—as the guard does now—from carriage

luggage. I had been "fetched" by trusty emissaries from the Brevoort, and "Jerry," an old retainer of that establishment, and an old ally of mine, had, with the aid of certain stalwart porters, swiftly rescued what belonged to me from Chaos; but all the "anxious souls" had apparently not been so fortunate. Inquiring countenances, perturbed countenances, despairing countenances, flitted by me. The scene became Dantesque and Gustave-Doré-like in its intensity. Imagine Francesca di Rimini in anguish-stricken quest of her Saratoga trunk. This day she flirts no more. You might offer her chicken salad, stuffed tomatoes, Blue Point oysters, a Chickering piano, and a Tiffany bracelet, to say nothing of your hand and heart and all your New York Central stock, and she would not heed you. Where is her bonnet box? Where is the coffer containing her *robes à queue*? And echo answers, "Where?" Stay, another echo, in the sonorous voice of an Irish porter, makes reply, "Shure it's here;" and the bonnet box and the coffer with the long-tailed dresses are disinterred from the baggage of a confirmed old bachelor, a Congressman from Wisconsin.

A yellow ticket, bearing a number, had been handed to me when I signed my declaration. I was taken to an official, to whom I made the most diplomatic of bows that I could master after ten days' tumbling about the decks of the *Scythia*; and the authority handed my declaration and myself over to an elderly gentleman in private clothes, but who wore a brazen

window to carriage window, to receive checks and take particulars of address. But an English express agent would be able neither to walk through a train, nor to make a Bottle Imp-like appearance at window after window in quest of checks. In the case of a train coming from Brighton it would be necessary to stop the train, say at Clapham Junction, not only for the collection of tickets but for the express agent to do his work; and the time thus lost, together with the additional delay caused by the uncertainty of some passengers as to the hotels at which they intended to put up, and the stupidity of others who had but an imperfect idea of where they really lived, would soon become intolerable, and would breed a mutiny among the general body of travellers. Moreover, we possess luggage facilities of which the Americans are destitute: a system, to wit, of cheap four-wheeled cabs, capable of carrying a large amount of luggage on their roofs. The minimum fare of an American hackney carriage is a dollar, exclusive of luggage; while for a journey of three or four miles the hack-driver would probably charge five dollars.





FRANCESCA IN ANGUISH-STRICKEN QUEST OF HER SARATOGA TRUNK.

badge, of the shape of a shield, at his button-hole, and who was the examining officer. My interview with this functionary lasted precisely seventeen minutes. We had some ten packages, large and small, to examine; and every package, down to railway rugs, and a sheaf of sticks and umbrellas, was opened and carefully scrutinised. The officer was scrupulously and, indeed,



amicably polite, and incidentally mentioned that his was far from an agreeable duty, but that he was bound to do it. I was not made to pay a single cent; so I suppose that I had nothing liable to duty. As each trunk or bag was relocked, the side of the package was chalked; and in another ten minutes the Express Company had got my heavy luggage, and with my lighter encumbrances, I was safe and sound in the Brevoort coach, and on my way to that most comfortable of hostelrys. "Well out of it," I thought. Still I could not help thinking that the much-dreaded and much-abused New York Custom House is, like something else which you may have heard of, not so black as it has been painted.

Thursday was, as I have said, Thanksgiving Day—an anniversary of *actions de grâce*, or general expression of gratitude for mercies received, the holding of which is appointed by solemn proclamation from the Governor of each State in the Union. In the old Puritan days of Northern America, Thanksgiving Day was probably a strictly religious celebration, with some moderate indulgence, perhaps, in substantial creature comforts when prayers, and preachments, and exhortations, were at an end. Notwithstanding Butler's scornful allusion to the ill-conditioned abstemiousness of the Puritans, in "Hudibras," who, according to the satirist's showing, hated all kinds of good cheer, opposed goose and fat pig, blasphemed custard through the nose, and even disparaged "their best and dearest friend—plum porridge," I cannot help fancying that the Pilgrim Fathers were by no means averse to good living, when they could enjoy their cheer in a sober and serious manner. Did not her Highness the Protectress, consort of Great Oliver, write a cookery and household recipe book? The Lady Protectress was as economical as she was skilful in culinary things; for it is a matter of history, that when, one day at dinner, Oliver called for an orange as an accompaniment to a roast loin of veal on which he was intent, her Highness told him that "oranges were now oranges indeed"—England was on the eve of a war with Spain—and that she

could not afford to let him have with his dish of meat that which would cost her at least a groat.

Be it as it may, the modern solemnisation of Thanksgiving Day in New York, and, I suppose, all over the States, entails a gigantic amount of eating and drinking. It is, from a convivial point of view, our Christmas Day come just four weeks before its time. Turkey and stewed cranberries are the traditionally orthodox dish for the occasion; but there is no law against consuming as much as ever you feel inclined of plum-pudding and other dainties. Charity plays a conspicuous and a very beautiful part in the festivities of the day. Everybody who has "joined a church" attends his own particular place of worship in the morning—be it Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Independent, Congregational, Universalist, or what not. Sermons galore were preached on Thursday, the discourses having mainly reference to abundant harvests and rapidly reviving prosperity. The rest of the day was devoted to pleasure; and Broadway and Fifth-avenue became moving panoramas of holiday-makers. From Fifty-ninth-street to Washington-square the side-walks were densely thronged; and in the afternoon the roadway was crowded with carriages, bound to the exterior boulevards of the Empire City. In the leading thoroughfares all the great stores were closed; but eatables, drinkables, and cigars could be bought at will in the side streets. All the theatres and other places of amusement were open at night, and at many of them afternoon performances were given. One of the New York papers published, on Thursday morning, a Thanksgiving Anthem, of which I append a portion:—

In Sixteen Hundred and Twenty-one,  
When the Pilgrims' first year's work was done,  
When the golden grain and the Indian corn,  
And the wild fruits plucked from the forest thorn,  
Were gather'd and stor'd 'gainst the winter's wrath  
Till the drift should lift in springtime's path,  
Far into the woods, on fowling bent,  
Four good men Governor Bradford sent.



MAKING THE THANKSGIVING Pudding.







A ROOST ON A LARGE TURKEY FARM.

The fowlers went into the woods to shoot turkeys and gather cranberries for sauce. The Thanksgiving Song concludes :

'Tis now of years full thirteen score  
Since thus our fathers blest their store,  
But each recurring year has brought  
The blessings which our fathers sought —

Rich harvests ripe with golden grain,  
And rarest fruits and turkeys slain,  
But still that pious "Let us pray"  
Is heard on each Thanksgiving Day.

The cheerful piety of these grateful orisons being at once conceded, it still strikes me that Thanksgiving Day is somewhat "rough" on the turkeys. That festive bird will have an equally hard time of it at Christmas, and especially at the New Year.



SCALDING, PLUCKING, AND PLUMPING TURKEYS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

But the turkeys have not been the only victims to the exigencies of Thanksgiving Day. The Massacre of the Innocents in the way of fowls and chickens was overwhelming in its vastness on Thursday. The poorest of the poor, the meanest of the mean,



FEEDING TURKEYS ON A LARGE TURKEY FARM, WASHINGTON HOLLOW, DUTCHESS COUNTY.







the lowest of the fallen, were regaled with succulent white meat. The destitute and the infirm, the prisoners and captives were abundantly fed. One thousand eight hundred pounds' weight of poultry was dressed for consumption at the Almshouse and Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, and not a morsel was left.



INSANE ASYLUM, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

The Charity Hospitals and Lunatic Asylums enjoyed a similar feast, and even the gaol-birds in the Tombs had a "square meal," and were further favoured by a volunteer choir, who perambulated the gloomy corridors of the prison, singing glees for the solace of the prisoners. The children in the reformatories and the industrial schools, and the poor little urchins in the asylum of the Five Points Mission, all held high festival; and, to crown the blessings of Thanksgiving Day, the Indian summer shone with all its mellow brilliance on the 27th of November—the sun glittering in an atmosphere as elastic and as exhilarating as that of Athens, the sky a lapis-lazuli blue, just flecked with a few streaks of golden colour, like that great

sphere of blue and gold above the altar in the Gesù Church at Rome. They tell me that there is a great deal of misery in New York; but, to all appearance, the Good Samaritan was out and about in every street of the Great City on Thursday, laden with the good things of the earth, and sedulously seeking for the poor folks to relieve their bodily needs, and comfort them with kind words.



DISTRIBUTING FOOD AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.



WASHINGTON SQUARE AND FIFTH AVENUE.

### III.

#### TRANSFORMATION OF NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 1.

"NOTHING is lost, nothing is created," wrote the illustrious French chemist. And a great many *savants* both before and after his time may have advanced a similar proposition. I know that Dr. Erasmus Darwin has done so in his beautiful verses on the decomposition of our bodies after death. I would not dare to gainsay a philosopher, much less a chemist; but assuredly there are a vast number of things terrestrial which, without being absolutely and irrecoverably lost, have a way of getting mislaid, and for a time baffle all your attempts to regain possession of them. I noticed the other day in the *Academy* that an ingenious French traveller employed in the Lorillard expedition for the discovery of Mexican antiquities had found an old Indian cemetery at a considerable height on the banks of Popocatepetl. From the memory of the writer of this interesting piece of information there had evidently been mislaid the fact that Popocatepetl is a



mountain and not a river, and has "sides" and not "banks." The name indeed of the colossal mountain which dominates the city of Mexico is not very easy to pronounce, and it is well to adopt the mnemonic formula invented by an American traveller (was it General Grant or the late Commodore Wyse?) "Pop the cat in the kettle." There you have "Popocatpetl" in the twinkling of a tongue.

The human memory, I take it, abides, not, as Simonides will have it, in a series of pigeon-holes, but in a nest of drawers, all duly fitted with locks and keys. "Memory," says Burton, "lays up all the species which the senses have brought in, and records them in a good register, that they may be forthcoming when they are called for by phantasy and reason. His object is the same with phantasy. His seat and organ the back part of the brain." The worst of it is that a man with the most systematic of memories sometimes forgets the whereabouts of his register, or loses count of the particular drawer at "the back part of his brain" in which a particular assemblage of facts is stored. Or, with a dim perception of where the drawer may be, he cannot, for the life of him, find the key at all. Or, finally, the lock may have grown rusty and the "*Fors clavigera*" results only in blank disappointment. Under these circumstances two courses are open to you. Either yield to the sorrowful persuasion that your memory has altogether decayed, and that you are becoming imbecile, in which case you should tranquilly retire to Bournemouth and a Bath Chair, and cease to trouble a work-a-day world with which you are no longer competent to cope; or—and this is the better way—you should strive to learn as many new things as you can, and tabulate and register and put them away in fresh-made drawers; and while you are doing this, if you bide your time and opportunity with patience and strong will, it will often mercifully happen that the Things Departed will return—that the lost will be found, and that Memory will come back to you as fresh and as green as the olive-branch that was borne by the dove.



When I first went to St. Petersburg, three-and-twenty years ago, I tried my hardest, during four or five months' sojourn, to learn a little Russ. I never got beyond a rudimentary knowledge of that difficult tongue, but I mastered the written character, and could make out the sense of a paragraph here and there in a newspaper; and I could ask for what I wanted in the Slavonic vernacular from shopkeepers, and waiters, and such people. I went away; and for twenty years I had never occasion to speak one word of Russian. My familiarity with the printed and written character did not desert me, and I could still remember the melody, and repeat the words of the Russian song, "*Vot nu pouti celo balschoia*," which I had learned by heart; but the sense of those words had become utterly dark to me; nor, to save myself from Siberia, could I have asked for a basin of soup or a slice of bread and butter in Russ. Circumstances led me, some two or three years since, not only to return to Petropolis, but to traverse the whole length of the empire, from the capital to the Black Sea. Altogether I was not more than three weeks in the dominions of the Czar; but every day that I abode there, and every day that I journeyed over the snowy steppes, long-forgotten Russian words and phrases came back in snatches, and wholly uncalled for, to my mind.

Have you ever experienced the feeling of forgetting things and of their returning, quite unbidden, but, ah! so welcome? I have been feeling such a sensation ever since last Wednesday afternoon, when I landed from the hospitable *Scythia*, Captain Hains commanding. The city of New York has come back to me. I have seen so many habitations of men in divers parts of the world since I was here in 1863-4 that I am not ashamed to own that I remembered the New Yorkers much more vividly than I did New York city itself. You do not forget your old nurse who alternately coddled and scolded you five-and-forty years syne; but you are apt to have but a very dim and confused remembrance of the house and the street in which you dwelt, and even of the furniture of the room in which you used to play.

I might dimly recall that the shape of Manhattan island was like that of a sole with its head at Harlem and its tail at Castle garden ; the backbone being represented by Broadway, and the continuous line of ships fringing the wharves along the East River and the Hudson River respectively figuring the lateral small bones of the fish ; but had you asked me to mark on a



NEW YORK, FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

piece of paper, from memory, the relative positions of Brooklyn, Hoboken, Jersey City, and Staten Island, I should have bungled sadly, last October, over the task. But I could mark the plans, now, and well enough, of Stamboul, Pera, Galata, Scutari, the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn, and the Sea of Marmora. Perhaps, in a year or two that faculty of remembrance may fade away—perhaps to be revived one day ; perhaps to be utterly engulfed in the Great Lethe when we shall remember nothing at all.

Had I been suddenly summoned on Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1879, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth concerning the great city in which, off and on, I abode for more than twelve months sixteen years since, I should have made answer that, with tolerable distinctness and minuteness, I could in my mind's eye picture the aspect of Broadway from the Bowling-green to the City Hall, to the Astor House and



BOWLING-GREEN AND COMMENCEMENT OF BROADWAY.

Barnum's Museum, and thence "up-town" to Union-square, where I think there was a wondrous restaurant called the *Maison Dorée*. I think that I could have remembered Fifth-avenue from Washington-square by Eighth-street and the Brevoort House to Fourteenth-street, at the corner of the Eastern section of which was the "up-town" Delmonico's restaurant and café, and in the Western part of which I once occupied one of the few suites of furnished apartments which at that period were to let in New York. Upwards from Fourteenth-street I could have





FIFTH-AVENUE HOTEL, MADISON-SQUARE.

recalled to mind Madison-square and the Fifth-avenue Hotel, and two other then new caravanserais, the Albemarle and the Hoffman House. Of the old established hostelries, the New York, then chiefly frequented by Southerners; the Clarendon, much patronised by Britons; and the Metropolitan, I could of course have kept count. Wall-street and William-street, the head-quarters of the fiercest gold-gambling the financial world had ever seen; Chambers-street, the *habitat* of the "downtown" Delmonico; Canal-street, Lafayette-place, Bleecker-street (the compositors who deciphered the crabbed manuscript which I sent home to the *Daily Telegraph* printed "Bleecker-street" as "Blucher-street,") were all tolerably fresh in my memory; but of the theatres of New York I remembered nought, save that there was one called Wallack's, and another called Niblo's Garden; that there was an Academy of Music where M. Max Maztzeke used to give performances of Italian Opera; and that across the water, at Brooklyn, there was a very large opera





CORNER OF BROAD AND WALL STREETS—DREXEL'S BUILDING AND STOCK EXCHANGE.

house, and a very large church where an eloquent minister named, I think, Beecher used to preach. Stay, I was also taken by my old friend Phineas T. Barnum to hear another eloquent divine, named Dr. Chapin, who belonged, if I remember aright, to the Universalist persuasion. There were some palatial clubs, too, that I used to know; the Union, the Union League, the New York, the Manhattan, and the Athenæum; and on certain Saturday nights, at a reunion styled the Century Club, I have frequently met literature, art, and science in combination with stewed oysters and hot "whiskey skins."

After this it would have been better, perhaps, if my supposititious examination had not been persisted in. My replies would have been of the vaguest nature. The Central Park? Well, I do remember the existence of such a place, but of its exact locality and appearance I had not the remotest idea. The Bloomingdale road? Well, I fancy that there was a Lunatic asylum there past which I was once taken for a drive in a spider-like vehicle, all wheels and no bulwarks, and to which was harnessed one of the most appallingly fast-trotting mares that a helpless Briton ever risked his neck behind. My friendly Jehu was, I remember very well indeed, the lamented Henry J. Raymond of the *New York Times*. The Bowery? I had



BOWERY MUSIC HALL.

quite forgotten where the Bowery was, and I don't know where it is now. I intend to try and find out to-morrow. The Five Points? My acquaintance with that quarter does not yet extend beyond what I have read in Mr. Dickens's "American Notes"—you remember the description of the "break-down" dancing Juba who "winked with his boots;" but, for the rest, Mr. Dickens's description of New York, for any practical purpose which it would serve nowadays, might as well be a description of ancient Persepolis; and as for Mrs. Trollope, those "Domestic

Manners of the Americans," in depicting which she so good-naturedly revelled, apply about as closely to the usages and customs of the Potawatamie Indians as they do to the Americans of the present epoch.\* The "Points," however, must still exist, since I read in the *New York Herald* that there is a "Five Points Mission" and an industrial school there for some seven hundred poor young waifs and strays, who on Thanksgiving Day were feasted on poultry and pudding in the play-ground on the roof of their asylum.

Pardon me if I once more revert to Thanksgiving Day in connection with poultry. To indulge in white meat on this festival is more than a national custom. It amounts to a passion. Two ladies belonging to the fortune-telling profession, and the husband of one of them, with two German and one Irish name between them, are just now in trouble for decoying and hocussing with morphine a simpleton whom one of the ladies met promiscuously on a steam-boat. Their object in administering the narcotic to the gentleman was to obtain his watch, chain, and loose dollars; for as the husband of one of the ladies pertinently put it, "the shop-lifting line was played out, and he wanted a man with money." One of the female fortune-tellers has turned, it seems, State's evidence, at least she was "on the stand," or in the witness-box for six hours yesterday testifying against her companions; and, in the course of her revelations, she stated that, on the morning of the day when he was hocussed (being Thanksgiving Day), the gentleman who was a simpleton

\* It may be noted as a very gratifying proof of the diminution of what may be termed "thin-skimmedness" and the increase of a good-natured toleration of the criticism of foreigners among a people who were once thought to be the most sensitive in the world that I have frequently heard Americans in good society frankly admit that very many of the Trollopian strictures on manners in the United States some forty-five years ago were substantially true, and that their public exposure did the cause of national refinement in manners a great deal of good. In particular have I heard it admitted that voracity in eating and uncouth behaviour in places of public resort were formerly conspicuous failings among Americans. It is droll that a critic of polite *versus* coarse manners should have been found in the authoress of "The Widow Barnaby," which, as regards style and diction, is a model of vulgarity.



was invited to breakfast, and that one of the ladies and her husband proceeded to Jefferson-market for the purpose of stealing a turkey to celebrate the day of jubilation withal. They returned however without the festive bird, and, sad to relate, "under the influence of liquor," remarking in broken accents that turkeys were plentiful in Jefferson-market, but there were also plenty of people about to take care of the feathered bipeds. Nothing discouraged, the simple-minded gentleman "stood" a turkey, and even went out himself for cranberries to furnish sauce. After that they put some doctor's stuff in his beer. He is not dead, but "feels bad," and has been bound over to prosecute. These simple yet touching details carry the mind back to the idyllic incident of our Maria Manning—I had the privilege of seeing her and her husband hanged—basting the goose over the trench in the back kitchen which the precious pair had dug to receive the corpse of their guest, Mr. Patrick O'Connor. In such cases pleasure comes first and business afterwards. Turkey—or goose—with cranberry sauce first, and then murder.

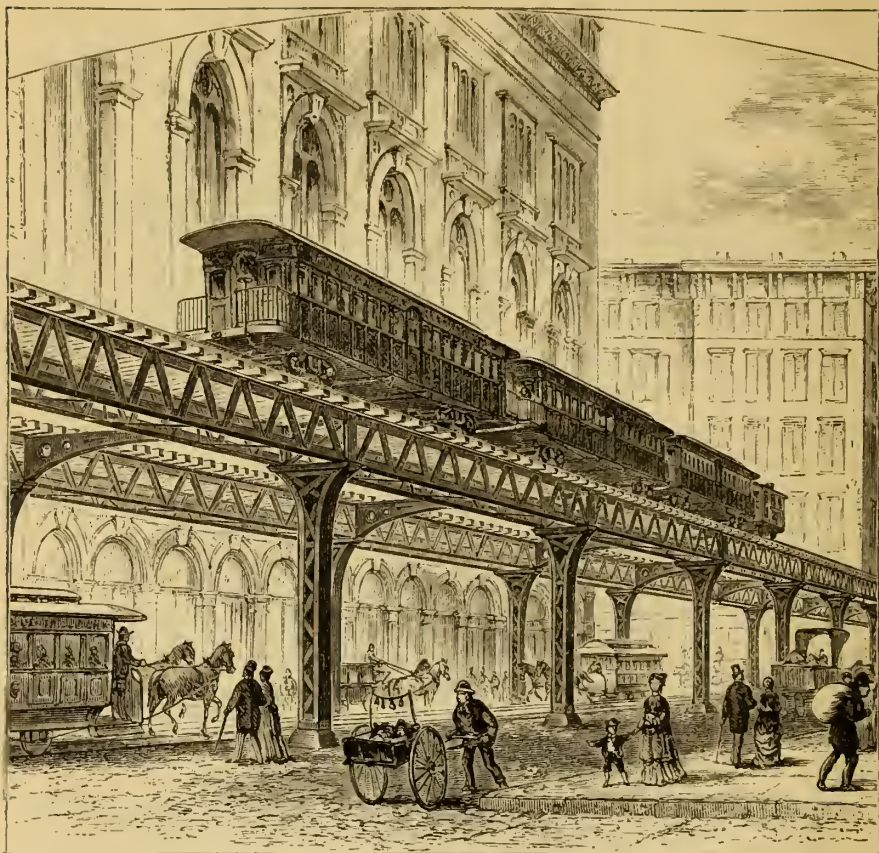
And was this all that I remembered only five days ago of a metropolitan city, numbering, with its outlying suburbs, something like a million inhabitants? I repeat without shame that this was nearly all that occurred to me concerning the enormous hive of humanity which now covers from end to end the island of Manhattan. It is a far safer thing to underrate than to overestimate your knowledge of a place. In the first-named case you do not run much risk of being convicted half-a-dozen times a day of scandalous ignorance, and of having the finger of scorn consequently pointed at you. With the few exceptions of recollection, then, which I have named, my mind on my arrival in this most interesting city, which I should like to abide in and to study for at least a year, but which I am bound to leave at the expiration of ten days' sojourn, was virtually a sheet of blank paper. I declare that when, with the inquisitiveness of a traveller just arrived in a strange land, I began to look to this side and to that from the windows of the carriage—it was a



"high-toned" carriage, and bore a curious family resemblance to the "glass-coach," in which one used to go to weddings in England—in which we were being jolted over the much tram-rutted thoroughfares, on our way from the *Scythia's* berth on the North River to the Brevoort House, the most forcible impression on my mind was to the effect that that most frugal and ingenious people, the Dutch, had been forced by the machinations of Prince Bismarck to evacuate Holland, and had suddenly colonised the purlieus of Paradise-street, Liverpool, which by some preternatural means or other had been transported across the Atlantic.

The little red-brick houses, the high "stoops" or flights of wooden steps in front, the green "jalousie" shutters, the handicrafts and shop business carried on in cellars, the amount of mopping, and scrubbing, and scouring going on, the endless procession of open drays full of corpulent little kegs presumably full of schiedam, all at first bespoke the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, or the Hague. But no; I was not in Holland. Locomotives and passenger cars are not accustomed, so far as my remembrance serves me, to whizz through the ambient air on a level with the second-floor windows in the towns of the Low Countries; and it was only when crossing one of the Avenues,—I am sure I forget which, but I shall learn all their numbers and attributes in time—that I began to realise the fact that I had reached the only country which as yet possesses that not very artistic-looking but still distinctly beneficial institution, an "Elevated Railroad"—America. A great many people abuse it—or rather them, for there are at least two lines—yet everybody travels by the "Elevated" to the immense facilitation of the traffic. To the complexion of the "Elevated" we may have to come ourselves some day in overgrown and congested London.

I had scarcely, however, made up my mind that I was in the United States, when a change came over the spirit of my dream, and I found myself murmuring that surely I must be in Germany. Those unmistakably Teutonic names over the shop fronts, those bakeries, barbers, billiard rooms, shops for the sale of "under-



ELEVATED RAILWAY, THIRD-AVENUE, NEW YORK.

wear" (*unterwahr*?) eating and drinking houses, lager-beer saloons, bowling alleys, and corner groceries—the whole redolent with a mild perfume of sauerkraut, sausages, and Bremen tobacco, belonged obviously to the Fatherland—not, perhaps, so much to austere Berlin, or vivacious Vienna, or æsthetic Munich, or decorous Dresden, as to one of the Hanse Towns. The very people looked German, steady-going, sober-sided, tawny-haired, passably phlegmatic, but on scant provocation willing to quaff multitudinous *seidels* of lager, in rivalry of the immortal toper (whose achievements have been recited in an English version of

the German ballad by the Herr Hans Breitmann, otherwise my good friend Charles G. Leland) who swigged beer for three whole days at the Black Whale at Ascalon, till he grew "stiff as a broomstick on the marble bench." Yes, I was in Germany; and I waited in fear and trembling to hear the strains of the "Wacht am Rhein," to see the warriors of Germania with their invincible "pickelhaube" helmets and their irresistible needle-guns march by "in squadrons and platoons, with their music playin' chimes," and to feel that I was a "Philister."

Not a bit of it. We jolted round a corner. We passed by a Monte Testaccio of potatoes, of evidently Irish extraction. I saw Mike from Connemara smoking his dhudeen. Biddy M'Flinn was brushing up some blooming Newtown pippins with a corner of her woollen shawl, to make the fruit look spruce and tidy for market; and Father O'Quigly the priest passed by sleek and smiling, with a broad-brimmed hat and a black broad-cloth coat reaching down to his heels. Father O'Quigly flourishes here exceedingly, and New York abounds not only with stately Roman Catholic cathedrals and churches, but also with admirably appointed orphanages, schools, and other Catholic charities.\* Every creed and denomination indeed seems to vie with its neighbour in tending the poor, the disabled, and the sick, and in training up fatherless and neglected children. I suppose that the professors of the various religions quarrel among themselves now and again—they would scarcely be human if they did not; but, so far as information can be derived from the columns of the newspapers, the *odium theologicum* seems to be reduced just now to a minimum, and kindliness

\* In these orphanages numbers of young girls are trained for domestic service; and multitudes of Irish immigrant girls are constantly going into service, generally as cooks, although they are incapable of cooking anything more recondite than a potato. Germany and Scandinavia also furnish a continuous and numerous contingent of parlour-maids and nurse-maids, and in affluent families whose members, like "Mrs. Gen'l Giltfory," have "lived so long in Europe," it is not uncommon to find the care of the juveniles entrusted to French *bonnes*, whose smart aprons and dainty Normandy *cauchoises* make Fifth-avenue quite resplendent, and still further increase the decidedly Parisian aspect of some parts of New York.



towards one's neighbour the chief doctrinal point insisted upon. I don't think that a journalist could make a very remunerative livelihood here by writing in a secular paper furious leading



BIDDY M'FLINN AND FATHER O'QUIGLY.

articles concerning the Thirty-nine Articles, the Athanasian Creed, and the Eastern Position.

I am free, indeed, to confess that, as an old wrestler with wild beasts at Ephesus, and an inveterate grumbler, grievance-monger, and partisan, I am, up to this time of writing,



sorrowfully disappointed with the coolness, almost amounting to indifference, with which Americans of culture seem to be treating things in general. People talk freely enough about "H. M. S. Pinafore," the musical genius of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the wit and humour of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and the talent and *bonhomie* of Mr. Frederic Clay, all of whom are at present among the choicest lions of New York fashionable society; and the "Princess Toto" they talk about, the millions of dollars which Mr. James R. Keene is reported to be continually making in Wall-street speculations; Mr. Mapleson's opera coming is frequently discussed; people of culture and people who are "intime" discourse concerning Mr. E. Burne-Jones's pictures and Mr. Whistler's etchings; but they have nothing to say on the Eastern Question; and even the Nicaraguan Canal, Chinese cheap labour, the Customs Tariff, the chances of General Grant as a candidate at the next Presidential Election, Mormon polygamy, and the expediency of the gradual withdrawal of greenbacks from circulation fail, although touched upon in President Hayes's Message—which everybody had read two days before it was communicated to Congress—to excite anything beyond the most languid amount of interest.

As for the Rebellion, as for the greatest and most momentous Civil War that modern times have seen, it is never made a subject of conversation in polite society. What! never? Well, scarcely ever. Now and then a Republican organ has a half-spiteful, half-bantering paragraph about "Confederate Brigadiers" and "the bloody shirt." Occasionally a Democratic journal recalls the exploits of the "carpet baggers," and "revenue sneak thieves," and the scandals of the "Freedmen's bureaux;" but if a man talks too much about Antietam and the Shenandoah Valley, about the bombardment of Charleston, and Sherman's march to the sea, he will incur as great a risk of being set down as an unmitigated bore, as in the days of our youth those high-stocked old gentlemen used to be who, after dinner, were wont to recount the entire history of the Waterloo

campaign, marking Mont St. Jean, Hougomont, La Belle Alliance, and the forest of Soignies with morsels of biscuits and walnuts; the nut crackers illustrating Blucher's advancing force, and a little old port wine being spilt in a stream on the mahogany to symbolise the hollow road of Ohain. Should the Rebellion Bore persist in invoking phantoms which had much better be laid in the Red Sea, the chances are that his indignant hearers will vote him a "cold potato" and "run him out." You see that the victors in the great struggle are quite content with the triumphant end, as well they may be, and do not care to inquire about the means by which that end was brought about. The vanquished down south have a variety of things to think about—the principal object of their preoccupation being the practicability of keeping a particularly gaunt and famished wolf from the door. But even in that distressful region things are looking up.

Thus, having traversed in imagination Holland, North Germany, and Ireland, I arrived at length at my destination, the Brevoort House, an hotel situated in a region to which I hesitate to assign a parallel in the way of locality. The truth would seem to be that within the last sixteen years the city of New York has become not only structurally but socially transformed, and that the Brevoort, although as comfortable and as aristocratically frequented as ever, is no longer situated in a fashionable quarter. The Brevoort—it *must* be told in Gath—is now "down town." To what district in London shall I liken the quarter in which it is situated? Russell or Bloomsbury-square? Portland-place? Bruton-street? Well, it is something between the three, taking "up town" in New York to mean Belgravia and South Kensington on the one side and Tyburnia on the other. For the Central Park at New York you may take our Hyde Park, and the region surrounding the Fifth-avenue and Madison-square may tolerably well represent the Oxford-circus, as Union-square does the Piccadilly one. Beyond the Central Park the City continues to develop for miles and miles towards the Harlem river, and beyond it laterally into West Chester



THE HARLEM RIVER.

County. Suppose we compare the newly-settled region with the Regent's Park and the villa-covered acclivities of Belsize Park and Haverstock Hill.

All this, I am perfectly well aware, is playing "confusion worse confounded" with the points of the compass, since a glance at the map will show you that there are no topographical features in common between New York and London. In the last-named metropolis the shipping quarter is so far distant from the fashionable districts of the city that there may be thousands of well-bred Londoners who, in the course of their whole lives, have never set eyes upon Wapping or Rotherhithe, Shadwell or Stepney; and who, save when they condescend to go down by steamer to eat whitebait at the Ship or the Trafalgar at Greenwich, have never passed through the Pool. Obstinate exclusives in London may even shut out such things as tramways from their serene view; but the most patrician dweller in Fifth-avenue cannot ignore the tramears which are plying in all the avenues and cross streets skirting his residence; and a walk





FREIGHT FOR EUROPE. A NEW YORK WHARF.

down these cross streets either way must inevitably end in the not very remote prospect of docks, and piers, and wharves, and ferries, and all the hurry and bustle of a "Yo, heave ho!" state of things.







When I came here first, Twenty-fifth-street was accounted as being sufficiently far "up town," and Fortieth-street was Ultima Thule. Beyond that the course of town lots planned out and prospected, but structurally yet to come, was only marked by boulders of the living rock having weird *graffiti* eulogistic of the virtues of Drake's Plantation Bitters, the Night Blooming Cereus, the Balm of a Thousand Flowers, and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla. What has become of those strange stencillings on the living rock? Where I remember wildernesses I behold now terraces after terraces of lordly mansions of brown stone, some "with marble façades,"\* others wholly



\* When a business man comes to financial grief in New York and is accused by his creditors of having lived extravagantly, it is generally urged against him that he lived in "a brown stone house with a marble façade, kept fast trotting horses, and gave champagne suppers to the "blonde belles of 'Black Crook' burlesque."



of pure white marble, gleaming like the product of Carrara in the clear blue sky, and lacking only a few palm trees and orange groves to surpass in beauty the villas of the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. Unless my friends in New York are laughing at me, this state of things architectural goes on up to One Hundred and Ninetieth-street. It may go on still further for aught I know, right into West Chester County, and so on, and still on towards the Adirondack Mountains, until Niagara Falls be reckoned a tolerably fashionable "up-town" residence. Why not? London has come to Brentford, and means to go to Hounslow; and some of these days will take in Uxbridge. Only the other day I was writing about Young London; but the growth of Young Manhattan, as it is much more rapid, is also much more astonishing than our own metropolitan transformation. Growing London absorbs suburbs, villages, and towns. Growing New York has had nothing to absorb but the open. Its development almost belies the dictum of the illustrious French chemist. It *does* create.



VIEW IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.





#### IV.

#### ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR.

New York, Dec. 3.

I ENJOYED, some years since, the friendship of a small American girl-child—I do not think that she was more than seven—who would occasionally permit me to join with her in a diversion which, just then, was frequently and passionately pursued by her elders. Throughout the Great Civil War, the Northern people maintained two admirably beneficent organisations, for the support of which many millions of dollars were cheerfully subscribed. One was called the Christian Commission, and ministered to the spiritual wants of the Federal soldiers. This Commission, unless I am mistaken, likewise provided a supply of Sisters of Mercy for the service of the

hospitals. Then came the Sanitary Commission, which was, perhaps, the more popular body of the two, and which looked after the physical needs of the warriors in the sky-blue gaberdines, supplementing their rations with the "goodies" of which Americans are so fond, providing them with extra articles of clothing, and, in short, making them comfortable in all kinds of ways.\* For the sustentation of the funds of the Sanitary Commission, periodical festivals of a charitable nature were held all over the loyal States, and these were called Sanitary Fairs. I remember to have attended at least a score of them. There used also to be balls, pic-nics, masquerades, "surprise parties," "church oyster stews," and "clam-bakes," always in aid of the funds of the Sanitary Commission; and so numerous and brilliant were these merry-makings, that a distinguished American statesman (he was on the Northern side, too,) was once led in a moment of irritation to declare that the war had been to the North "a gigantic frolic." But a terribly stern purpose underlaid that frolic.

As for the Sanitary Fair, it may be defined as having been a combination of our English fashionable fancy fairs, the old "wheel of fortune" bazaars at Margate and other English watering-places, and those philanthropic but eccentric Irish lotteries in which, with the praiseworthy object of raising money

\* Those communicative statisticians in the English morning papers who are so fond of enumerating how many thousands of pork pies, bottles of ginger beer, and penny buns are consumed at the Annual Foresters' Fête at the Crystal Palace, or the Police Orphanage gathering at the Alexandra, would open their eyes wide with astonishment were the statistics presented to them of the quantities of "candies" forwarded to the valiant warriors of the Union by their affectionate friends in Northern cities. The army of the Potomac, I should say, ate more lollipops in the course of a month, than the ladies of the Sultan's harem at Constantinople do in the course of a whole year; and that is saying a good deal; since we have all heard that the culinary department of the Commander of the Faithful comprises three hundred confectioners, whose sole duty it is to prepare "Lumps of Delight" and other sweetstuff for the *Khanoums* of the Seraglio. The confectioners are all black, and they are made to sing Ethiopian melodies while at work to prevent their surreptitiously helping themselves to the boiling syrup; if the superintendents have to leave their posts for a few minutes they always chalk the sweetmeat-makers' lips in case of a sweet tooth getting the better of them.

for the support of St. Somebody's Roman Catholic Orphanage, you take a ticket in a raffle, in which the grand prizes may be an Alexandre harmonium, a billiard table, or a phaeton and pair. The winter of 1863, when war was in its bitterest stage of exacerbation, was marked by an unusual plenitude of Sanitary Fairs. "Calico Balls," "Patriotic Romps," and Sanitary Fairs were continuous throughout the States undesolated by fire and sword; and in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, there was plenty of fun. The children—the "small infantry" cannot be left out of account in any description of American social life, and, unlike Leigh Hunt's "small infantry," they do not habitually "go to bed by daylight," but, on the contrary, stay up to all manner of hours—were prompt to imitate the rejoicings in which their grown-up relatives and friends took so much delight. "Now," would the small girl-child to whom I referred—she is since married, I believe, to a wealthy speculator in Wall-street—say to me, "We play at Tanitary Fair. 'Oo keep a candy-store, and me buy candy of 'oo." So we used to sit down on the carpet and play at Sanitary Fair. Her ideas of the game were simple but peculiar. I was to provide an indefinite but tangible quantity of candy or sweetstuff of varying saccharine capacity, from the toothsome but toothache-giving cocoa-nut rock to the luscious chocolate cream. Did my stock-in-trade comprise a few *marrons glacés*, so much the better for my youthful patroness.

You must understand that, in the days of which I speak, the national currency was in a very mixed and perturbed state. Greenbacks were the legal tender, the smallest one being for ten cents or fivepence; but there was a multitude of other notes in circulation, the value of which you were apt to discover, when, at the railway depôts, the clerks scornfully refused to accept in payment for fares the elaborately engraved promises to pay of the Ugly Mug Bank of West Wumscroggs or the United Freebooters' Bank of Kafoozlumville, Kansas. Boot-blacks and barbers in those days used to issue their own

currency ; and tokens inscribed " Good for one shave," " Good for one polish up," were not uncommon. My young companion, in the game of Sanitary Fair, also presided over a Bank of Issue of her own particular devising. Her notion was that a Blue Point oyster shell was equivalent to an ounce of toffy ; that a torn envelope, bearing an obliterated inland postage stamp, represented three chocolate creams ; and that a piece of hardbake as big as your thumb was rather dear when exchanged for a wooden doll of the same size, undraped, with one arm, one leg, and a damaged nose. As she was accustomed to insist, first that her currency should be returned to her at the end of each game, and next that I should bring a fresh stock of candy to the front at the beginning of another—she used to beat me down frightfully in the sticky article known as " red hearts," which succulent goodies I was constrained to let her have at the rate of four for one hair-pin—I need scarcely say that, at the conclusion of our

transactions, the balance of trade was largely against me.

Bearing in mind one's old pastimes, can you tell me of a pleasanter passage in Chesterfield's Letters than that in which the highly moral and exquisitely polished essayist recalls his school days at Westminster, and the hop-scotch and chuck-farthing of his youth ? It was with a keenly cheerful interest that I noticed, soon after my arrival in New York, the announce-



ARMS OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT.

ment of the holding of the Fair of the Seventh Regiment of New York State Militia, at their Armoury in Lexington-avenue.



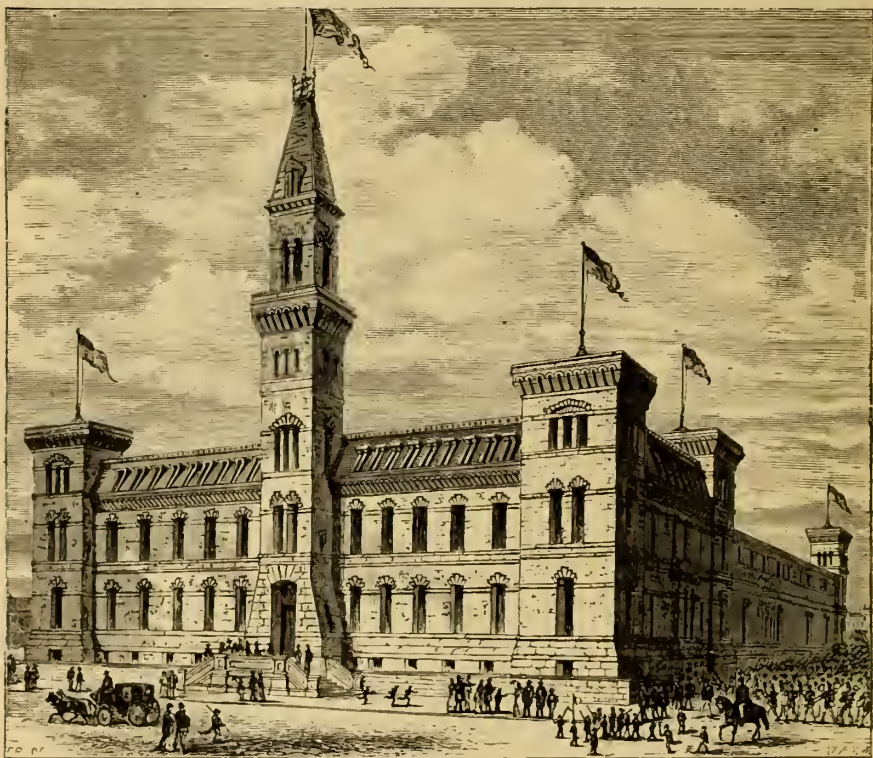
This Fair has now been in full action for the last ten days, and up to Thursday last, according to the newspapers, some \$75,000 had been taken as gate-money—the price of admission to the fair being 50c. a head—and for shares in the innumerable lotteries organised within the building. I eagerly asked an American friend whether the Fair was really a “Boom,” and whether I ought to visit it. I was told the Fair *was* a “Boom,” and no mistake. Now a “Boom,” as I understand it, is the very reverse to a “fizzle,” and the antipodes to a “fraud.” A “Boom,” whether it apply to the expected nomination of General Ulysses S. Grant for the next Presidency, the Nicaraguan Canal scheme, the Egyptian Obelisk, which (chiefly through the unwearied efforts of the Editor of the *New York World*) is to be brought from Alexandria and set up in New York, obviously in order to bring about the utter collapse of our Cleopatra’s Needle, and make the Luxor at Paris feel “mean,” the grain operations of Mr. J. R. Keene, and Mr. Vanderbilt’s recent colossal sale of New York Central stock, those are all big things that for the moment make a big noise, and they are all



A FORMER DRUM-MAJOR OF THE  
SEVENTH REGIMENT.

consequently entitled to rank as "Booms." After a time the "Boom" has a tendency to go out with a splutter, and an unmelodious twang.

When I inquired what the final cause of the "Boom" was, I learned that the Seventh Regiment, which is a highly important and fashionable corps of militia, rivalling in efficiency of drill, discipline, and splendour of equipment the far-famed "Boston Tigers," had built a grand new Armoury upon



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMOURY.

Lexington-avenue, for the performance of their manœuvres and the storage of their weapons, and that the object of the Fair was to defray the cost of this edifice. Now Lexington-avenue is a stately boulevard, which begins at Fourteenth-street, and extends north, between Third and Fourth-avenues, as far as the pretty

expanse known as Gramercy Park. From Gramercy Lexington-avenue is continued as far north as Hamilton-square, at Sixty-sixth-street, which existed not when I first came hither, and the name of which presents no link of purport or significance to my mind. But the huge brick building which forms the Seventh Regiment Armoury is, I think, at Sixty-third-street. If I blunder as to the exact numeral, who is to blame me, seeing that New York has increased in size full sevenfold since 1863? I ought to have mentioned, too, that after passing through Holland, Germany, and Ireland, on your way from the North River Pier to the Brevoort House, there is a densely populated French quarter, equally reminding you of the Rue St. Denis and the Rue Mouffetard, south of Washington-square; while at Madison-square, from the Fifth-avenue Hotel and Delmonico's,



A FRENCH BAKERY, NEW YORK.



are the central structures attracting strangers; there branch at least half a dozen splendid counterparts of the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rue Scribe, the Avenue de l'Opera, the Rue du Quatre Septembre, and the Chaussée d'Antin.

I have given to these letters the general title of "America Revisited," but I have not seen America yet. I have only seen New York, and very little of that. I must wait, I suppose, until I get to Baltimore, and especially to Philadelphia, before I really feel that I am on Transatlantic soil, and surely the sensation which I should properly have of being there has not been heightened by the aspect of the Empire City, which to me appears to be many degrees less American than when I was here last. Meanwhile, it is not at all unpleasant to dwell in Cosmopolis, to have at one's disposal a Turkey-carpeted, bird's-eye maple and plate-glass lined elevator which conveys you to the one hundred and ninety-fifth storey of the Tower of Babel, if you live in one of the big hotels, and to hear a confusion of tongues going on around you, till you begin to ask yourself seriously of what nationality you may personally be, and whether that stormy voyage across the Atlantic, per Cunard steamship *Scythia*, was not, after all, a tempestuous dream. That I could not find my "sea legs" I owned in a former letter; but I have as much difficulty in New York in finding my land legs. My perambulations are more of a perpendicular than of a horizontal nature. I am always going up and down in an elevator (not at the dear old Brevoort, where they have been thinking of having an "elevator" these seventeen years past, and have at length determined to have one, but it is not finished yet); and when I am free from the pleasant thralldom of the "lift," I find myself the slave of the horse tramway cars, or else scudding through space at an altitude of sixty or seventy feet above the street on the Elevated Railroad.

Uncertain, however, as to the particular Elevated Railroad station to which Sixty-third-street was nearest led me to patronise one of the neat little coupés which now stand for hire in front of



the principal hotels in New York. Americans in the full possession of their faculties rarely, I am told, use these handsome and commodious vehicles, of which the fare is one dollar, or four shillings, an hour; and if your journey only extends to a hundred yards, or, as it may very often happen, a hundred paces, you will have to pay a dollar all the same. The New Yorker who is *compos mentis* jumps into a horse car, or ascends the staircase of the nearest Elevated station, and is, for a few cents, swiftly borne to his destination, however far up or far down town it may be; but the foreigner who does not "know the ropes"—that is to say, who is crassly ignorant—must be, after a manner, topographically distraught. Americans should be tender to him, I think, for he knows not where he is, nor what to do for the best. Under these circumstances the coupés at a dollar an hour are a smiling boon. The carriages are neat, clean, and even elegant, with rugs inside to keep you warm. They are capitally well horsed, and the drivers are civil Irishmen. No *pourboire* is expected, although, of course, a trifle for "a drink" would not be refused; the men drive quickly and cleverly; and you may get over an immense amount of ground for your dollar. Altogether, a New York hack coupé is superior structurally, decoratively, and locomotively to one of our four-wheelers as a Havanna regalia is superior to a "twopenny smoke" at a suburban tobacconist's. But mark this: the London "growler," infected and unsavoury old vehicle as it undoubtedly is, and deserving all kinds of contemptuous disparagements, possesses two distinct advantages, of which the neat, pretty, and expeditious coupé is destitute. The "growler" will convey four passengers instead of two, the coupé's complement; and its much-enduring roof will carry besides any quantity of heavy trunks, to say nothing of your portable bath, your perambulator, and your bicycle.

We reached the Fair about nine o'clock in the evening, and found the thoroughfares surrounding the capacious and stately Armoury building flooded by the electric light; nor was this

brilliance by any means a superfluity, for the gas in New York seems to be somewhat weak; and when the stores are closed the lighting of the streets, although the lamps are very numerous, appears to leave much to be desired. An analogous objection will apply to the pavement. There is plenty of it—at least the sidewalks are abundantly flagged; but in the side thoroughfares ruts and fissures, and those viatorial complications which the Irish term “curiosities,” abound. As for the roadway, it is so hopelessly cut up by the trams intersecting each other in every imaginable direction, that you scarcely know whether the middle of the street is paved or not; and the discomfort of walking is increased by the circumstance that the inhabitants of the houses are still permitted to deposit ashes and other refuse in barrels placed at stated intervals along the kerbstone. In a free country the people have, of course, the right to “dump” their ashes wheresoever they please; but when a stiff north-east wind is blowing, every ash-barrel becomes the centre of a little sirocco of its own. The dust and other refuse perform “Sahara waltzes” of an erratic but distracting character, and you are half blinded by the flying particles. These observations do not, of course, apply to the fashionable thoroughfares, in which promenading is as facile and as pleasant as it is on the Paris Boulevards or in our Regent Street. It is only in the back streets that you feel from time to time that the Commissioners of something or another, or the Board of you know not what, might do something for the pavement and the dust nuisance. But what American in his senses walks about the back streets of New York, unless he have some direct business on hand taking him to a specified locality? To my misfortune, I have been during twoscore years prowling about back streets all over the world, and taking note of them.

The arrangements for setting down and taking up at places of public amusement in New York strike me as being admirable. There is no hurry, no confusion, no rudeness, no extortion, and no unnecessary delay. An adequate force of stalwart, intelligent, and obliging policemen is always on hand. I am perfectly well

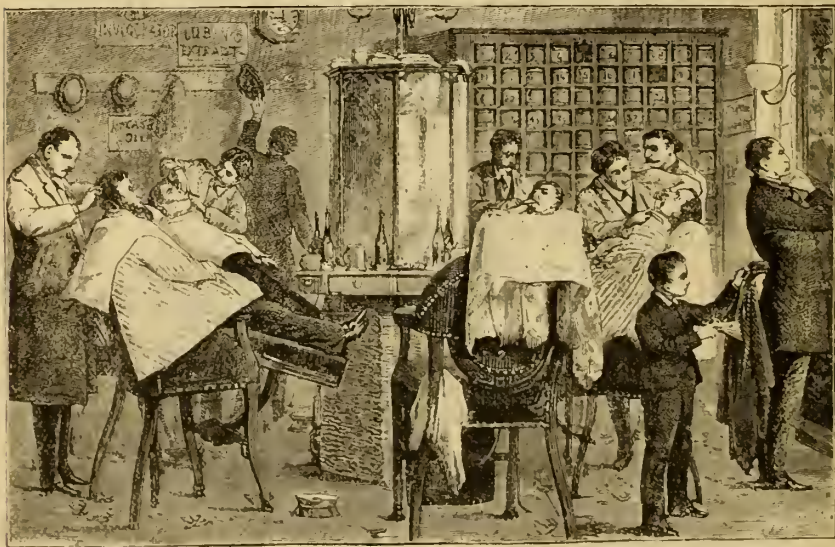
aware that the New York police are being violently abused by the papers for the addictedness to "clubbing" people—that is to say, to brain them on slight provocation with their truncheons: all I know is that they did not "club" me, and that whenever I asked a question of a constable he answered me politely. When you alight from your coupé, a ticket bearing a number is handed to you. Another ticket bearing the same number is given to your coachman, who knows where to take up his stand, and who promptly responds to the summons of the police when he is wanted. There is no frenzied shrieking of "Mrs. Smith's carriage" stopping the way. Nobody's carriage stops the way. Mrs. Smith is Number Sixty, or Number One Hundred and Ten, as the case may be, and when the carriage is called it comes. Such, at least, was my experience at the Seventh Regiment Fair; and at the Academy of Music in Fourteenth-street, whither I went last night to hear Mademoiselle Marie Marimon in the "Sonnambula," the vehicular arrangements appeared to be of equal excellence.

So we paid our fifty cents at the Armoury, the checktakers being ten privates of the Seventh Regiment in full uniform, who were not only imposing examples of the New York State militiamen, but also, to my mind, very favourable specimens of a type of humanity which, ethnologically as well as socially, is coming to the front in a very conspicuous manner—I mean the young New Yorker. According to Dr. George M. Beard, an eminent American physician, who has just published in the *North American Review* a remarkable paper on the physique of the two great sections of the Anglo-Saxon race, the type of Transatlantic virility consists in "chiselled features, great fineness and silkiness of the hair, delicacy of the skin, tapering extremities," the whole attended by chronic and excessive nervousness. Now this seems to me—when accompanied by a turn-over collar of large dimensions and a dreamily uplifted eye—to constitute what we used to recognize when we were young as the Byronic type; and the number of Byronic sets of features



that I have noticed, not only at the fair and at the opera, but among nearly every class of well-to-do New Yorkers, is quite astonishing.

I may be laughed at by the unthinking among my own countrymen, when I say that some of the handsomest young fellows I have ever seen in my travels have been American hotel clerks, assistants in stores, and sleeping car conductors. Some adventitious aids to comeliness these Transatlantic Adonises may have, through their constant sacrifices to one at least of the Graces of the Toilette. Every American who does not wish to be thought "small potatoes" or a "ham-fatter" or a "corner loafer," is carefully "barbed" and fixed up in a hair-dressing saloon every day. The young clerk or assistant who in England either shaves himself or gets shaved in the (nearest and earliest) barber's shop for a penny or three half-pence, and who thinks four-pence quite enough for the raw and unskilful cutting of his hair, has no corresponding type of simplicity, or, if you will have it so, carelessness, in the United States. His congener in America regularly and punctually repairs to a hair-dressing saloon where



HAIR-DRESSING SALOON, NEW YORK.



his head is shaved and shampooed, where his hair is washed and anointed and invigorated by bay-rum, where, if he likes, it is curled; and where, in any case, it is carefully combed, brushed and "fixed," in a style which a young Englishman would either admire or sneer at as tonsorial dandyism in the superlative degree. To be sure an English clerk or shop assistant very rarely cherishes the hope of being one day Her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, Chief Secretary of State for the Home Department, or Governor of the Bank of England; whereas a juvenile American, earning a salary of say six dollars a week, whose ideas run in the proper channels and whose head is screwed on the right way, rarely looks at himself in the glass, after he has been "fixed" by the barber, without seeing reflected in the mirror the features of a future President of the United States or of a Minister Plenipotentiary or Judge of the Supreme Court, or a big hotel proprietor at the very least. Is it a good thing to be devoured by ambition? I must leave the question to be discussed by young men just entering life. It strikes my limited intelligence that our young English business men are not ambitious about anything save in attaining excellence as cricketers, bicyclists and lawn-tennis players; whereas the young American appears to be continually possessed by a settled purpose and determination to do something and become something "big."

Dr. Beard says that the nervousness of the third generation of Germans who have become American citizens is full as remarkable as that of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Irish natives; and that young men whose parents on both sides were born in Germany, exhibit all the features of the American type as just set forth. That type is, to me, the Byronic—I mean the pictorially Byronic—for people who knew the author of "Childe Harold" in the flesh have repeatedly warned me that he was not nearly so comely as he has been represented to be by the painters and sculptors. I shall see, it may be, a great many varying types of manhood before I leave this country. I am going South, and hope to go very far West; but there need be

no beating about the bush, and no paying of fulsome compliments in saying that the young men of New York are an eminently good-looking race. One reason for this general comeliness may be the abstemiousness of the modern American. I am bound to believe so distinguished an authority as Dr. Beard when he states that, "although the Americans are fast eaters, or used to be so a quarter or half a century ago, yet, in the quantity both of food and drink which they consume, they are surpassed both by the English and by the Germans . . . . The American of the higher class uses but little fluid of any kind. The enormous quantities of alcoholic liquors, including beer, used in the United States are used to a large extent by Irish and Germans, and by those who live in the distant West or South. There are thousands of Americans who, from year to year, drink no tea or coffee, and but very little water."

It is refreshing to hear this concerning a people among whom, when I first knew them, there was a terrible consumption of cocktails, and who even at irregular times of the day were accustomed to "take the oath." "Taking the oath" meant, when you paid a visit to a friend's house, accidentally finding a bottle of Bourbon whiskey and a pitcher of iced water in the recesses of a bookcase, or in a corner of the conservatory, or behind a statuette of Mr. Hiram Powers' "Greek Slave," and straightway swearing fealty to the Republic by "liquoring up." So far as my brief experience goes I can vouch for the strict accuracy of Dr. Beard's statement touching the temperance of Americans of the higher class. In the restaurant of the hotel where I dine at not one of a dozen tables have I seen any wine or beer served. With grief and shame also do I note Dr. Beard's strictures on English intemperance. "A number of years past," he observes, "I was present in Liverpool at an ecclesiastical gathering composed of leading members of the Established Church, from the Archbishops and Bishops through all the gradations. At luncheon, alcoholic liquors were served in a quantity that no assembly of any profession in this country

could have desired or tolerated." This is bad; but worse remains behind. "To see how an Englishman can drink," remarks the writer in the *North American Review*, "is alone worthy the ocean-voyage. On the steamer a prominent clergyman of the Established Church sat down beside me, poured out half a tumblerful of whiskey, added some water, and drank it almost at one swallow. He was an old gentleman—sturdy, vigorous, energetic—whose health was an object of comment and envy. I said to him, 'How can you drink that? In America, men of your class cannot drink in that way.' He replied, 'I have done it all my life, and I am not aware that I was ever injured by it.'"

The Fair was as other fancy fairs: a kind of International





Exhibition in miniature; and it was replete with all the usual fun of the fancy fair in the shape of the fascinating and ravishingly-dressed ladies who kept the stalls, and strove their enchanting best to dispose of tickets in the lotteries, of which



THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT FAIR.

the name was legion. I kept at a respectful distance from Scylla and Charybdis in the way of counters; and, remembering that in 1878 I was asinine enough to purchase a hundred and odd tickets in the Paris Exhibition Lottery, and that I never won so much as a kilogramme of candles or a bottle of citrate of magnesia, I prudently abstained, while under the hospitable roof of the Seventh Regiment, from speculating in raffles by means of which I might have won a T-cart and a trotting mare, a gold mounted rifle, a Chickering pianoforte, a Tiffany goblet of



oxidised silver, and, for aught I know, a Pullman car, a patent turnip-slicer, and an ice-cream soda-making establishment complete. There was an enormous doll's-house, too, which tempted me sorely, and a christening party, composed of male and female dolls, arrayed at the summit of the newest Paris fashions. An excruciatingly comic performer in the doll's comedy was a black footman, who had apparently got "tight" at an early stage of the proceedings, and who was reclining in a chair in a corner, in a wretchedly limp and Guy Faux-like condition, and with a copy of the *New York Herald* under his arm. But I preserved my strength of mind, and stood aloof from temptation in the way of lotteries. Altogether the "Boom" was as grand as brilliant illumination, martial music, and an immense crowd of well-dressed gentlemen and elegant ladies could make it; and I came away from the Fair of the Seventh Regiment excellently well-pleased with my evening's entertainment.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT MEMORIAL STATUE  
IN CENTRAL PARK.



DELINQUENTS IN CUSTODY OF NEW YORK POLICEMEN.

## V.

### A MORNING WITH JUSTICE.

New York, Dec. 4.

"Who's yon Gal with the Sore Eye?" asks 'Zekiel Homespun, in the American farce, when in the ante-room of a courthouse he beholds the effigy of a classically-attired lady with a pair of scales in one hand and a sword in the other, and with her optics partially veiled, as tradition has laid down that they should be so. 'Zekiel Homespun, you will remember, was the type of the American farmer who was wont to boast that his father "fit in the Revolution," inasmuch as "he druv a baggidge waggin," and that he was "wounded," to the extent of being "kickit by a myowle." It is explained to Mr. Homespun, that the effigy of the "gal with the sore eye," represents Themis. It was in pursuit of this damsel that I recently left my bed at an extremely matutinal hour, and that through the intermediary of sundry kind friends in New York, I was enabled to make a careful, although brief, study of the Seamy Side of life in that



CARICATURES OF SOME WELL KNOWN TYPES.

(From the New York Daily Graphic).





surprising capital, by taking note of one morning's administration of criminal justice. It was my desire to behold Bow Street in Manhattan. A few years ago I beheld Bow Street on the Bosphorus; that is to say, I sate on the bench by the side of her Britannic Majesty's Consular Judge at Constantinople, as he heard the night charges from Galata, and complaints from Scotch captains whose ships were moored in the Golden Horn against Irish sailors who had turned restive during the voyage from Odessa. When the court had risen, we went over the consular prison, where we saw under a shed in the yard, a gentleman under sentence of penal servitude for forgery, grinding in a very leisurely manner at the crank, and another gentleman in a cell, who looked gloomy; and well he might, seeing that he was in hold on a vehement suspicion of murder, and that the probabilities were strongly in favour of his being tried, convicted, and sentenced to death by the consular judge, and of his being then comfortably sent to Malta to be hanged. It was odd, while listening to these purely British matters, to peep through the barred windows of the prison corridors at the blue Bosphorus with its dancing caïques, and in the distance, at Seraglio Point, and the domes and minarets of Stamboul.

From the Turkish to the English Bow-street, and thence to the cognate tribunal in New York, is a farther cry than to Lochawe; but humanity in its scoundrelly aspect presents very strong points of similarity, all the world over rascals are your true cosmopolitans; and in the course of the morning, which I spent with Justice in New York, I was many times inclined to forget that I had crossed the "big pond," and apt to think that the sitting magistrate was Sir James Ingham or Mr. Flowers, and that his worship was dealing, not with the frailties of the Bowery river and the aberrations of Greenwich-street, but with the nocturnal escapades of Seven Dials and the peccadilloes of Drury-lane. I must premise by reminding you that the courts of petty sessions in New York have a very extended jurisdiction, and deal with highly important, albeit somewhat repulsive, social

matters. The total number of persons arraigned before the police courts of the Empire City during the year ending October 31, 1878, was 78,533, of whom 56,004 were males and 22,529—a dismally large proportion—females. Out of this aggregate 51,786 were “held” for adjudication, and the remainder were discharged. These included all cases of felony, misdemeanour, and summary trials, or what we term “night charges.”



LODGING-ROOM AT STATION-HOUSE.

In addition to the above, 243 male and 72 female persons were committed to the House of Detention “for witnesses.” This, which at the first blush would seem to be a strange violation of the liberty of the citizen, is the American substitute for the English system of binding over the witnesses for the prosecution in their own recognisances to appear at the trial. A respectable witness who can give substantial bail would not of

course be clapped into gaol to await the finding of a true bill or otherwise by the grand jury ; but in the case of a witness whose antecedents are doubtful, whose social status is equivocal, and whose *bona fides* is vague, and who might in all likelihood "skip the town," or show justice a clean pair of heels before matters came to the consummation of Oyer and Terminer, American criminal jurisprudence very practically holds that the best possible recognisances that the future testifier can possibly give, are his own proper person. So they lock him up, in non-afflictive imprisonment—that is to say, he has unstinted opportunities for "loafing," during his detention until the time of trial. I suppose that this system, which is decidedly repugnant to our ideas of individual freedom—is found to work well in the States. In any case, it has undergone no material alteration since its prevalence was mentioned—and mentioned with reprehension—by Charles Dickens, in his "American Notes," more than five-and-thirty years ago. On the other hand, bail on criminal charges, even to the most serious ones, is much more freely granted in New York—I am careful, you will perceive, to particularise one State, because I do not know what may be the practice in other commonwealths of the Union—than it is in England, where within recent times there has been a growing disposition among stipendiary magistrates to regard bail, not as what it constitutionally is in all cases save felony, a right, but as a privilege to be arbitrarily extended or withheld, according to the magistrate's opinion of the prisoner. This is specially noticeable in cases of assault.

My experiences of a "Morning with Justice" would be also comparatively without value were I to omit a brief mention of the relative nativity of the various persons arraigned before the police-courts. Broadly speaking, I believe that I am not much beyond the mark in saying that, in point of population, New York is the first Irish and the third German city in the world. These are, indeed, portentous statistics. I have repeatedly heard it said that New York is the second Teutonic city ; but I



wish rather to over estimate than under estimate a computation which can only be unerringly verified by the next census returns. Of the 51,786 persons "held to answer," fined, committed in default of bail, or sent to reformatory institutions, the several nativities were as follows: 22,571 came from the United States, 19,021 from Ireland, 6,358 from Germany, 1,444 from England, 614 from Scotland, 379 from France, 406 from Italy, 981 from other countries; and the nationality of 11 persons was not ascertained. There were only 719 males and 629 females of coloured extraction in the aggregate, but the very large proportion of female to male prisoners of African descent is certainly remarkable. In the way of fines, between the police-courts, the courts of special sessions, and the mulcts paid, after conviction, to prison warders, there were collected in 1878 some 53,000 dollars, say £10,600.

For the purpose of equitably dealing out justice among this great army of misdemeanants, New York is divided into six districts. It was at the court held at Jefferson-market, a few minutes' walk from the Brevoort House, that I spent my morning with Justice, and the Cæsar who sat in judgment on that particular morning, was Mr. Charles A. Flammer, the President of the Board of Police Justices, from whose fifth annual official report I have gathered the foregoing statistics. The office of police-justice—or stipendiary magistrate, as we should term it—is, like the majority of judicial appointments in the United States, an elective one, and is held for a term of years. The work is extremely hard—certainly harder than that of a London police magistrate—and demands the possession not only of a large amount of legal acumen, but also a reserve of strong common sense. The salary is about equal to that paid to our own stipendiaries; but it must be borne in mind that the post is not permanent, that the cost of living is much higher in New York than in London, and that there is no retiring pension to the veteran and worn-out distributor of justice. I was presented to Mr. Flammer through the intermediary of a friend,



who is the editor of a New York newspaper, and by a gentleman whom I had known in former years, not only as a conspicuous politician, but as District Attorney or Public Prosecutor for New York. Nothing could have been greater than the courtesy and kindness shown to me by the magistrate in placing me face to face with Justice, and explaining to me the inner mechanism of his tribunal, from the tabulation of the charges to the ultimate bourne of the prisoners charged.

Jefferson-market Court-house, which adjoins a real market, overflowing with the good things of this life, is a very spacious and lofty building of red brick, with stone casings to the doors and windows. The pile is flanked by a lofty and imposing tower, the purpose of which I shall presently explain. In fact, the entire structure is as commodious, and as handsome, as I trust that new Bow-street Police Court will prove to be, which the Office of Works are building in view of the wretched and squalid structure over the way, which has so long been a disgrace to the administration of summary justice in the British metropolis.\* The police court-room at Jefferson-market is a

\* The new Bow-street Police Court is now an accomplished fact. I leave the passage standing in which I mentioned the old and abominable den; because I "hammered away" at it in the columns of the press for years, almost as sedulously as I hammered away at that other scandalous nuisance—Temple Bar. Persons of my profession in England have not much to be thankful for. The journalist is assuredly no favourite of fortune. We work desperately hard, and looking at the work we do and the immense fortunes which we materially help the proprietors of the newspapers to make we are but poorly paid. The English journalist has no definitely ascertained social position. The courts of law do not even consider him to be a professional person—much less a "gentleman" fit to serve on the Grand Jury; and he is liable at any moment to be summoned on a petty jury, and to sit day after day at the Old Bailey or the Middlesex Sessions trying pick-pockets and pot stealers; while his next door neighbours in the street where he lives—the solicitors, the surgeons, the architects and surveyors are excused from serving. He may have an extended knowledge and experience of politics, and he may be a fluent and sensible speaker, but seats in parliament being marketable commodities usually fall to the share of the highest bidder. The doors of the House of Commons are partially closed against the journalist; if he has had the means or the opportunity in early life of getting called to the bar, he may possibly when he is bordering on fifty years of age, obtain a County Court Judgeship, or the post of a stipendiary somewhere in the manufacturing districts; but if he be not a barrister,

lofty, well-ventilated, and generally comely apartment, with fittings of some dark wood very tastefully carved. Right across one extremity of the room runs a high raised partition or bar, behind which is the bench, a roomy, carpeted area; in the centre of which the police justice is throned in a comfortable arm-chair, his clerks being seated at desks on either side of their chief. This arrangement obviates much inconvenience, and loss of time, in handing up official documents to the magistrate, who has all his judicial apparatus, from a volume of statutes to a commitment warrant, at hand and at command; and, irreverent as may be the simile, the magistrate, behind his high counter, assumes the guise of a kind of Rhadamanthus "bar-tender," who mixes you precisely the sort of "drink" which he thinks most suitable for you—from a "short" drink of ten days in the City

the very most which the chief of the political party to which during half his life he has done yeoman's service, can do for him, is to fling him, very much as though it was a pennyworth of cat's-meat—a vice consulate at Caqueville-sur-Mer, or a consulate in the Cruel Islands. And, unless he fails to obtain either a County Court Judgeship, or a consulate, he dies, in harness, and when it is discovered that he has not left £50,000 invested in the elegant simplicity of the Three per Cents, and that his wife and children are comparatively destitute, many heads are dolefully shaken over the extravagance and lack of thrift of literary men; and if a public subscription be made to assist those whom he has left, the usual sneering allusions to "sending the hat round" are indulged in. I should have mentioned that the journalist if he happens to achieve eminence in his calling, is expected to contribute largely to miscellaneous charitable institutions, and that he is the prey of all the begging letters in London; nor should it be omitted (for the benefit of foreigners, and especially of Americans), to hint that however eminent an English journalist may be, there is not an idiotic lordling, nor a smooth-faced sub-lieutenant in a marching regiment, who does not consider himself fully justified in calling the writer in a newspaper "an anonymous scribbler," or a "wretched penny-a-liner." This is the ordinary fate of the follower of a vocation in which the kicks are many and the halfpence few; but there are consolations and compensations for my brethren and myself. We possess the power to redress grievances and to serve good and useful purposes. We have the opportunity for "hammering away" at nuisances and misfortunes, to denounce the jobbing minister, to expose the nefarious speculator, to shame the intolerant priest, to rebuke the unjust judge: and, on the other hand, to plead the cause of the poor and oppressed, the fainting and feeble folks. We are foiled and baffled sometimes:—witness that hideous insult to propriety and good taste, the Griffin in Fleet-street; but I mean to keep on "hammering away" at that disgrace to the city, as I "hammered away" at old Temple Bar, and old Bow-street police court; and I hope, before I die, to see the Griffin in the gutter.

Prison to six months on "the Island," which is decidedly a "long" drink.

Between the magisterial daïs and the body of the court there is another space, securely railed off from the section set aside for the public, and having lateral access to the dépôt for prisoners. In this space, I suppose, are situated the dock, the solicitors' and counsel's table, and the witness-box, or "stand," as the place of testimony is called on this side the Atlantic. I say that I suppose; but I really cannot tell with accuracy—first, because my organs of vision are lamentably faulty, and, next, because the order of procedure in a New York police-court is very peculiar, and amounts in substance to the following:—A stalwart policeman brings the prisoner's body forward, but without, in any way, hustling him or "dragging him along." He merely seems to present the individual in trouble to the magistrate, with an air as though he were asking, "Now, what do you think of this specimen of humanity, your honour?" A very choice specimen of humanity the prisoner usually turns out to be. The prosecutor stands cheek by jowl with the person whom he accuses, and the witnesses for and against the defendant are all close at hand. There is a crier or usher, who administers the oaths to witnesses; and now and again the head of a gentleman—generally well bearded and eye-glassed—is popped out of the group, and the head proves to belong to the attorney, or the counsel for the prosecution or for the defence. Anything more informal, and, indeed, at variance with our cut-and-dried traditional notions of the administration of justice, it would be difficult to imagine. But it is from beginning to end highly practical.

Half-a-dozen times during the hearing of a case the foreigner begins to be nervous lest the witnesses on either side should fall foul of one another—they do indulge, it is true, in violent personal recrimination—lest the prosecutor should "go for" the prisoner, or *vice versa*, or lest the lady or gentleman in trouble should suddenly take it into his or her head to emulate the

exploit of Jemmy O'Brien, as recorded in the stirring lyric of "Garryowen," by leaping over the dock, "in spite of the judge and the jury." It is true that there is no jury, unless a concourse of the sovereign people who fill the benches in the body of the court can be taken as representing the "twelve honest men," multiplied to a considerable extent. Yet this seemingly "higgledy-piggledy" manner of doing things seems to me, in the long run, to be eminently sensible and business-like. There is a sufficient number of policemen at hand to take good care of the prisoner should he exhibit premonitory symptoms of turning "ugly," or of "raising Cain and breaking things." The magistrate, on his high daïs, is tolerably safe from the peril of having a leaden inkstand or an iron-heeled shoe flung at him by an irate defendant—dangers to which English stipendaries are not unfrequently exposed—and has besides the inestimable advantage of hearing every word that the parties have to say and of looking at them all "straight between the eyes."

In most police cases, all over the world, there is, I take it, an immense amount of lying. Sometimes the mendacity is on the part of the complainant, sometimes on that of the defendant, and occasionally it is on the side of the police, who have so far the better of their adversaries in the circumstance that their experience in mis-statement and prevarication is lengthened and varied; and in the telling of fibs, as in most other things, practice makes perfect. Now, the main object of a police-magistrate is to get at the truth, and to find out who is stating the thing which is not; and the system pursued at Jefferson-market Court appeared to me peculiarly calculated to bring about such a desirable consummation. For example, one of the cases turned on an "interfamiliar" row in a tenement house.\* Mrs. Jones accused

\* The New York "tenement house" corresponds with the lower class unfurnished lodgings of London. Its occupants are chiefly the poorer mechanics, labourers and their families, foreigners and the like. It is considered almost disreputable to live in one of them, and the native-born clerks and artisans who cannot afford a house of their own, seem to prefer the "boarding house" and its sempiternal "hash" to the comparative freedom which the "tenement house" affords. One of the most







RAGPICKERS COURT, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

Mrs. O'Flaherty of breaking into her bed-room where she was lying sick, and proposing to pour a pailful of boiling water over her. Mrs. O'Flaherty made a counter-accusation against Mrs.

picturesque and at the same time unsavoury blocks of tenement houses, is situate in Mulberry-street, near the Bowery and is known as "Rag-picker's court" from the calling pursued by the bulk of its inhabitants. A cellar in the front house opens to the street, and peering down one sees a score of men and women half buried in piles of dirty rags and paper which they are sorting and packing for the mill. The place serves as a general depôt to which the rag-picker brings his odds and ends for sale after he has sorted them. Two passages running through this and the neighbouring house, lead into a small badly paved courtyard which separates the front buildings from those in the rear. Looking up, the spectator beholds rags to the right of him, rags to the left of him, on all sides rags, nothing but rags. Lines in the yard are strung with them, balconies festooned with them, fire-escapes draped with them, windows hung with them; in short every available object is dressed in rags of every possible size, shape, and colour. Some have been drawn through the wash-tub to get rid of the worst of the dirt, but for the most part they are hung up just as they are taken from the bags, and left for the rain to cleanse and the sun to bleach them.

The yard is in an abominable condition, and the rooms, the upper of which are reached by external staircases, are but little better. Every inch of the walls and ceilings is as black as ink. Against this dark back-ground are hung old hats of odd colours and odder shapes, musical instruments of various kinds, pots, kettles, pans, joints of raw meat, strings of sausages, women's gowns and big pipes. The beds are almost invariably covered with old carpets retaining something of their original colours. None of the chairs have backs and hardly any of them four legs. Seated on these uncertain supports, or oftener on an empty box, or upturned boiling pot, are the rag-pickers sorting old rags, or cutting up old garments that are too rotten to wear, and stuffing the bits into bags for the marine store, or "junk" dealer, as he is styled in New York. In some of the rooms the horrible odour of rotteness is sufficient to knock



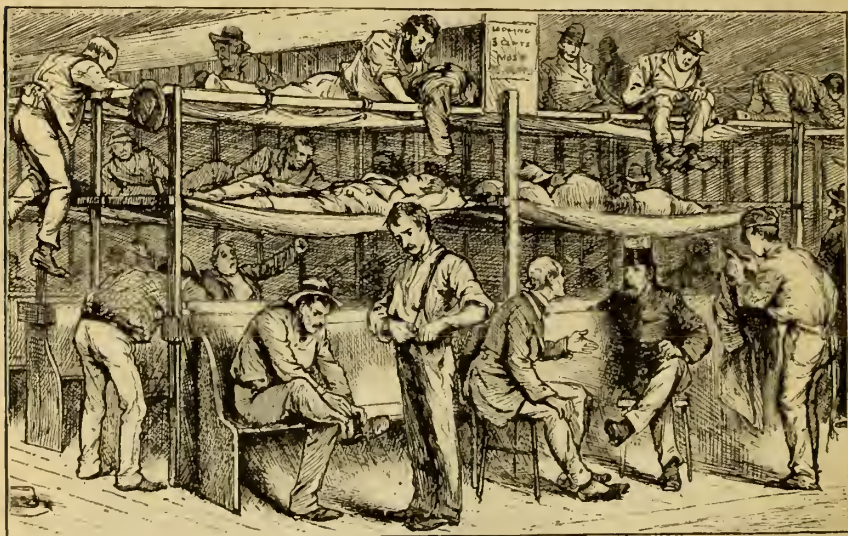
AT SHILOH SHELTER.



Jones, first of having called her "out of her name in a most bare-faced and onlady-like manner," next of having, without any reasonable cause, violently "spanked" three of her, Mrs. O'Flaherty's, children, and finally of having incited one Mr.

one down; and only those habituated to such pestilent smells could exist in the place. These rag-pickers are mostly Italians.

They might certainly find cleaner—if not to their minds more comfortable—quarters, a little way off in the poor man's lodging house known as "Shiloh Shelter," at the corner of Prince and Marion-streets. The building was formerly a church, but in 1875 a philanthropic merchant, Mr. C. H. Dessart, rented it, fitted up the pews and benches as bunks, and erected frames of timber from which hammocks were slung, so as to afford accomodation for some 450 lodgers. At first the lodgings were free, tickets being distributed at the police stations with requests to give them to respectable but destitute men. It was found, however, that the privilege was abused and now a nominal charge is made for a lodging; a bunk in a pew costing three cents a



SLEEPING ARRANGEMENTS IN SHILOH SHELTER, NEW YORK.

night, and a hammock five. In the morning a breakfast of boiled "mush," a kind of porridge, is served, and every one can have as much as he wants for a couple of cents. Towels, soap, hot water in abundance, buttons, needles and thread, are also provided free. The "shelter" is opened at eight in the evening and closed at ten. At six in the morning the lodgers are called, and by half-past seven the place is cleared of all who are not working, or washing their clothes. During the winter, it fills every night, but in the summer the demand for bunks is not so brisk. The annual deficit is made up by Mr. Dessart who personally superintends the place.





Timothy O'Gallagher, a lodger in the same house, to revile and "bate" Mr. O'Flaherty while that last-named gentleman was "thick with the dhrink." Mr. O'Flaherty, who seemed rather thin than thick from the effects of the maddening wine cup, was then heard in aggravation of his wife's statement; but Mr. Jones, a pauper-looking boot-clicker with a black eye, testified somewhat to the conclusion that Mr. O'Flaherty had run amuck in the tenement house, and ever since Thanksgiving Day had been "stoking with whiskey, and busting fire and flame all around." All these good folks said their say at the very top of their voices and eventually the magistrate remarked that, "judging from what he had heard, and from the general appearance of the litigants, he liked Mrs. Jones's side of the house better than he did Mrs. O'Flaherty's." Then he sent complainants, defendants and litigants, all about their business.

It fared harder with the *habitués* of the charge-sheet—the toppers who had been arrested by the police either in a drunk and disorderly or drunk and incapable condition. The ordinary fine inflicted in these cases was ten dollars, or two pounds sterling. “Lying dead drunk on the side-walk” was the usual formula of the police indictment. One of the defendants was an old lady with wavy hair, who was seemingly not far from sixty, and who was quite respectably dressed in a serge dress and a Paisley shawl. She did nothing but wag her head in a disconsolate but comically penitent manner, mumbling some incoherent sentences, the end of which was that “Satan was in the street cars.” The Enemy of Mankind, we all know, is ubiquitous, but I was unaware that he was specially addicted to travelling per street car. Then there was an Irishman, who had been arrested at the suit of his wife for “bating” her when “thick with the dhrink.” She did not want to have him punished, she said, but he must swear a “big oath” before the judge that he would never touch liquor more. The magistrate had to tell her that he had no power to compel the man to swear any oath, big or little, in his court to abstain in future from strong drink; but on the toper expressing repentance, he was advised to go forthwith to his Roman Catholic priest in ordinary to “swear off,” and was discharged without any fine.

One very humorous defendant appeared in the person of a Frenchman, very swarthy of complexion and with a singularly shaggy head of black hair. He described himself as a wood engraver, and I fancy that he must have come from Marseilles or somewhere in the Midi. He had been picked up in his shirt-sleeves and working apron on the side-walk, insensibly intoxicated, at nine in the evening. When called upon to say what he could for himself, he grinned a most dolorous grin, showing the whitest of white teeth, and, holding his shaggy head between his two hands, declared that it felt “comme un tonneau”—like a hogshead. He was let go with five instead of ten dollars fine. A sadder fate befell two pretty brazen girls from Green-

wich-street: the Colleen Bawn and Kathleen Mavourneen "gone wrong." Poor things! They were "sent down" for ten days. Several Germans, a Dane, and an Italian were arraigned, the services of a police-constable sworn as an interpreter being occasionally called into requisition; but of one defendant, a bearded creature wearing a serge blouse and a fur cap nearly as large as an English grenadier's "busby," neither the Court nor the interpreter could make anything. I think that he must have been a Moldo-Wallachian. Perhaps he was one of the "heroic Lazes," who had taken shipping at Erzeroum, and turned up, somehow, at New York. It was instructive to remark that, out of seventeen night charges to which I listened, only one referred to a native-born American. That was a case, and a very bad case, of burglary; and the detectives employed in the affair made a most dramatic display of "jemmies," skeleton keys, and other housebreaking implements, on the magistrate's desk. The man accused of burglary—a skeleton key had fallen from his pocket when he was arrested on the staircase of a house in Broadway—was remanded for further examination. He looked a poor, destitute creature enough, with barely sufficient rags to cover his back; but he had sufficient dollars, it would seem, to procure legal advice, and had retained a fashionably attired young gentleman learned in the law to defend him. I wish him—the prisoner—a good deliverance; but if ever a man had a "Sing Sing" face he had. Let me conclude this imperfect record of a Morning with Justice by mentioning that the magistrate took his seat shortly after eight a.m. At noon there is a "recess" of two hours; and thereafter throughout the afternoon so long as may be necessary the magistrate continues to sit, patiently and conscientiously plodding through the warp and woof and weft of the Seamy Side of New York life.





## VI.

### FASHION AND FOOD IN NEW YORK.

New York, *Dec. 5.*

THE Seamy Side ! I saw something of it in Paris, in 1878 ; and wretchedly seamy indeed was the side which revealed itself when only one small corner of the tapestry on which were figured all the luxury and the splendour of the Exposition Universelle was lifted. I have been in New York only ten days, yet, for all the brevity of my sojourn, I have experienced, these three days past, a strangely uneasy longing to behold the Seamy Side of the Empire City. You may opine that such a desire on my part, savoured of the discontented and ill-conditioned, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." That choice maxim of poetic paradox—perhaps the neatest example of epigrammatic clap-trap extant—was taught us many years ago by Mr. Thomas Gray. Why should I not be content to remain in blissful ignorance of the "seamy" side of the poverty, and vice, and crime of New York ? Why could I not let well



alone? To the tourist well supplied with letters of introduction, and with plenty of money in his pocket, Manhattan is, at the present moment, perhaps, with one exception, as enjoyable a metropolis as could be found in the whole world over; the exception of which I speak is the potential occurrence when the frost is apparently at its hardest, and promises to last some weeks longer, of a Thaw. Then, everything, in an out-of-doors sense, goes to wrack. Slush is triumphant; crossing Fifth-avenue is wading through a Malebolgian mire, and perambulation is, to a lady, next door to the impossible. But, if you can afford to keep a carriage, or to hire a hack coupé, you will find New York between the end of November and the beginning of March, gayer than Paris, and almost as gay as St. Petersburg was before the Nihilist revolts.

The fashionable season is beginning, and society is brilliant, varied, cosmopolitan, refined, intelligent, and almost totally free from prejudice. Politics are wholly tabooed from polite conversation,\* and people talk no more about the Eastern Question

\* This was written before the beginning of the Electoral "Campaign" for the Presidency; and (so far as I can judge from the "Campaign" articles in the newspapers) the contest would appear to have been carried on, from first to last, with much less than the customary acrimony. One of the most heated of the "Campaign" utterances that I came across in the States was the following choice excerpt which I cut from the *Okolona Southern States*:—

"A STRONG GOVERNMENT"—HOW THE INFANDOUS IDEA HAS BEEN SERVED IN AMERICA, AND HOW IT WILL BE SERVED AGAIN.

"A strong Government."

So says the Stalwart Saltimbanco of the New York *Tribune*, in his issue of the 14th ult.;

And the remark is being quoted by the Republican press with many commendatory comments.

The old Continentals had

"A strong Government"

Prior to 1776;

But they read the law of liberty to

The palace-born whelps of St. James,

And they rained it down the throats of his soldiers,

With a seasoning of saltpetre.

THAT was the way our fathers served

"A strong Government;"

And their sons haven't forgotten the trick.

The Confederate Commonwealths were subjected to

"A strong Government"

From 1865 until 1875,

But a storm kept brewing and blowing up through all that Dark Decade.

It broke in

Blood and

Flame,

And our people

Sabred and

Shot-gunned

Their way to liberty.

The questards for

"A strong Government"

Can learn a salutiferous lesson by conning these precedents, and committing them to memory,

For just as surely as Jehovah

Holds this planet in the hollow of His hand,

Just that surely will our people

than they do about the Alabama Claims. Hospitality is as unstinted as it is splendid; and masquerades are not looked upon as they are with us as shockingly wicked things, to be repressed with the most wrathful rigour of which the Middlesex magistrates are capable. I don't know what would be thought of the Middlesex magistrates in this city, where public music and dancing are a recognised feature in the amusements of the people. The "serious" classes here go their own way—and a very useful and beneficent way it is—but they do not strive to coerce their non-serious fellow citizens into ways of asceticism and gloom. The truth is, that in New York there is room enough for Everybody; whereas in London, huge as it is, there

Spot

The first man that undertakes to inaugurate  
"A strong Government"

On our soil,

And crack his infernal neck on the gallows-  
tree.

They will do it,

If they die for it—

They will do it if they have to paint the mid-  
night sky with a fret-work of fire, and wash  
the high-ways and by-ways of the land with the  
life-blood of the

Catilines and

Conspirators.

We thought that the

Infamous idea of

"A strong Government" was dying out  
with the despotisms beyond the Atlantic.

Europe is leaping into a

New,

Freer, and

Transplendent

Life

Under the magic touch of liberty,

And is being

Redeemed,

Regenerated, and

Republicanized.

Are we to drop back into the Dark Ages,

As the Eastern Hemisphere heaves upward  
into the light that was first quickened and  
kindled on our soil?

Shall we introduce the

Trumpery and

Filigree

Of Imperialism,

Together with its

Janizaries,

Bastiles, and

Chains,

As the Old World discards these

Relics of barbarism,

And transforms her subjects into sovereigns?

Never!

By the Holy Trinity!

NEVER!

NEVER!!

But this is the ultimity of Stalwartism.

Therefore Stalwartism

Must and

Shall

Die the Death.

This Union is a

Loose and

Temporary

League

Of Sovereign Commonwealths.

They are their own lords and masters.

No central power will be permitted to usurp  
one solitary

Right or

Function

That is guaranteed to them by the royal  
sign-manual of God Himself.

The people of Mississippi, for instance, are a  
Separate,

Distinct, and

Sovereign

People;

They propose to do precisely as they please,  
whether the citizens of the other States like it  
or not,

And the sooner that this fact is understood,

Once for all,

The better and

The safer

It will be for the unhung scelerats who are  
bawling in behalf of

"A strong Government."



WAITING FOR A TRAIN ON THE ELEVATED RAILWAY AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

is not sufficient room for Anybody. Our houses, our interests, our idiosyncrasies, our creeds, our habits and modes of life are continually jostling and conflicting with each other; and the natural result is that we are always snarling and grumbling and bringing actions against our brothers and sisters. A significant example of the placability of the Americans, is that the columns of the newspapers are almost entirely devoid of letters from outside correspondents fiercely protesting against social grievances. "A Subscriber from the First" is not accustomed vehemently



to inveigh against the disgraceful conduct of the proprietor of the Great Bonanza Hotel, in the matter of the quality of the maple syrup supplied with the buckwheat cakes at breakfast; nor does "Amicus Justitiæ" fight furiously in print with "Paterfamilias" on the disputed question of hot air flues *versus* anthracite stoves for heating apartments.

On the whole there seems to me to be far less social friction in modern New York life than is the case on our side. People here do not trouble themselves much about things calculated to arouse embittered controversy; and in this respect the New Yorkers closely resemble the Viennese. *La Bagatelle* appears for the moment, to be triumphant. There are a multitude of cheap and well-managed theatres open, playing mainly the most frivolous and nonsensical pieces it is possible to conceive; and they are all crowded nightly. How many tens of thousands of dollars a week Mr. Delmonico is clearing I do not know, and it is surely no concern of mine to inquire; but his palatial establishment, as well as scores of the restaurants and cafés, continually overflow with guests. I dined at Delmonico's hard by the Fifth-avenue Hotel, a few nights ago; and among the dainties which that consummate caterer favoured us with, was an *entremet* called an "Alaska." The "Alaska" is a *baked ice*. *A beau mentir qui vient de loin*; but this is no traveller's tale. The nucleus or core of the *entremet* is an ice cream. This is surrounded by an envelope of carefully whipped cream, which, just before the dainty dish is served, is popped into the oven, or is brought under the scorching influence of a red hot salamander; so that its surface is covered with a light brown crust. So you go on discussing the warm cream *soufflé* till you come, with somewhat painful suddenness, on the row of ice. E'en so did the Shepherd in Virgil grow acquainted with love, and find him a native of the rocks.

When I was here last the fashionable or "up town" Delmonico occupied a large building at the corner of East Fourteenth-street, and Fifth-avenue. But East Fourteenth-street





EATING AS A FINE ART.

(From the "New York Daily Graphic.")

is now "down town," and the existing Palazzo Delmonico fronts Broadway, Fifth-avenue, and Twenty-sixth-street. The furniture and hangings are splendid, but very quiet and refined. The establishment comprises an immense café, and a public restaurant of equal dimensions, while on the second floor (reached of course by a lift or "elevator") there are first a magnificent saloon which can be used as a ball room or as a dining hall, and next a series of handsome private rooms for select dinner parties; on the upper floors are a limited number of furnished apartments for gentlemen. You may dine, I have been told, very modestly indeed at Delmonico's for about five dollars, including a bottle of light, but drinkable claret. I state this merely on hearsay, because the good people who took us over and over again, to Delmonico's to dine, are in the habit of paying the dinner bill themselves, and refusing to show it to us afterwards. But I may hint (also on hearsay) that a first rate dinner at Delmonico's is a very serious affair in the way of dollars. Next in renown to Delmonico's is that of the Hotel Brunswick which is "diagonally opposite" Delmonico's (I am quoting that abundant repertory of information "Appleton's Dictionary of New York and its Vicinity"). Here the viands and courses are quite as *recherchés* as they are at Delmonico's. The prices are also *recherchés*. The Brunswick presents an additional attraction of a large garden in the rear, and here, in summer, meals are served under a canvas awning. Described as "strictly first class" but a trifle inferior to Delmonico's and the Brunswick, are the restaurants attached to the Golsay House, Broadway (at Twenty-sixth-street), the St. James's Hotel (Broadway and Twenty-fifth-street), the St. James's Hotel (Broadway and Twenty-sixth-street), the Hoffmann House, Broadway, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth-streets; and the Rosmon Hotel (in Broadway at Forty-second-street). On the lower rungs of the social ladder are the so called "fifteen cent houses," where for sevenpence halfpenny you may be served with a cut from a hot joint with bread, butter, potatoes and pickles.







FEMALE FASHIONS IN NEW YORK.



The florists, the dry goods storekeepers, the confectioners, the silversmiths, and the French milliners ought all to be making gigantic fortunes. There is a tidal wave, just now, of matrimony, and of fashionable weddings there is no end. Old St. Mark's Church—the late Mr. A. T. Stewart's place of worship—was, the other morning, the scene of a most superb wedding, the young couple being the representatives of two very ancient Manhattan families. The bride was exquisitely attired in a costume consisting of a long train of rich brocaded satin trimmed with "point Duchesse" lace. Her veil was of old point, which had been in her family for more than a century. It was fastened with a magnificent spray of diamonds, which also held a few natural orange blossoms. Her necklace was of diamonds upon a band of black velvet; and she carried a gorgeous gold and velvet bound Prayer Book in lieu of a bouquet. The bride's mother wore a primrose satin, "of slight, pretty, delicate, lilac shade, with a rosy flush to it, which has of late become fashionable." Elsewhere I read of a "seven hundred dollar dress," just completed for a lady leader of fashionable society, and which consists of a long train of ruby-red brocade, edged with a pure gold cord as thick as the index finger. "The entire front is of solid cloth of gold, with gold embroidered lace let in, and striped insertions of superb bronze beading on lace." Dresses of equal splendour are to be worn at a ball to be given at Delmonico's this evening, for the purpose of introducing a charming young *débutante* to society.

I may just quietly hint that all these fine things are not so enjoyed without the expenditure of a vast amount of money. I suppose that luxurious life in New York is at the present moment about the most expensive of any life in any city in the world. Paris during the Exhibition season was costly enough, in all conscience; this city is dearer than St. Petersburg, dearer than Madrid. I am constrained to have a private sitting room in addition to a bed room, as I have a great deal of writing to do, and I pay seven dollars a day, or twenty-eight shillings, for



accommodation which I could certainly obtain at the Hotel d'Angleterre at St. Petersburg for six roubles, or fifteen shillings, and at the Fonda de los Principes at Madrid for an Isabellino or twenty shillings per diem. Yet the cities on the Neva and the Manzanares are proverbially quoted as phenomenally expensive capitals. Good wearing apparel here is surprisingly costly. Two dollars and twenty-five cents, or nine shillings, are charged for a pair of Dent's kid gloves, which you

could purchase in Piccadilly for four shillings and sixpence. Ladies' gloves are proportionately expensive. You cannot obtain a Havana cigar worth smoking for less than ninepence; and two shillings is thought to be quite a moderate price for a Regalia Britannica. There is no drinkable champagne under three dollars or twelve shillings a bottle. Claret is almost equally dear. In fact, so far as my experience goes, I have found that the purchasing power of the dollar in New York does not exceed that of an English florin; just as in analogously expensive Holland the tourist finds, to his dismay, that the Dutch guilder does not go further than an English shilling. This condition of things financial is all the more productive of consternation to me, since when I was last in America gold was at from one-fifty to one-eighty per cent. premium—that is to say, for every hundred dollars I got from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and eighty dollars in greenbacks; and I cannot recall to mind that things in New York were so very much dearer in 1863-64 than they are now in 1879. I remember, indeed, being once sharply, yet pertinently, told by an American gentleman, with whom I was having a political discussion, that, under any circumstances, I had no right to grumble, since, as he put it, "I was living on my exchange;" nor am I prepared to deny that there was some admixture of truth in his assertion.

The truth of the matter is that several experienced lady housekeepers gave me to understand that the necessaries of life, properly so called, may be bought in the numerous and excellently provided markets of New York at prices which, estimating them by comparison with our own, we should be entitled to consider as ridiculously cheap. Thus very good beef is procurable at from eight to ten cents—fourpence to fivepence—a pound. The choicer parts do not go beyond twenty-four cents. Mutton ranges between fourpence halfpenny and eightpence. Pork is a little lower. Butter commands about the same prices as with us. Cheese is wonderfully cheap. Sugar





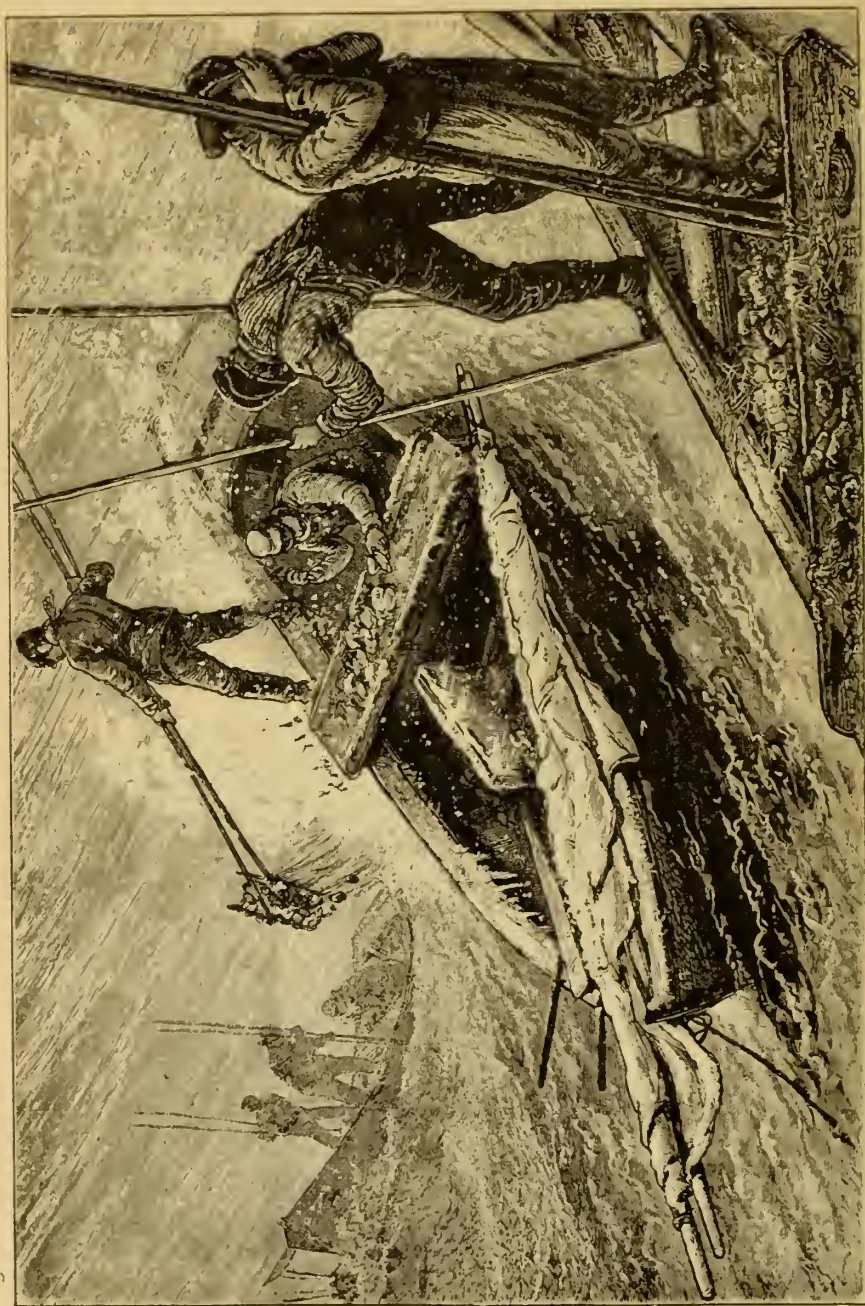
OUTSIDE WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.



OYSTER BOATS, NEW YORK.







RAKING FOR OYSTERS IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.

is dearer than it is in England, varying between fourpence and fivepence. In London good moist sugar may be bought for threepence a pound. Coffee in New York fluctuates between ninepence and fifteen pence a pound. Oysters of every size and variety of flavour are as cheap as oranges are at Havana—that is to say they may be bought for “next to nothing.” Fish is amazingly plentiful, delicious, and inexpensive. The New York markets provide delicacies of the deep—striped bass, Spanish mackerel, sheep’s head, kingfish—positively unknown to us ; the



SHAD FISHING IN DELAWARE BAY.

cod is superb, but the sole is non-existent. There is a kind of plaice that professes that he is a sole, but he is not to be believed. He is a “fraud.” Smelts abound. The vegetables are prodigious in size. I never saw such gigantic cabbages and cauliflowers out of Valencia, in Spain ; and they are cheap in market overt. There is an inexhaustible plentitude of tomatoes, of “squash,” and of the health-giving celery ; which American diners almost incessantly nibble from the beginning to the end of their repasts. Of other salads there is no stint.



Venison is excellent and cheap; and the Americans have the good sense to eat it when it is fresh, and not rotten. A perfectly



PREPARING FOR THE HOLIDAY BANQUETS IN WASHINGTON MARKET ON THE ARRIVAL OF GAME MEATS FROM THE WEST.

fresh steak of boiled venison beats all the chateaubriands in the world. Poultry is abundant, and may be quoted "all round" at



tenpence a pound. Ducks are multitudinous: but a canvas-back duck at a restaurant costs you three dollars; and a man with a healthy appetite can scarcely dine off a canvas-back duck, seeing that it is only the breast of the bird that is eatable.

On the other hand, I find from a carefully compiled table of prices and rates of wages in a New York paper that bricklayers here earn from twelve to fifteen dollars—from £2 8s. to £3 a week—that the hebdomadal wage of a mason or a plumber is from twelve to eighteen dollars, of a tailor from ten to eighteen dollars, and of a day labourer from six to nine dollars. In a country where food is so abundant and so cheap, and where labour is so amply remunerated, there ought scarcely to be any Seamy Side.



MARKET WAGGONS STAND—NEW YORK.



A PULLMAN PARLOUR CAR.

## VII.

### ON THE CARS.

Baltimore, Dec. 7.

It is always hard to leave New York—first, because, as a stranger, you probably find more friends there than in any other part of the Union; and next, because foreigners frequently cherish a preconceived notion that the Empire City is the headquarters of what Europeans usually consider to be refinement and comfort; and that, once out of New York, you must expect nothing better than pork and beans and Indian pudding, or hog and hominy if you go South; the whole washed down by rough cider or molasses and water—'tis only the Germans and Irish, I am told, who drink lager beer and whiskey in the America of to-day. In any case, it is certain that temperance—even to total abstinence—has made enormous strides within the last few years in the States; and, but for a kindly and thoughtful

tolerance of the bad habits of foreigners, whom they ask to dinner, and whom they still insist on regaling with the rarest of vintages, I am assured, in some quarters, that the custom of wine drinking would speedily fade out altogether from good society in America.

I had, in transatlantic parlance, such a thoroughly "good time" since I landed from the *Scythia*, that I found it doubly grievous to quit, even temporarily, a city where I had found so many dear old friends, and made so many new ones. But business is business; and the entries in the *feuille de route*, which I had proposed to myself when I started on this expedition, had to be, so far as circumstances would permit, duly attended to. I was due at Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on the evening of Saturday, December 6, so on Friday I sent round my pasteboard "P.P.C.'s;" and the next day, at noon, one of the comfortable *coupés* of the Brevoort conveyed me, per Jersey City ferry, to the terminus of the Pennsylvania Railroad, by means of which, viâ Philadelphia and Wilmington, I was to reach Baltimore. We left Jersey City at one P.M., and I wish to be tolerably minute in recording even the trivial incidents of a seven hours' journey of about 200 miles, in order to show how, since my last coming to the States, the disagreeable features of a formerly dreadfully uncomfortable railway trip have been reduced to a minimum. In the war time it was my frequent and unhappy lot to travel, at least once a fortnight, between New York and Washington by the way of Philadelphia and Baltimore; and on the eve of every departure, I was filled with gloomy pre-occupation at the thought of the miseries which I was about to endure. But I have no wish needlessly to renew the memory of bygone dolour. Let me draw a veil over the melancholy past, and record only the cheerful present. At the same time it may be stated that it required rather a plentifully permanent stock of animal spirits to be cheerful on Saturday morning, seeing that it rained heavily, and that the steady vertical downpour ceased not during the whole day and evening.



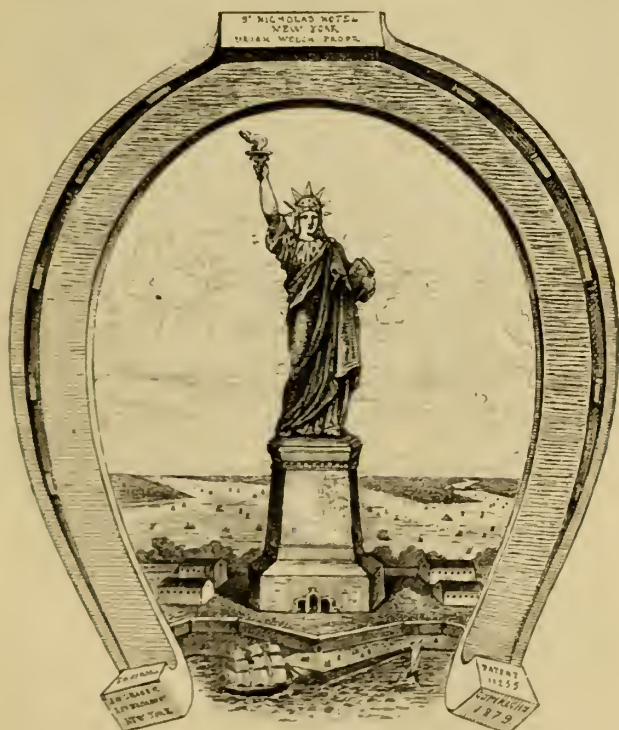
Still we contrived, systematically, to baffle the wrath of the elements. Mark in what manner.

In London, one would have driven, say from home to Euston-square, in a four-wheeler. Act the first: Loading the roof of the four-wheeler with the heavy baggage; curses both loud and deep on the part of a rheumatic and run-odorous cabman; appearance on the scene of the "odd man," who turns up fortuitously, to assist in loading baggage, and wishes to know whether I consider myself a gentleman, on his receiving what he deems an inadequate remuneration for breaking one of the windows of the vehicle with one of the iron clamps of a trunk, and letting a lady's bonnet-box tumble in the mud. Act the second: Arrival at Euston terminus; fearful row with the cabman about fare and luggage; exciting chase after porter, who has snatched up your small articles, and fled with them you know not whither. Another hunt after porter, who has wheeled away your heavy trunks; discovery that you have gone through the wrong door, and got on to the Liverpool platform instead of the Birmingham one. Eventual finding of the ticket office, where your purchase of the necessary billet is delayed by the inability of the deaf old lady in front of you,—first to find her *porte-monnaie*, and next to make up her mind as to what class she means to travel by. Culminating confession of the deaf old lady that she wants to go to Norwich, and that the Great Eastern, not the London and North-Western, is the line by which she ought to travel. *Tableau*: the bell for departure having begun to ring. Fearful scene on the platform; almost by a miracle, so it seems, you get your luggage labelled, fill your pocket-flask with—well, say orangeflower water, at the refreshment buffet, buy your morning papers, and, asking for a smoking carriage, get bundled into a compartment with two Quakers, a lady with a cough, a nurse, and a baby. Act the third:—N.B. In the interval between second and third acts, you have had four minutes' liberty to scald your throat with some soup or some tea—you scarcely remember which—to half



choke yourself with a sandwich, and to cultivate an acquaintance with all "the Painful Family of Death, more Hideous than their Queen," beginning with the indigestion which lurks in the geological formation of a pork pie.—Arrival at your destination; grand salmagundi of luggage on the platform. Your favourite valise undiscoverable for fifteen minutes; it is fished out at last from the remotest corner of the van. Your luggage-label has been converted by the rain into a little pellet of yellow pulp; possibly you have lost it altogether. If you are so fortunate as to get all your luggage hoisted on to the roof of another four-wheeled cab, fresh brawl with the other cabman when you arrive at your hotel. Compensation: You have been travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour.

My experiences of a journey to Baltimore on a hideously wet



PICTORIAL RAILWAY TICKET.

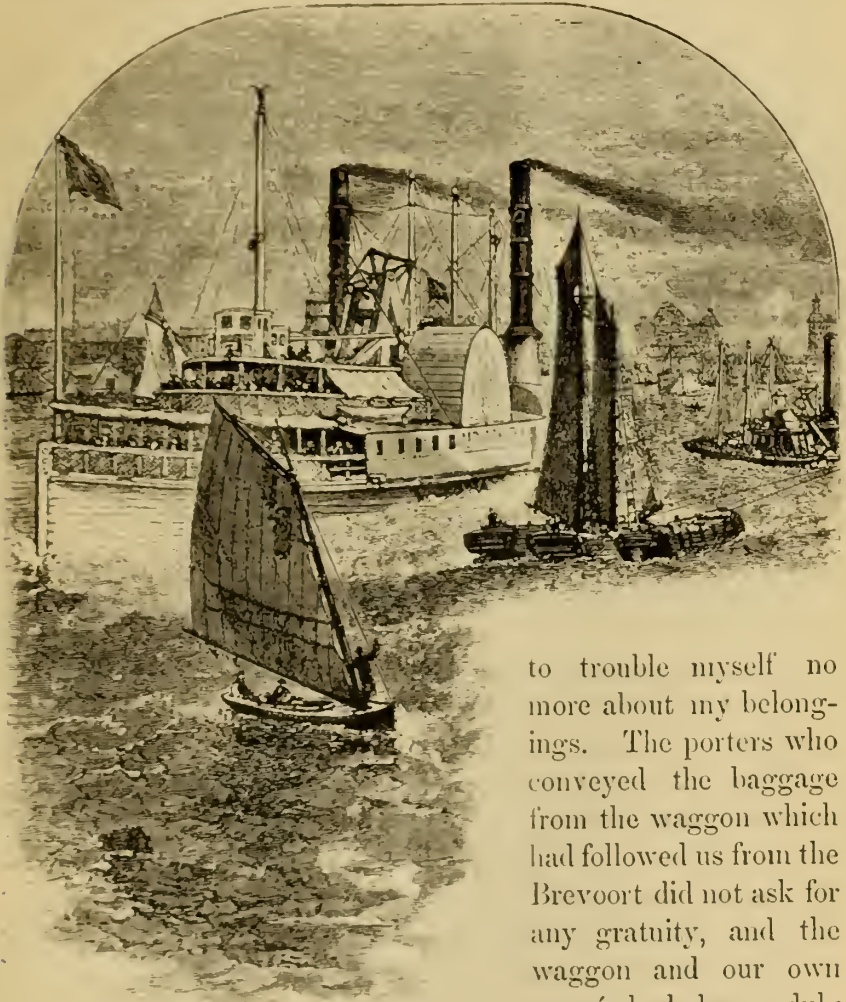
day were very different from the foregoing. Persistently as it poured, not once did I have to unfurl my umbrella. The obliging gentlemen in the clerk's office at the Brevoort purchased our railway tickets for us, together with a couple of fauteuils in the Pullman "parlor"—or, as it is called in England, "drawing-room car" attached to the train. On



PICTORIAL RAILWAY TICKET.

arriving at Jersey City ferry we alighted, under cover, at a commodious booking-office; and our luggage was at once hoisted on to a high counter to be "checked." There was plenty of it (the baggage); but no charge was made for excess weight. On a French railway I should most assuredly have been surcharged at least 50 francs "*pour excédant de bagage.*" The checking consisted simply in buckling a strap, to which was

attached a brazen disc bearing a number, to each of our trunks, and handing me an equal number of brazen circular counters bearing corresponding numbers. Provided with these I needed



NEW YORK AND JERSEY CITY FERRY BOAT.

to trouble myself no more about my belongings. The porters who conveyed the baggage from the waggon which had followed us from the Brevoort did not ask for any gratuity, and the waggon and our own coupé had been duly charged for in the hotel

bill before we left. After about five minutes passed in a neat waiting-room, the doors swung open and we stepped on board the Jersey ferry boat—a huge steam-launch with a



hurricane deck and a comfortable cabin for ladies, in which no smoking was permitted. We glided easily and almost noiselessly across the North River, which was veiled in one dun white shroud of rainy mist, hiding shore, docks, houses,



NORTH RIVER FLOTILLA.

shipping, everything from the view, to Jersey City. Landing—still under cover—we found ourselves in a spacious, well-warmed, and tastefully decorated *salle d'attente*, almost Swiss chalet-looking with its prettily carved decorations and inlayings in fancy woods. In the old time an American railway depôt was little better than a log cabin on a large scale, and between ticket-hunting and luggage pursuing you lost your temper about twice in every three minutes. I know that I lost mine so thoroughly that I never found it for nearly thirteen months.

The waiting-room at Jersey City—perhaps a trifle too well warmed with anthracite coal, so as to produce the impression on your mind on a wet day that you were so much barley that had been well sprinkled and had germinated, and were now being roasted, as malt, in a kiln—was provided with all kinds of travelling comforts. There was a drinking fountain, yielding inexhaustible supplies of iced water. There was a bookstall well



provided with newspapers and illustrated periodicals ; a kiosk where cigars, cigarettes, smoking and chewing tobacco, could be obtained—the quid has still a few votaries left—and you may be sure that there was a very grand “candy” stall, overbrimming with those lollipops so irrepressibly dear to the American palate. “Candy” and “caramels” are “institutions” in this country. Swiss *confiseurs*, German *conditorei* keepers flock over here and make fortunes. The latter, also, have the lager beer trade wholesale and retail, almost entirely in their own hands : indeed from banking to barber-shop keeping, from lithographing to leather dressing there is no department of trade or commission in which the thrifty and laborious Tenton does not make himself felt—and make money to boot. I like him not, personally—nor his boorish ways, nor his arrogant insolence of demeanour since Sedan, nor his (to me) hideously uncouth language which I have been trying to speak fluently these forty years past, without even a modicum of success ; still the German in America, looking at him corporately fills me with admiration. Honest, capable, frugal and industrious, peaceable and law-abiding :—he is the model of a good citizen. And boorish as he is (or rather as he seems to me) who am of the Latin race and whose tongue is hung on a Southern belfry, the German in America has done a vast deal to improve the element of picturesqueness, now of an æsthetic, now of a convivial character, into the manners of a people who, nominally, are the most unpicturesque of any people on the earth’s surface. “Santa Claus” is of Dutch origin, and I will not rob the knickerbockers of their due ; but the German has imparted carnival balls and masquerades, processional pageants, the *fachel tanz* and the *fachelzug*, choral unions, glee societies, and in fact social music in any form, and he gets on so well in the United States, learns English so quickly, and associates himself so thoroughly to the political and social usages of his new home, that I am only surprised that there should be any Germans, to speak of, left in Germany at all.

I suppose that it is patriotism keeps a tolerably dense popu-

lation there ; but in the way of being able to talk German and read German newspapers, and keep up German customs they can be quite as patriotic in Minnesota, or Nebraska or Ohio, as in Pomerania, or Silesia or Brandenburg, and in America they are free. No gendarmes, no press-laws, no conscription, no addled "Vons" to sneer at and bully the "Kauffmann." Why don't they leave the Fatherland to the "Vons," and the drill sergeants and the *polizas* and make a new Germania of their own in the West? They have already done so, to a considerable extent, but a very much larger clearing out of oppressed nationalities (so some people think) to the New World is necessary before the governing classes in the despotically governed countries of the Old World can be made to understand that the millions do not intend any longer to be their slaves and thralls,—to toil and work for them, and see them pampered with luxuries, bedizened with stars and crosses, and demanding homage to be paid to them on account of the rank which they have no right to possess and the tom-fool titles which the ignorance of the masses have allowed the "Vons" to arrogate to themselves. In old times, such like fools used to be burnt by the common hangman. There is a book that wants burning by the common housemaid—the housemaid of common sense—very badly indeed, that book is the "Almanach de Gotha."

Nevertheless—pardon that little digression about the German *conditorei* keepers—candy tempers the bitterness of scandal, and mollifies the exacerbation of political controversy. It even counteracts, to some extent, the deleterious influence of Pie—pronounced "Poy"—which is the Transatlantic incubus, and clings, with its doughy legs, over the shoulders of Columbia like an Old Man of the Sea. Almost everything that I behold in this wonderful country bears traces of improvement and reform—everything except Pie. The national manners have become softened—the men folk chew less, expectorate less, curse less; *the newspapers are not half so scurrilous as our own*\*; the Art

\* The modern American press seems to me to offend only against good taste in

idea is becoming rapidly developed; culture is made more and more manifest; even "intensity" in æsthetics is beginning to be heard of and Agnosticism and other "isms" too numerous to mention find exponents in "Society," and the one absorbing and sickening topic of conversation is no longer the Almighty Dollar—but to the tyranny of Pie there is no surcease. It is a Fetish. It is Bohwani. It is the Mexican carnage god Huitchlipotchli, continually demanding fresh victims. It is Moloch. Men may come and men may go; the Grant "Boom" may be succeeded by the Garfield "Boom;" but Pie goes on for ever. The tramp and the scallawag, in pants of looped and windowed raggedness, hunger for Pie, and impetuously demand nickel cents wherewith to purchase it; and the President of the United States, amid the chastened splendour of the White House, can enjoy no more festive fare. The day before we left New York one of the ripest scholars, the most influential journalists (on the Democratic side) the brightest wits and most genial companions in the States lunched with us. He would drink naught but Château Yquem; but he partook twice, and in amazing profusion of Pumpkin Pie. They gave me Pie at the Brevoort, and I am now fresh from the consumption of Pie at the Mount Vernon, Baltimore. Two more aristocratic hotels are not to be found on this continent. I battled strongly against this dyspepsia-dealing pastry at first; but a mulatto waiter held me with his glittering eye, and I yielded as though I had been a two-years child. The worst of this dreadful pie—be it of apple, of pumpkin, of mulberry or of cranberry—is that it is so very nice. It is made delusively flat and thin, so that you can cut it into conveniently-sized triangular wedges, which slip down easily. Pardon this digression; but Pie really forms as important a factor in American civilisation as the *pot-au-feu* does in France. There is no dish at home by which we nationally stand or fall. The

their omnivorous appetite of interviewing celebrated or notorious individuals, (and the interviewing nuisance has become common enough in England) and in their fondness for filling their columns with brief personalities sometimes very quaint, but usually almost childishly frivolous and quite harmless.



“roast beef of Old England” sounds very well to the strains of Mr. Dan Godfrey’s band at a dinner at the Freemason’s Tavern; but sirloin of beef is fourteen pence a pound, and there are hundreds of thousands of labouring English people who never taste roast beef from year’s end to year’s end—save when they happen to get into gaol or into the workhouse at Christmastide.

There was a handsome restaurant attached to the waiting-room at the Jersey City terminus, and I have no doubt that pie galore was to be found in the bill of fare; but I had newly breakfasted, and could defy the voice of the charmer. More pleasant and more novel was it—on American soil—to contemplate the trim little maidens tripping about offering bouquets for



sale, or “boquets,” as, I know not why, the Americans persist in pronouncing and spelling the French noun, which surely has the



vowel U in it. The French do not speak of a lady's "boche," or a gentleman's "mostache." This, however, to my ear, is not so aggravating as the "theater," which American purists in orthography have substituted for our time-honoured theatre. It stands to reason, by analogy at least, that if "theater" be correct, the Latin accusative "theatrum tectum" should be "theaterum tecterum," which leads us by an easy incline to the rhythmic dictum of the dark lyrist:

"Dere was a poor man whose name was Luzzarite,  
O, bless de Lor', Goary Hallelujerum!"

No, it cannot be. I firmly protest against "theater," and against "boquet." Fancy the "boquet" of Châtean Lafitte.

There was nothing, happily, to protest against in the railway time-bills arrangements at Jersey City. At a few minutes before one wide portals again swung open; and without any crowding or fluster we passed from the *salle d'attente* to the platform. There were plenty of polite conductors and ticket collectors in neat uniform, with gold-braided caps, about; and we were at once directed to our particular Pullman car. This handsome and comfortable caravan needs no description on my part. You have seen it in full working order, both as a sleeping, a drawing-room, and recently as a restaurant car on the Midland, and as a drawing-room car on the London and Brighton Railway. We were duly inducted in our numbered fauteuils, while our wants, intellectual and physical, were sedulously ministered to by itinerant "car-wallahs," who perambulated the whole line of carriages offering for sale all the New York papers—*Harper's Weekly*, *The Daily Graphic*, *Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner*, *Puck*, *Scribner*, *Lippincott*, and so forth—together with Malaga grapes, California pears, and the inevitable candies and caramels. There was plenty of drinking-water on board the Pullman, which was fully warmed by means of steam-pipes; and at one end of the vehicle was a luxurious smoking room.

Touching the journey between New York and Baltimore, I can say but little. Torrents of rain never ceased descending;

and we could see but little from the windows, which presented only so many large rectangles of fretwork in watery beads. However, I shall be going and coming with tolerable frequency over this line between now and the New Year; and shall be able to tell you something concerning the aspect of the regions through which we sped. For the nonce my business is with the inside, and not the outside of the cars. So far, nevertheless, as I could make out through the persistent rain and mist, the country between New York and Philadelphia is densely populous, and to a very great extent manufacturing. The train seemed to pass right through the main streets of a large number of thickly-inhabited towns; and the perils of level-crossings were indicated by significant reminders on the signposts by the way, "Look out for the Locomotive," and by the gruesome pealing of a bell on the locomotive itself.

Another faint *impression de voyage* which I got through the rain-clouds may very possibly be, like most hastily-formed notions on the part of travellers, an erroneous one; still, I give it for what it is worth. In days long past I used to be told that the Board of Directors of the Camden and Amboy Railroad were lords paramount in New Jersey, but so far as my limited observation extended, not only the State of New Jersey, but those also of Pennsylvania and Delaware right up to the borders of Maryland, have fallen under the dominion of one Schenck. Schenck's proclamations to the million were on every wall, every paling, every fence, every tree-stub and rock-boulder for miles and miles around. There was no field without its printed or stencilled portent of Schenck and his wares. His pulmonic syrup, his gargles, and his many varieties of pills, met you at every rood and furlong of your course. Does he go on like this, even to the Rocky Mountains and the Yosemite Valley, and so on to the crack of doom? In the environs of New York Sozodont ran him hard, and in Pennsylvania his supremacy was combatted by the Iron Bitters—one bottle of which has just restored an old lady of ninety-two, belonging to one of the first

Revolution families, to the comeliness and vigour of sixteen—and especially by the “Rising Sun Shoe Polish”—when I go home I mean to patent the Aurora Blacking—but in the long run Schenck was triumphant. Somewhere in Pennsylvania I had a



AN ARTIST IN ROCKS.

view of Schenck's sawmills. I can dimly fancy him sawing up primeval forests to make his pill-boxes withal. A wonderful man.\*

I was revolving in my mind the various turns of fate below, and what might possibly happen to me if I were to devote myself for a regular and systematic course of Schenck, when a hand was laid affectionately on my arm. The hand was that of the con-

\* I got into terrible trouble at a dinner party at Baltimore by confounding Schenck of the Pills with a popular preacher of the same name.

ductor of the Parlor Pullman, who considerately apprised me that refreshments could be served on board the car on our arrival at Wilmington, in the State of Delaware. The bill of fare was simple, but succulent and sufficing. There was a choice of beefsteak and porksteak, fried oysters, and ham and eggs, with tea or coffee, Philadelphia ale, and lager beer. Our dessert we had already laid in, so far as Malaga grapes and California pears went. We elected to try fried oysters and beefsteak as an evening collation, and the decision was telegraphed from the next station to Wilmington. It was raining more pitilessly than ever when we reached that important city (does not Senator Bayard hail from Wilmington, Delaware?), and the platform, with the restaurant dimly visible beyond was filled by a dense, surging crowd, sable in garb, steaming with moisture; altogether unattractive to look upon. A railway platform in Lancashire on a soaking December evening—that was the kind of aspect presented by Wilmington.

Still, in our Parlor Pullman, our withers were unwrung. Once more the train started; and anon a slim youth made his appearance in the car, bearing a towering pile of deep quadrangular baskets of the "picnic" kind. One of them he deposited in front of us. Straightway the careful conductor, unlocking a cupboard, produced a stack of well-polished mahogany planks. One of these he brought into an horizontal position, and by means of a symmetrical arrangement of pegs and holes, dexterously "hitched" one side of the plank to the wall of the car. From the other side a flap-leg was let down; and at once a table was improvised. The well-packed picnic basket being opened, the board straightway "groaned under the delicacies of the season." The fried oysters were a great success. They were a little shorter than French *sabots*, and not quite so wide as the knife-board of an omnibus; but they were very toothsome. The steak was well broiled, tender, and juicy. Moreover, there were fried potatoes, crisp and hot; good white bread, fair butter,\*

\* Not from one end of the United States to the other, have I ever tasted any butter equal to our Cambridge "best fresh," or to the butter of first class Paris





PASSENGERS DINING IN A PULLMAN PARLOR RAILWAY CAR.



tolerable coffee, and excellent lager beer, sparkling, exhilarating, and non-intoxicating. Stay, there were also table-napkins, fine of hue and gauzy of texture. They were not much bigger than postage-stamps; still they served. When our repast was concluded, the picnic baskets were repacked, and the slim youth, bearing a pile of them much taller than himself, disappeared from view. He could scarcely have quitted the train, seeing that it was in full motion, but had possibly sought fresh fields and customers new. It was the conductor with whom we settled. The entire charge for our collation was one dollar and fifty cents—say six shillings—including the use of the table, which could be afterwards utilised for the purpose of indulging in the mirthful *écarté* or the innocent *picquet*.

About a quarter before eight there was a cry of “luggage for Baltimore.” One of the Express Company’s familiars took me, in a friendly manner, into custody at once. How many packages had I? Where did I mean to stay? With lamb-like resignation I surrendered my brazen checks. With becoming meekness I mentioned that I intended to alight at the Mount Vernon. The familiar of the Express Company vanished noiselessly. Did I want a hackman to drive me to the hotel? the conductor asked. The porter who was to carry our minor packages and rugs and convey them to the carriage, at once grew up, as it were, from the floor of the car, just as if he were the ghost of a Corsican Brother. Did I mind two ladies, who were bound in the same direction, sharing the carriage with us? Not the least in the world. They proved to be most charming ladies; and one of them told us that on Monday we should be just in time to see the “Frog” Opera, and hear the “Pollywog” Chorus, which extravaganza is just now rivalling “H.M.S. Pinafore” in popularity.

By half-past eight we were snugly installed at a very clean,

restaurants. The very best American butter tastes more or less of salt; and butter should be sweet. American housekeepers will probably vehemently dispute my contention.

quiet, and beautifully furnished hotel called the Mount Vernon. No *bachshish* had been demanded from us at any stage of the journey; *but*, the obliging hackman who drove us from the station charged us a dollar and a half for what in England would have been an eighteen-penny drive; and for a modest bedroom on the third floor of the Mount Vernon I am now being mulct at the rate of four dollars or sixteen shillings a day, exclusive of board. Never mind, I had rarely made so comfortable a railway trip, except in Russia, where railway comfort and even luxury have been brought almost to perfection. So I went to bed with a clear conscience at the Mount Vernon, Baltimore, in the beauteous State of Maryland, and dreamt that I was listening to the Pollywog chorus, to the accompaniment of the booming bell and the hoarse fog-horn of the locomotive.



“KIN I TOTE YER LUGGAGE, SAH!”





SERVANTS' OFFICE IN AN AMERICAN HOTEL.

## VIII.

### THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

BALTIMORE, MD., Dec. 10.

WHEN I awoke at the Mount Vernon Hotel, Baltimore, to find that the mercilessly drenching Saturday night had been succeeded by a Sunday morning glowing with sunshine, and with a sky of cloudless cobalt blue, it was with no small curiosity that I stood at my casement to take a first peep of the newest city that was to be revealed to me. The town was hilly; the undulating sky line made that fact at once prominent, and pleasantly so; for there is no use in disguising the fact, that the unvarying flatness of New York makes it, after a time, distressing to the eye. But Baltimore has not yet been graded to a dead level; and its surface presents a most agreeable variety of ups and downs. When looking straight ahead from my window, I beheld an amphitheatre of handsome villas, with

green jalousies and shining steps of white stone in front of the houses; and especially when I noticed that the pavement of the side-walks was of red tiles, that the rain had completely dried up, and that there was not a symptom of mud to be seen anywhere, it occurred to me, in that confusion of ideas to which the freshly awakened traveller in a strange place is liable, that I was in the rearward and upward regions of Brighton—say at Montpelier. Then, extending my range of vision, I noted gentle acclivities crowned by groups of really stately mansions of red brick and somewhat in the Queen Anne type in architecture. Surely, I reasoned, this must be Bath—where, by the bye, I have never been—the Crescent must be close by; and after breakfast I must ask my way to the Pump Room.

But by degrees, first through hearing the distant jingle of a tramway car bell, and next from observing the passage to and fro on the side-walk of a number of American citizens of African descent and of both sexes, most of them in their Sunday best, and very gay and sparkling is that “best,” I can assure you, I began to understand that I was neither in Brighton nor in Bath, but in Baltimore, in the State of Maryland—the “Capua” of poor Guy Livingstone, whence he set forth on his “Border and Bastille” expedition: he lingered too long on the Border, else he might never have got into the Bastille of the Old Capitol Prison at Washington—and one of the comeliest, the most sociable, the most refined, and the most hospitable cities of the United States. More than that, I was on the shore of the beautiful river, the Patapsco—all the rivers hereabouts have pretty names, as Southey found out long ago, when he proposed to emigrate to the Susquehanna merely because it had such a musical sound—and I was in DIXIE’S LAND. Yes; Dixie. I mind how, in the old dark days of war, how often I used to sit in the great café of the Dominica at Havana, listening to a cracked fiddle and a wheezy clarionet discoursing “Dixie,” the “Bonnie Blue Flag,” and the “Homespun Dress the Southern Ladies Wear,” for the delectation of the “Secesh” exiles in

Cuba. But anon a consumptive accordion and an asthmatic harp of Federal tendencies would join issue with the Southern minstrels; and the Dominica would be made cacophonous with the Northern ditties "John Brown's Body," "The Sky-blue Coat," and "When this Cruel War is Over." Then some strong Federal voice would intone "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree!" to which Confederate lungs would responsively roar,

"I hear the distant thunder hum,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
The old lion bogle, fife and drum,  
Maryland! my Maryland!"

Then mutual scowls would be exchanged between the Northerners and Southerners present, culminating perhaps in "a fite," happily innocent of shooting episodes, but resulting in the destruction of several rush-bottomed chairs and Panama hats, with perhaps the coming to grief of the cracked fiddle, and the ignominious expulsion from the premises of the asthmatic harp. It is very different days now, thank goodness! The hatchet is buried, and a new line of railroad is being built over the place of the obliterated war-path.

Humbly following the example of the illustrious Knight of La Mancha, I have ever striven to be the earliest of risers; but on this particular Sunday morning I own—perhaps the hot-house-like atmosphere of the Pullman drawing-room car had something to do with it—that I should have liked to remain an extra half-hour between the sheets. I was constrained, however, to rise by the persistent booming of the church bells. They rang me into nervousness, they rang me into consternation and præ-cordial anxiety; they rang me into a most irreverent and un-Sunday-like state of exasperation, and they rang me temporarily very nearly mad. There may have been a good many people sick unto death that morning in Baltimore; and the incessant clanging and jangling of the bells may have been as efficacious as the old "Mrs. Gamp," pulling the pillow from beneath their heads in order to terminate their sufferings. I suppose

that campanology is a science, and I wish its votaries joy of it. I can understand the zeal of the "College Youths" and other amateur bell-ringers who ring "triple bob majors" by the ten thousand; because at the conclusion of their labours they are sometimes regaled with a leg of mutton and "trimmings" for supper; but I do seriously think that the time has arrived for quiet people all over the world to unite in a protest against the senseless, cruel, and barbarous practice of jangling bells in order to invite the public to attend divine worship.

The bell-ringing nuisance is nearly as offensive in England as it is in America; and in both countries the practice is equally needless and wantonly indifferent to the requirements of those who need rest and quiet. Surely a man knows to what religion he belongs, and at what hour the services at his particular place of worship begin. Yet the sexton goes on tugging at his bell as though Christians had altogether lost their memories, and as though there were no clocks and watches in the world. Moreover, how is the churchgoer to discriminate between the different bells when they are all brangling at the same time? Here in Baltimore, a city of 300,000 inhabitants, there are about 200 churches, besides a number of halls used by different religious sects and societies. There are cathedrals and churches belonging to the Roman Catholics, the Protestant Episcopalians, the Baptists—this persuasion has one vast marble church in Eutaw-place, with a bell-tower 187ft. high—the Methodist Episcopalians, the Independent Methodists, the Lutherans, the Presbyterians—one of the churches of this estimable religious body has a church with three towers, the principal one being 250ft. high, the English Reformed, the Independents, the Unitarians, the Society of Friends, the "Christians," the United Brethren, the Universalists, and the Swedenborgians, or New Jerusalemites. There are 12 Jewish synagogues; and there are numerous places of worship for the 50,000 coloured people who inhabit Baltimore, many of whom, however, are communicants at churches frequented by white worshippers. With the ex-





NEGROES ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.



ception of the Quakers' meeting-houses—I am not certain about the synagogues—all these churches—chapels you never hear of—are amply provided with bells, which boom and brawl from sunrise to sunset, as though they were so many hotel gongs, calling guests to theological meals.

I want to know—in the interest of the sick and nervous—what good these bells do anywhere? Do they render anybody more serious, virtuous, or devout? Or are they only a survival of uncivilised ages when savages felt bound to make some kind of noise before their idol or their fetish? I recommend the campanological nuisance to the attention of all sensible physicians. Robinson Crusoe, according to Cowper, longed for the sound of “the church-going bells.” He should have come to Baltimore; and I fancy that after a single course of Sunday bell ringing in the Monumental City he would have been ready to join the Monastic Quietists of Mount Athos, who ring no bells, and sing no services, and preach no sermons, but let their beards grow, and “fash” themselves about nothing in particular, passing the major portion of their lives in the placid contemplation of the pits of their stomachs.

The Mount Vernon Hotel, to which I had been urgently recommended by American friends in England to sojourn, is situated in Monument-street, hard by Monument-square, in that which I was told is the most fashionable, and which is certainly the most sequestered portion of the Monumental City. The Mount Vernon was formerly the town mansion of a wealthy Maryland magnate, and retains many traces of having been the residence of an affluent private gentleman of taste and culture. To meet the needs of a large number of guests, a spacious structure, to serve as a restaurant, has been added to the original edifice; but the private dining room of the original owner has been preserved intact—a spacious apartment with a painted ceiling of the Verrio and Laguerre type, an elaborately sculptured marble mantle-piece, and walls covered with stamped and gilt Cordovan leather. From this proceed a suite of lofty

parlours and withdrawing rooms, richly furnished with Brussels and Aubusson carpets, crystal chandeliers, handsomely framed mirrors, amber satin and white lace window-curtains, tapestried *portières*, and console tables adorned with bronzes, marble statuettes, and Sèvres and Minton china. The Maryland gentleman's library, affluent in carved oak book-cases, is over against the drawing-rooms, across a marble-paved hall. The library now serves as a smoking-lounge and reading-room, while a contiguous boudoir has been converted into a clerk's office, with the usual apparatus of telephones and electric bells, and the usual display of placards and time tables relative to railroad routes all over the enormous area of the Union. In the dark background of the clerk's sanctum looms the inevitable appendage, the Fire Proof Safe. In the marble hall dwell a continuous contingent of dark servants,





all very civil and serviceable fellows. If you look pleasantly at them they immediately begin to grin from ear to ear: which puts things in general on a good-humoured footing. Besides the public entrance to the hotel, there is a handsomely-carpeted side entrance for ladies. The baggage department is under the charge of a strong-armed colossus from Chicago, who exhibits slight traces of Irish ancestry, and is as obliging as he is strong.

The clerk allotted us a capital "alcove" bedroom on the third floor, expensive in price, but handsomely furnished, and really serving all the purposes of bed-room and sitting-room. The bells were promptly answered, so far as the negroes were concerned; but the chambermaid (who wore a "Princess" robe, with puffs and frills all down the skirt which would have photographed admirably, but, in textile truth, was of printed calico) turned out, from a sociable point of view, a failure. This young person was White; and it had seemingly occurred to her at an early period of life that she was at the very least a Duchess. The attitude towards us was throughout one of inveterate hostility and unmitigated scorn; and the firmness with which she declined to make any response to the salutation of "good morning," when we chanced to pass her on her stairs, merited commendation if only on the score of its consistency. Of course she wore her hair, and a great deal of it, or of somebody else's, *en cheveux*, and "fixed up" according to the latest modes presented in "Harper's Bazaar;" but this, I am told, is not the inexorable rule with American girls when they condescend to be "helps." An advertisement was pointed out to me the other day in a New York paper, in which a young lady who wished to obtain a domestic appointment distinctly proclaimed herself to be an American, and as distinctly announced her willingness to "wear a cap." Is this a hopeful sign, or the contrary? American ladies, who have been accustomed to live in Europe, complain bitterly on their return of the difficulty which they experience in obtaining "helps" of native extraction; but on the other hand, there may be many uncompromising Republicans who

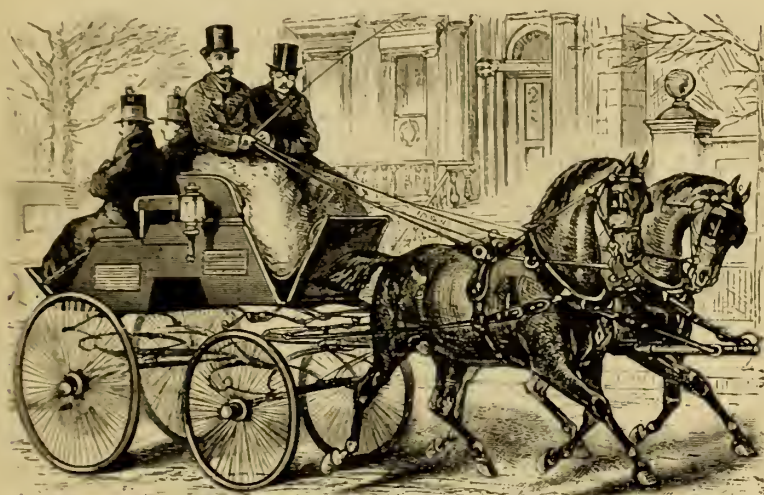


THE CONTEMPTUOUS CHAMBERMAID.

hold it to be derogatory for a Daughter of the Gracchi to wear a cap, and otherwise submit to the little descents from personal dignity which, in antiquated and still semi-feudal Europe, we expect from lovely woman when she accepts the functions and the wages of a housemaid or a chambermaid.

The philosophy of the matter, as it seems to me, is that, as regards domestic "help," England is becoming rapidly Americanised, whereas America is becoming slightly European-

ised. The Baltimore chambermaid, as becomed the denizen of a Monumental City, was phenomenally self-conscious and stuck up; but at the Brevoort, at New York, we had a female attendant who was as attentive and deferential as a chambermaid at a first-class English hotel could be. I noticed, too, a vast number of gentlemen's grooms and coachmen in Fifth-avenue and in the Central Park, clad in livery and wearing crest buttons, and even cockades in their hats. In the old time



a gentleman could certainly procure the services of a "help" who, for a consideration, would drive his carriage for him; but in very few instances would the "help" in question deign to wear anything approaching a livery. Remember, I am not prepared to make an affidavit that the retainers in the handsome liveries and the cockaded hats are native Americans. I am yet raw and unfledged as a tourist in this country; and everything that I record must, as the lawyers say, be taken "errors excepted." But I have beheld the liveries and the cockades—rivalling as they do, in their plenitude and their splendour, the brilliance of Hyde Park-Corner at the height of the season. In



concluding this digression on domestic servants, I may just vindicate that which I said concerning the rapid "Americanisation" of England by asking any English lady, long accustomed to keep house, whether five-and-twenty years since she would have allowed her female servants to dress their hair precisely as they chose, or to be called "Miss" on the letters addressed to them through the post? "No ringlets," at the distance of time to which I refer, was a Median and Persian law imposed on English parlourmaids and housemaids; but if ringlets were fashionable now-a-days who would dare to gainsay Sarah Ann if she appeared with her tresses laterally corkscrewed out even to the similitude of Ninon de l'Enclos or a Blenheim spaniel?

Sunday in Baltimore proved, from a theological standpoint, to be unexceptionably admirable and amiable, but in a secular and sociable sense it was undeniably most deplorably and desperately dull. I had plenty of letters of introduction; but I hesitated to deliver any of the credentials with which I was furnished on the Sabbath. I made up my mind at starting to tread on as few toes as ever I possibly could on this vast continent; and for ought I could tell Sunday observance might be a very soft corn indeed in Baltimore. Nevertheless I endured all the agonies of intense boredom. Beyond church-going there was nothing to do; and one could scarcely go to church morning, afternoon, and evening. Let me remark, once for all, that the observance of the Sabbath in some parts of the United States is a substantial, stringent, inflexible, but doubtless beneficent reality. It is more than Scotch in its severity. We all know how vastly serviceable to the cause of morality and virtue the strict observance of the Seventh Day has been to our brethren beyond the Tweed, and how "proper" Sabbath-keeping statutes make them a model people in the way of ethics and abstinence from intoxicating liquors. Similarly, righteous respect for the sanctity of the Sunday has evidently been productive among the Americans of that rapidly growing





IN A NEGRO CHURCH.



temperance, frugality, and law abidingness, and that surprising development in political purity and commercial probity which no foreign visitor to their country can fail to observe as being eminently characteristic of the nation. It may not, perhaps, matter much what we do during six days of the week, so long as we keep Sunday with proper rigour; and should New York, for example, be afflicted with a multitude of sins, they would all be covered by the exemplary manner in which the Sabbath commandment is kept.

Baltimore is not behindhand in the Spartan strictness of its Sabbatarianism. I was wicked enough to wish to get shaved; but the sable barber of the Mount Vernon had bolted and barred himself up in his den in the basement of the building, and informed me through the keyhole that it would be against the law of the State for him to shave me then and there, but that he was shortly about to come upstairs for the purpose of "barbing" Number Sixteen, and that as soon as he was "through" he would come and "fix" me. He did accordingly "fix" me in my own apartment, and charged me 25 cents, or one shilling, for the "fixing," which, considering the trifling "gettin' up stairs" which he had gone through, was not greatly in excess of the normal rate for shaving, which is 15 cents.

Another illustration of Sunday strictness will be afforded should you happen to require, before dinner, such an "appetiser" as a glass of sherry-and-bitters, or that even more pungent whet, a whiskey-cocktail. I am ready to grant, for the sake of argument, that it is sinful to drink sherry-and-bitters, and that a cocktail is perdition. Now, in the underground regions of the hotel there is a bar, where from Monday till Saturday, from early in the morning until late at night, you may obtain as many cocktails, cobbles, juleps, brandy smashes, and gin-slings, as you may choose to order. But on Sunday, and during the whole of the Sabbath, from midnight till midnight, the Law of the State inexorably closes not only the dram shop, but the

hotel bar. You can obtain nothing whatever that is potable, either in or out of church-time. From the locked and bolted bar you are sent away thirsting; but there is not the slightest necessity for your being thirsty in your bedroom. You have but to ring your bell, and signify your wishes, and in a few minutes a smiling attendant will bring you whatsoever you require in the way of stimulants. The same toleration extends to the dinner table. It is the bar only that is sealed; and the Sunday taboo was, I have no doubt, prompted by a laudable desire to exclude



THE BIBULOUS LOAFER.

the bibulous loafer from without. How the bibulous loafer gets on in an American city on Sunday, I have not as yet the slightest idea.



We hired an open carriage and pair from the hotel at three in the afternoon—driving, for pleasuring on the Sabbath has fortunately not been prohibited by the Laws of the State—and made the circuit of the smiling city. I could not help being struck with astonishment by the perfection to which Sabbath-keeping had been brought in Baltimore. Not a cigar shop, not a fruit or candy or cake store, or ice-cream saloon, was open. All the petty branches of commerce which flourish in London on Sunday were entirely suspended. The solitary exception made was in the case of the pharmacies or drug stores—the chemists' shops, as we should call them. Many of these are very large and handsome establishments, and aerated and mineral waters are among the articles which they vend. I wonder whether it would be against the Law of the State to enter a drug store, and call for a certain febrifuge well known in military circles in England, and compounded of seltzer water, sal volatile, syrup of ginger, and gentian. It is called, I believe, the "Steel Battle-axe Pick-me-up." Would the Baltimore druggist be stricken with horror were he asked for the unhallowed tippie; or, on the contrary, might he not possibly suggest that quinine wine and Vichy water was an agreeable tonic, or that Apollinaris and "iron bitters" had been found, under circumstances of alcoholic stress, refreshing?

We drove by the chief architectural attractions of the Monumental City, including the really grandiose and imposing columnar monument to George Washington, with the nobly simple inscription, "By the State of Maryland." The column stands on a beautiful eminence, formerly called Howard's Park, but now rechristened Mount Vernon-square, a hundred feet above the level of the Patapsco at high tide. The pillar, which with the base is nearly two hundred feet in height, is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Father of his Country, represented in the act of resigning his commission as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. Only one lunatic has thrown himself from the top of that monument; that was in 1875, and the

madman, of course, was instantaneously killed. We drove by the famous "Battle Monument," erected to commemorate the citizens who fell in defence of Baltimore during the engagement at North Point and the bombardment of Fort M'Henry by the British forces in September, 1814. An Englishman can never



THE BATTLE MONUMENT.

think without bitter chagrin and vexation of the veterans of the Peninsula campaigns, the flower of Wellington's conquering legions, frittered away in one of the pettiest and most purposeless wars that was ever concerted by a knot of unusually stupid statesmen. We saw the Oddfellows' Monument and the memorial erected over the tombs of the fiery youths, Daniel Wells and Henry G. M'Comas, who killed the British General Ross at our attack on Balti-

more in 1812. The fiery youths were themselves immediately afterwards slain by the British.

Finally we drove to Druid-hill Park, one of the handsomest pleasaunces to be found, I should say, in any city of the United States. The site of the park was formerly the estate of the Rogers family. It comprises about five hundred acres, and was first laid out, more than a century ago, in the style of English landscape gardening then in vogue. It was not, however, until 1860 that the property was purchased by the city of Baltimore for the sum of \$500,000. It occupies the highest point of land



VIEW IN DRUID HILL PARK.

in the immediate vicinity of the city, and commands magnificent views of stately Baltimore and the Bay beyond, down to Kent Island and Annapolis. Here are splendid thickets of trees, of great age and magnitude of girth—catalpas, Lombardy poplars, hickories, and white oaks; here are a cascade and a lake, verdant lawns, umbrageous bosquets—Sleepy Hollows and lovers' walks, for aught I know. There are herds of graceful deer; in fact, almost everything was visible in Druid-hill Park, this particular Sunday, except Humanity. Comparatively



speaking there was nobody about, either on foot or on wheels. Outside the park, the avenues leading therefrom were traversed by trancars; but the passengers were few and far between. The fair city of Baltimore seemed to be lying dead in its smooth, shining, silent, Sunday sarcophagus. Where were the three hundred thousand inhabitants of the Monumental City? All at church, I suppose. I began at last to feel guiltily uncomfortable. Conscience reproached me with Sabbath-breaking, as we sped through the still streets homeward to the Mount Vernon; and then came darkness, and the bells began to jangle again for evening service.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, MOUNT VERNON SQUARE.





EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE.

## IX.

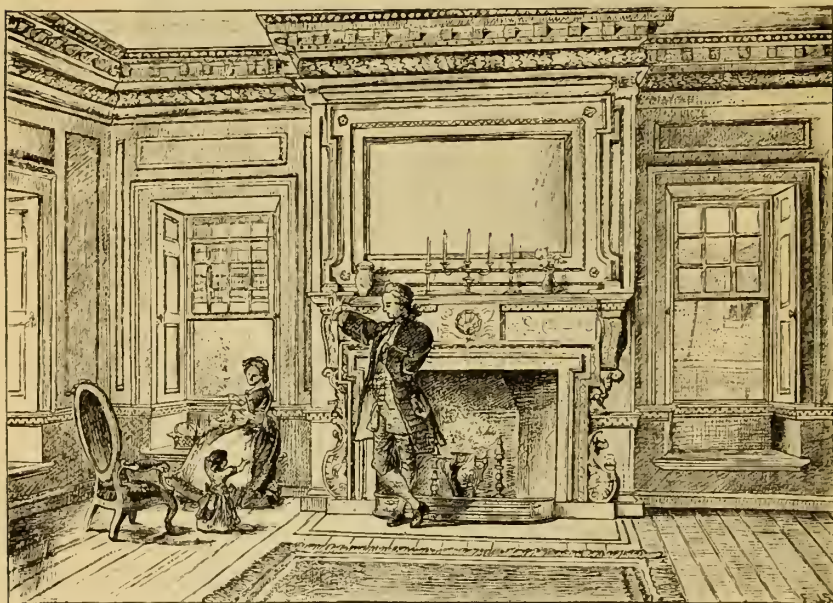
### BALTIMORE COME TO LIFE AGAIN.

Baltimore, *December 13.*

THAT you should "sleep upon it" is a very excellent piece of advice, the common-sense of which, as applied to most of the affairs of mankind, has made the counsel proverbial. "Sleeping upon it," then, I arrived, after a night's rest, at the conclusion that Baltimore was not so like Tunbridge Wells, or Brighton, or the Bath, which I had never seen, as it was like York; and that impression grew upon me as I reviewed the scenes, so charming yet so socially depressing, of the day before, and recollected the jangling bells which had so distracted my nerves on Sunday. There are, I believe, in the venerable city of Constantine, exclusive of the Minster, fifty churches belonging to the Establishment alone. Make allowance for the difference of population, and add your churches of other denominations—Americans are too lofty-minded to acknowledge such edifices as chapels, although they

sometimes speak of "going to meetin'"—and you have an ecclesiastical aggregate for which our York may be accepted as a tolerably close parallel. There is, moreover, a decidedly Eboracan appearance about the first-class dwelling-houses in that which I should call the capital of Maryland, did I not timeously remember that the State capital—that is to say, the seat of the Legislature—is at Annapolis.

These tall, grave, and dignified mansions in Baltimore, with



ROOM IN THE BRICE HOUSE.

their casings of white stone, these shining windows of plate glass, and the steep flights of stone steps in front, have a strikingly Georgian look; and many of these edifices are handsome enough to have been built by that much maligned but really very capable architect, Sir John Vanbrugh. There are plenty of such houses in York, and in imagination I peopled the steep flights of steps in Baltimore with be vies of pretty English girls—you know how charmingly pretty are the maidens in the City of the Five Sisters—on their way to or from church, all

carrying handsomely bound prayer-books, and escorted either by portly mammas of that amplitude of figure which the amiable Nathaniel Hawthorne erroneously assumed to be peculiar to the British matron, but which, I rejoice to observe, is not by any means uncommon among the mothers of the American Gracchi in 1879, or else accompanied by auburn-bearded and athletic brothers, exemplarily devout and demure-looking, as be seemed Sunday, yet in whose guise there was a lurking and latent Something which hinted that on Monday and the remaining days of the week they knew a great deal on the subject of a horse, and would be prepared to express their opinions concerning the Doncaster St. Leger if called upon to do so.

Nor would it at all have astonished me had I met, trotting along the red-tiled side-walks of Baltimore, a number of plump personages whose rosy gills, clean-shaven chins and upper lips, and neatly-trimmed side whiskers, no less than their shovel hats and black gaiters, proclaimed them to be dignified clergymen of the Church of England. I was quite prepared to meet an Archdeacon "performing archidiaconal functions" in the chief city of Maryland. I think that, without collapsing, I could have supported even the spectacle of a Rural Dean. The city looked, not only ecclesiastically but municipally, like York. I had green turtle and venison steak for dinner on Sunday. My bosom swelled with patriotic pride within me as I partook of callipash and callipee; and I had nearly screwed my courage to the sticking-place to sally forth and ask the way to the Mansion House, with the intent of interviewing some rubicund personage with a gold chain, whom I might deferentially address as My Lord, and of whom I might inquire when it would be convenient for me to pay my respects to My Lady Mayoress.

To tell the truth, I had been in desperate conversational straits all day Sunday. I had a sheaf of letters of introduction in my satchel; but I dared not commit a possible breach of etiquette by presenting any of those missives on the Sabbath. I had been promised by friends in England a hearty reception at



the Maryland Club ; but on Dead Sunday I was as the Peri at the Gate of Paradise—if you can imagine a corpulent and elderly Peri in a carriage and pair, raging in his inward heart because he found himself in a city renowned for its courtesy to strangers—a city of 300,000 inhabitants—without anybody to talk to. Inside the Baltimore Club House were no doubt some of the grave and reverend seigniors of Maryland—those at least



SOME MEMBERS OF THE OLD MARYLAND CLUB.

of their number who were not at church—to say nothing of the *jeunesse dorée*, the gay young bloods of the city. That there *were* some gay young bloods in Baltimore I was certain ; for on Sunday evening, accidentally peeping into the stately Cordovan leather-hung apartment, which had been the gentleman's dining room when the Mount Vernon Hotel was a private mansion, I saw a table laid, in approved Delmonico style—bouquets, ferns, silver candelabra, crystal, and so forth—for four. The sable



waiters were bringing in the Blue Point oysters on the "half shell" when I fled disconsolate to the desolate public dining room, where, save the waiters and ourselves, there was nobody but a clergyman, who was taking his tea and a liberal allowance of stewed oysters in a silent hurry, having doubtless to preach a sermon later in the evening, and a gentleman with a snuff-coloured beard, whose vesper repast consisted of a baked apple, a quantity of uncooked celery, and a glass of iced water. I very much feared that there was something the matter with him, or that there would be shortly. For the sake of conversing with somebody or anybody (for I was growing desperate), I would have addressed the vegetarian uninitiated, and advised him for his stomach's sake to try some of the medicaments of the wonderful Schenk, Waywode of Pennsylvania, Hospodar of New Jersey, and Kainakan of Delaware—say his Pulmonic Syrup or his Mandrake Pills—but my companion besought me to be quiet. The mulatto waiter was a most civil and obliging creature, but, conversationally, he was a failure.

The bar, as I have already stated, was closed, else I might have renewed my acquaintance with a very genial old gentleman with whom I had conversed late on Saturday night. He was good enough to adopt the hypothesis—I was in travelling garb of a shaggily woollen texture—that I was "a captain of one of them big ships that was taking grain to Europe;" and he confidently expressed his opinion that Great Britain was not in a position to pay for the bread-stuffs with which she proposed to feed her starving population. We had got no money, according to the genial old gentleman, "Nary cent." He offered to treat me to a "hot whiskey skin," in compassion, I presume, for my insolvent and destitute condition. But he was not accessible on Sunday. Nobody was accessible.

I went after dinner into the apartment in front of the clerk's office which served as a smoking room. Three speechless gentlemen occupied three rocking chairs. They read newspapers, they smoked, they expectorated, and they said nothing.



One side of the room was nearly filled by a huge book-case, splendidly carved; but the shelves were protected by plate glass, and the case was locked. I felt too dejected to ask for the key, and only peeped through the glass at the library store within, which, so far as my dim vision could aid me, appeared to consist of Reports submitted to Congress on the Ku-Klux outrages in the Southern States, in three hundred and sixty-five volumes. I never before beheld such a mass of "outrageous" literature collected under one head.

Behind the counter was a very paragon of mutism in the shape of an hotel clerk. I tried him on all kinds of subjects—on the weather, on the trains southward, on the price of grain







ON A SNAPPING TURTLE FARM, NEAR ANNAPOLIS.



at Chicago, on the addresses of people on whom I wished to call. For a long time he was dumb; then he became responsive, but only monosyllabically so, and in a voice that came as it seemed from the Tombs. I would have asked him if he had ever tried one of Schenk's curatives, but I was fairly afraid of this mute man, so I sate, and smoked, and felt as though I were turning into stone. But my sense of hearing became painfully acute. I could hear every pulsation of the hotel clock. I could hear every rustle of the leaves of the hotel ledger as they were turned over by the speechless cashier; and, worse than all, I could hear the distant laughter of the four guests in the Cordovan leather-hung dining room. Ah! they were having "a high old time of it" for certain. Terrapin à la Maryland as a matter of course. Extra dry Verzenay, no doubt. Regalias, Imperiales, probably.\*

\* In Maryland a stringent Act exists which protects diamond-back terrapins in the waters of the State. The fishing opens on the first of November and terminates



NETTING TERRAPINS.

On Monday morning—and a delightfully mild and radiant Monday it was—Baltimore, to my infinite delight, Came to Life again, and proved to be a very vivacious and cheerful city, full not only of commercial bustle and activity, but of social amenity and refinement. I set out for a long ramble, and found that the principal streets extending through the city—which has a circuit of twelve miles—were Baltimore-street (formerly called Market-street), Lombard, Batt, Frederick, Gay, Holliday, North, South, Calvert (a dim reminiscence this of the Calverts Lords Baltimore, proprietaries of the colony of Maryland), Light, St. Paul, Charles, Hanover, Sharp, Howard, and Eutaw. Exchange-place in Lombard-street is the focus of the heaviest business: the Merchants' Exchange, Post Office, and Custom House being all in this locality. South and Second-streets close by, are crowded with banks, many of which are really palatial structures; and with the offices of insurance companies, stock-brokers, and real estate agents. The real estate agent is a very important personage in a country where house property in cities, otherwise known as "town lots," possesses such an enormous value. I was told that Baltimore-street was not only the chief emporium of retail business, but also the principal promenade of female beauty and fashion; and here I was gravely informed I might "determine on the comparative beauty of the Baltimore ladies." I resolved to survey this notable thoroughfare, under its double aspect of commerce and comeliness; and, as regards the latter, I own that I had formed high, exalted expectations.

Feminine fashions in Baltimore are serious matters. I had been reading that morning in one of the local journals a most

on the 31st of March. It is unlawful to catch any terrapin of a size less than five inches on the bottom of the shell, or to interfere with or destroy the diamond-back terrapin's eggs. Thirty years ago the dealers found it difficult to sell terrapins at \$6 a dozen, and now the difficulty lies in obtaining them at even \$38 a dozen, owing to their increasing scarcity. The male terrapin is known as the "bull," the female as the "cow," the lady being more in request on account of her thirty eggs, which are used to garnish the delectable dish.

portentous column of items, headed "For the Ladies." May I venture to hope that some of my lady readers in England may be edified by the announcement that, in the genial city of Maryland, "hoops threaten to come once more into fashion, and satin cashmere is a new dress material"? Further on I learned that "the new shade of purple is called 'dahlia,'" that "epingle" is "a novel name for uncut velvet," and that "new plaid stockings have the checks set diagonally." This I hold to be a decided advantage, since many years ago, when the exuberance of crinoline occasionally led to indiscretions in the revelation of ankles, I remember seeing a lady the rectangular black and white checks on whose hose suggested to an irreverent omnibus conductor in High-street, Knightsbridge, the profane remark to the driver of the vehicle that he would "werry much like to 'ave a game o' draughts on that gal's legs." Then, again, I gathered that, "to be fashionable, one must have a leopard skin muff," and that the "Derby hat" is very much worn by young coloured girls. Subsequently I came to the mysterious statement that "an innovation in underwear is seen in the fine pink and blue flannel, beautifully embroidered with flowers in white floss." "White skirts," the oracle went on, "are no longer worn in the street; black satin or Japanese blue, scarlet or olive green satin or flannel, take their place." After this I concluded that it was time to retire from the perusal of the column for the ladies. Even the writer seemed to have grown terrified at his own audacity, for after the allusion to the black satin "underwear," he became slightly trite and jejune, contenting himself with remarking that "wool plaids in plum-colour, black, and gold are patronised by the most fashionable school-girls," bidding those young ladies "who have no sealskin sacques cheer up, for the doctors say they are very unhealthy," and drifting at last into the mere platitude of advising girls who wished to have small mouths to repeat, at frequent intervals during the day, "Fanny Finch Fried Five Floundering Frogs For Francis Fowler's Father."



As a matter of fact, I found Baltimore-street and Charles-street, by which last-named thoroughfare you descend from the fashionable district of the city, full of well-dressed ladies intent on shopping. Sealskin "sacques" or jackets were plentiful,



but, according to a critical authority by whom I was accompanied, the American ladies patronise a sealskin which is dyed almost black instead of a rich chestnut hue, and they have consequently a somewhat sombre appearance. The "Derby" hat is simply what we call a "pot," of black felt; and it had need to be patronised by young ladies of colour, for it is inexpensive. Imitations of our "Devonshire," "Gainsborough," and, indeed, every kind of "hard" and turned-up hats for ladies, were numerous. So far as I could obtain information from the price tickets affixed to tasteful Paris bonnets in the shop windows, a lady's chapeau here, as, indeed, throughout the States, is an

inordinately costly article. A very pretty article with an embroidered crown and trimmings of black velvet was priced five-and-twenty dollars, or five pounds; a tiny little baby's straw bonnet with a plain white cap was ticketed seven dollars, or one pound eight shillings. In Oxford-street it would have been dear at half a guinea.

For these astounding prices, which rule not only every department of male and female apparel, but almost every appliance of what we call civilisation, Americans have to thank the 'Tariff'—that 'Tariff' which not only imposes an almost prohibitory duty on imported commodities, and thereby encourages an inconceivable amount of smuggling, venality, and corruption, but which, notwithstanding the assertion of the doctrinaires and the interested, also seems to have the effect of paralysing native industry. We are content in England to pay a high price, say four shillings and ninepence, for a pair of the very best kid gloves; but "'Arry" can purchase at hundreds of London shops a shilling's worth of "bow-wow," that is to say, a pair of strong, serviceable so-called dogskin gloves, for twelvepence sterling. The American must pay, thanks to the Tariff, two dollars four, or eight shillings, for a pair of kid gloves, and those not of the first quality; and I should be very much obliged if any one would tell me in what American city, and at what kind of store, I can buy a pair of strong leather gloves, simulating dogskin, for five and twenty cents, or one shilling. Yet the Americans have plenty of leather, and are expert mechanics. Why should they not make their own gloves, as they are making their own watches—which are coming to be of surprising excellence—and their own sewing machines? You must excuse my occasional references to the Tariff. It is the Bottle Imp of American life, and people have not yet "learned to love it."



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

X.

THE GREAT GRANT "BOOM."

*New York, December 20.*

I HAVE just returned from an interesting although brief sojourn in Washington and Philadelphia; and have first of all to narrate some personal experiences in the City of Brotherly Love in connection with the grand parade held in Philadelphia on Tuesday, the 16th of December, in honour of General Ulysses S. Grant. It was from the Quaker City that the ex-President of the United





STREET SCENE IN PHILADELPHIA.



States took his departure some two years since, amid universal manifestations of respect, to make a tour round the world. He travelled, indeed, far afield ; and, like that other Ulysses that we wot of, saw men and cities innumerable ; and, as his brilliant pilgrimage was to come to a close in the self-same place where it had begun, the General's admirers in Philadelphia—and their name is apparently legion—determined to make the penultimate week preceding the Christmas holidays the occasion of the very grandest festive patriotic demonstration, with General Grant for its hero, that it was possible to organise. The "Great Grant Boom" is now gone and past—it is a "played out" boom so far as festivity is concerned, and must now give place to the Christmas boom and Santa Claus, and the approaching masquerade ball at the Academy of Music. My business is only with the events of Tuesday, the 16th instant, and that immeasurably grand parade of which I will once for all frankly admit I was an involuntary and a miserable spectator. I have suffered much since last Tuesday, and the Great Grant Boom has entered into my soul.

It is rather late in the day to observe that the government of the United States of America is strictly and irrevocably a Republican one ; and that, in the whole Union, there is not a more sternly loyal commonwealth than Pennsylvania, the "Keystone" State, nor a more intensely Republican centre than the city among whose monuments of the past the historic Independence Hall is the most proudly conspicuous. Philadelphia, nevertheless, rejoices, so far as the refinements of society are concerned, in a King, by the name of Mr. George W. Childs, the proprietor of a very well-known daily newspaper, called the *Public Ledger*. Mr. Childs, it is universally acknowledged, comprises in his individuality the attributes of a man of Ross, a Mæcenas, an Amphiitryon, and a Herodes Atticus. His activity is indefatigable, his public spirit indomitable, and his hospitality inexhaustible. Mr. Childs' proprietorial Sanctum at the office of the *Public Ledger* is a marvel of art furniture, decoration, and



tasteful *bric à brac*; and he makes it a *pundonor*, as the Spaniards say, to present every lady who visits him with a piece of rare porcelain specially imported for him from the Old World by the famous Tiffany of New York.

When Mr. G. W. Childs is not engaged in entertaining his friends and the strangers that are within the gates of Philadelphia at luncheon, dinner, or tea, he presents stained-glass windows to Westminster Abbey, or indulges in some other *délassement* of cosmopolitan munificence; and some of those days it may be confidently expected that he will give the finishing architectural touch in the way of a spire a couple of hundred feet high, to Boston "stump," in Lincolnshire. Mr. Geo. W. Childs is, in fine, a highly representative American in general and Philadelphian in particular; that is to say, a thoroughly courteous, hospitable, and generous gentleman. I had no knowledge of him, save by repute, when I arrived in America; but he was good enough to offer to show me all the episodes of the Great Grant Boom, which was to last an entire week, and during which I was to be his guest. Mr. Childs' own house was to be entirely devoted to purposes of feasting, and General Grant and his suite were to be lodged on the first floor of the colossal establishment in Walnut-street, called the Continental Hotel. In that same gigantic caravanserai, apartments, I was informed, had also been secured for me and mine.

When Americans are on hospitable cares intent they are not accustomed to do things by halves. They come down on you, figuratively, "like a hundred of bricks" in the way of kindnesses and courtesies; and during the fortnight when I was staying between New York, Baltimore, and Washington, the United States mails were conveying to me premonitory reverberations of the Great Grant Boom, in the guise of biddings to participate in the rejoicings of the memorable week which was to begin on the 16th and to end on the 23rd. First came a prodigious glazed card bearing a large corporate seal and an engraved heading, which at first made me somewhat uncertain as to

whether I was surveying a United States Five-twenty bond or a certificate of membership of the Ancient Order of Foresters. This proved to be a general invite signed by the clerk of the Collected Committees of Councils to partake during seven days of "the hospitalities of the City of Philadelphia." I promptly accepted the liberal offer; but I felt slightly uncertain as to the nature of these hospitalities and where I was to find them. I asked American friends, and they smiled. Would the prodigious glazed card enable me to occupy an *al-fresco* bench all night in Fairmount Park, or to ride gratuitously in the street cars, or to "shin round the free lunches," or to get shaved the coming Sun-



ENTRANCE TO FAIRMOUNT PARK.

the coming Sun-



A SKETCH IN FAIRMOUNT PARK.

day. When I was young a favourite diversion on the 1st of April was to forward to our friends and acquaintances cards of admission to the Tower of London for the purpose of "seeing the lions washed." Would the invitation to enjoy the "hospitalities of the City of Philadelphia" prove as derisively delusive as the lion-washing permit?

But the invitations continued to pour in. Cards for receptions and soirées, issued always "to meet General and Mrs. Grant," from influential private citizens of the Chess Board City, it would be obviously indecorous to particularise; yet of such cards I had a pack. Then the Union League of Philadelphia wrote on hot-pressed Bath post, surmounted by an elaborately-engraved vignette of the American Eagle gazing at the rising sun and holding the star-spangled banner in his talons, to say that I was expected to meet General Grant on Tuesday, the 23rd. Subsequently, and still through the medium of copper-plate engraving, the Worshipful Mayor of Philadelphia signified to me that on a given evening he should be at home to receive General Grant; and then, on a prodigious placard of Bristol board covered with chalcographic effigies of eagles, thunderbolts, stars, stripes, St. Andrew's crosses, sabres, and cannon balls, the "Grand Army of the Republic" informed me that they would hold "a grand camp fire" at the Academy of Music on the 18th, with the object of welcoming "Comrade Ulysses S. Grant." Likewise was I told that, on a certain afternoon, and at this same Academy of Music, twelve thousand schoolgirls would go through a variety of recitations, musical performances, and calisthenic exercises: always in the presence and in honour of General Grant.

Finally came from Mr. Childs a triumph of chromo-lithography in golden blazonry of the flags of all nations, surmounting the bill of fare of a "quiet little dinner" to be given on Tuesday, the 16th, at the proprietor of the *Public Ledger's* private residence in Walnut-street, to a select party of guests, including General and Mrs. Grant, General Sherman, the Hon. Hamilton Fish,







THE ROTUNDA AT WASHINGTON.

General Sheridan, Mr. A. J. Drexel, Senator Cameron, the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, sometime United States Minister to the Court of St. James's, the Hon. John Welsh, also an ex-"plenipo" to London, and the Hon. George S. Boutwell. These are names of European as well as of American renown; and that is why I enumerate them. Places at this distinguished board were reserved for your obedient servant and partner. It was a wonderful *menu*. Blue Point oysters—they are almost as small and as delicate in flavour as our English native, and are thus grateful to the palate of the uncivilised foreigner who cannot relish the genuine American bivalve, which is a trifle smaller than a coal barge and a "wee bit" larger than a roller-skate—green turtle soup, fried smelts and striped bass, filet of beef with mushrooms, spinach with cream, *ponche à la Romaine* to "cut the courses;" terrapin and celery, canvas-back duck, and a wilderness of sweets and ices. Alas!

We had been bidden to dinner in Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, on Tuesday, the 16th, at the house of the most hospitable, the most accomplished, and the most brilliantly conversational of Democratic Senators. He would not have been thought Democratic (in one sense of the political term) in England. He would as to his manners and culture have been pronounced decidedly (that is to say naturally) aristocratic. We were congratulated on our good fortune in being invited to the "quiet and select" dinner party at Mr. Childs', for as a matter of course the bill of fare and a complete list of the guests had been published in all the newspapers. Woe is me! I dreamed golden dreams. Was there a possibility, I wondered, of obtaining a divorce swiftly and cheaply in the convenient State of Indiana—where growling at the amount of a wife's millinery bill is said to be recognised as legal cruelty—and marrying the daughter of a Grand Vizier, or at least of a Billionnaire from Nevada, a Croesus from Colorado, or a Petroleum Plutus from Oil City? I dreamed of giving "surprise parties" at Delmonico's, and of purchasing all the *repoussé* silver ware at Tiffany's.



Alnaschar! What had I in the basket of my brain? Nothing but some brittle glass and fragile crockery.

The morning of Wednesday dawned somewhat cloudily and coldly, but I was up with the lark, or, at least, with the screech-owl, one of the sable attendants in the lower regions of Wormley's Hotel, Washington, having recently caught a lively specimen of the species just named, which used to perch on the marble counter of the bar all day and hoot as though he were a Vice-Chancellor about to commit a refractory defendant for contempt, or a discontented shareholder at the annual meeting of a joint-stock company. The screech-owl, together with a mocking-bird occupying a cage in the clerk's office, and which was the most discordantly derisive bird that I ever came across, used to have "a high old time" of it at Wormley's Hotel; and when the screech-owl was at his shrillest and the mocking-bird at his harshest, there was only needed the horrible disturbance made by the steam-heating apparatus, which began to *fonctionner* about five in the morning to split the ears and rend the nerves of the guests.

How is it that the Americans, whose nervous system is, according to physiologists, so exquisitely sensitive, and who are, until they have been introduced to you, so distressingly taciturn, seem to be so completely indifferent to the noises made around them? They tolerate on the collars of their horses those bells which in London are prohibited by the Police Act. Of the maddening nuisance of the church bells I have already spoken. An American workman makes much more noise at his work than an Englishman does. He bangs and slams, rams and jams about as though the by-passers had no drums to their ears. A baggage porter "dumps" trunks and portmanteaus down on the pavement as though he were delighted with the noise they made in falling. Yet a car full of travelling Americans is about the quietest company in which you could possibly find yourself; and an American crowd, unexcited by whiskey, is a model of placid good behaviour. One noise, years ago productive of infinite anguish to me, I have not yet become re-acquainted

with. I have not heard it in New York ; nay, nor in Baltimore, nor Washington, nor Philadelphia. I wonder how far down South I shall get ere I meet with that appalling engine of torture, the Hotel Gong.

In travelling from Baltimore to Washington—a short trip of some eight-and-thirty miles, and in view, I suppose, of the brevity of the journey—the train was unprovided with a Pullman. The clerk, however, who sold me my tickets civilly directed me to take the "third car to the left" when I reached the platform.

This proved to be virtually a first-class car, since, although the doctrine of "equal rights" is legally established throughout the United States, I found that all the coloured passengers (of whom there were many in the train) eschewed the "third car to the left," and settled down quietly in other compartments. It did not appear to me that they were in any manner



coerced into thus segregating themselves from their white brothers and sisters. They seemed to keep themselves apart as much from choice as from custom ; and this I have noticed many times during my stay in this country. It would be mischievously idle to assert that the negro—his thorough political enfranchisement notwithstanding—"goes into society" in the Reunited States. He does nothing whatever of the kind. Nobody grinds him to the wall, nor is unkind or uncivil to him—so far as I have yet seen ; but he, on his part, does not seem very anxious to mingle socially with the race who, of

course, at this time of day, neither dislike nor despise the black man, but who, perhaps, feel as uncomfortable in his company—as a social and political equal—as he does in theirs. But, perhaps, I am prematurely broaching a subject on which I shall probably have to say a great deal by and bye.

There was nothing to remark about the car, substantially a first-class one, save that midway on each side of the vehicle there was a small rack, in which was placed a Bible, with the printed memorandum beneath, "Read and return." I saw the sacred volume read and returned many times in the course of the journey; and this constant familiarity with the Scriptures—you meet Bibles and Testaments at every turn all over the land—should surely have a very beneficial effect on the morals of the population. It may be (on the other hand) that their minutely intimate acquaintance with Holy Writ occasionally betrays the Americans into some slight amount of irreverence, not to say profanity. For example, at a public dinner lately in New York, I heard a reverend gentleman who was a Doctor of Divinity, and a deservedly popular preacher, tell a highly comic story about Daniel in the lion's den. In the course of this apologue he incidentally remarked that if the lions had carried out their "programme" the prophet would, at least, have been safe from the afflictive contingency of making an after-dinner speech. Remembering one of the most moving of Scriptural dramas—remembering Mr. Britton Riviere's weird and mysterious picture of Daniel—I confess that I could not see anything very funny in the notion of the prophet being called upon to make an after-dinner speech.

But the Americans have their own notions about religious reverence, and we have ours. On a recent Sunday night there was given in this city of New York an entertainment which began with the "*Stabat Mater*" and ended with a ball; and I notice that next Thursday, being Christmas Day, there are to be morning performances at several of the fashionable theatres. And yet a barber may not open his shop, nor a barrowman sell



pop-corns or ice creams, on a Sunday. These are the things which perplex foreigners, and occasionally provoke them into making ill-natured remarks—not designedly ill-natured, since the remarks are mainly attributable to the foreigner's ignorance of American feelings in the matter of fasts and festivals. As we wonder at their secular celebration of the Feast of the Nativity, so may they think our shutting up of the theatres on Ash Wednesday—when few people fast and nobody puts ashes on his head—a detestable piece of hypocrisy.

Pullman the beneficent did not fail, however, to be vehicularly manifest on the train which conveyed us from Washington to Philadelphia on the momentous morning when the Great Grant Boom was to be "inaugurated;" and Pullman's luxurious accommodation was all the more welcome since, as the day matured, it grew colder and colder. We left the Federal capital at 9.30 a.m. The train was an express one, and kept admirably punctual time; and precisely at 1.15 p.m. we were in Philadelphia. The railway depôt bore a singularly deserted look. I had duly "expressed" my luggage, and handed in my checks; but there were no express waggons at the station. There were but two hack carriages waiting for fares. One I straightway engaged. I told the driver, a good-humoured Irishman, with a moustache that would have done honour to a captain of British Heavy Cavalry, that I wished to go to the Continental Hotel. How much would it be? "Two dollars," he made answer. Eight shillings for a two miles drive! I own that I thought the price a little stiff; but then Great Grant Booms do not reverberate every day, to paraphrase the sage remark of the Hampshire innkeeper in 1814, when he charged the allied Sovereigns half-a-guinea apiece, all round, for their hard-boiled eggs. The good-humoured driver added that he would take us as near to the Continental as he could, but that we had much better go to the Colonnade Hotel, which was a most "iligant house." I mildly informed him that I was bound to go to the Continental, as apartments had been taken for us there;



whereupon he whistled, and mounted his box with an expression of humorous resignation on his confiding countenance.

Something was evidently wrong. What that something was the driver of the other hack obligingly volunteered to inform us. We should never get to the Continental, he consolingly remarked—at least not until there was a “month’s Sundays,” or there were five Fridays in a February. In consequence of the Great Grant Boom business for the day was entirely suspended. General Grant had arrived early that morning, and was then sitting in his carriage witnessing the march-past at a given point of the Grand Parade, which was eight miles long, and would certainly not be over until four o’clock. It was

now half-past one. The main streets had been all carefully roped in by the police; the street cars were abroad, but the traffic was wholly stopped, and altogether we had about as much chance of reaching the Continental Hotel by any route, direct or indirect, as we had of reaching the North Pole by way of West Weehawken, Jericho, Hong Kong, Communipaw, and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandel. Our driver, nevertheless, set off at a leisurely trot; but, so soon as he reached the vicinity of the Colonnade Hotel he stopped, dismounted from his aerial perch, flung open the carriage door, and, in expressive American parlance, "dumped" us down on the pavement, saying that he could do no more for us, and that to go any further was an "onpossibility."

It was by this time two p.m. We had breakfasted early and slightly, and the nipping cold had made us fearfully hungry; so before pursuing our pilgrimage on foot—we were encumbered with minor luggage in the shape of wraps and hand bags, in addition to the heavier articles which I had "expressed"—I deemed it politic to enter the Colonnade in quest of lunch. The clerk behind the office counter, whom I had never seen before in my life, was very glad to see me, and shook hands with me quite cordially. I told him my tale, and that I did not want a room, but only something to eat and drink. He sympathised with our sorrows, and himself most obligingly led us to the dining-saloon. On our way thither we passed through a suite of prettily decorated parlours, in one of which I noticed a grand pianoforte, and a young couple, who, seemingly newly-married and quite indifferent to the attractions of the Great Grant Boom, were singing "*La ci darem la mano*," from "*Don Giovanni*" in splendid style. Happy, happy, happy pair! We got some lunch: oysters, cold chicken and ham, apple pie, and a pint of Mumm's extra dry; all very good, and nicely served. The price, I need scarcely say, was as stiff as the broomstick to the rigidity of which was brought the man who, in the German student's song, "swiped" beer for three days in succession at



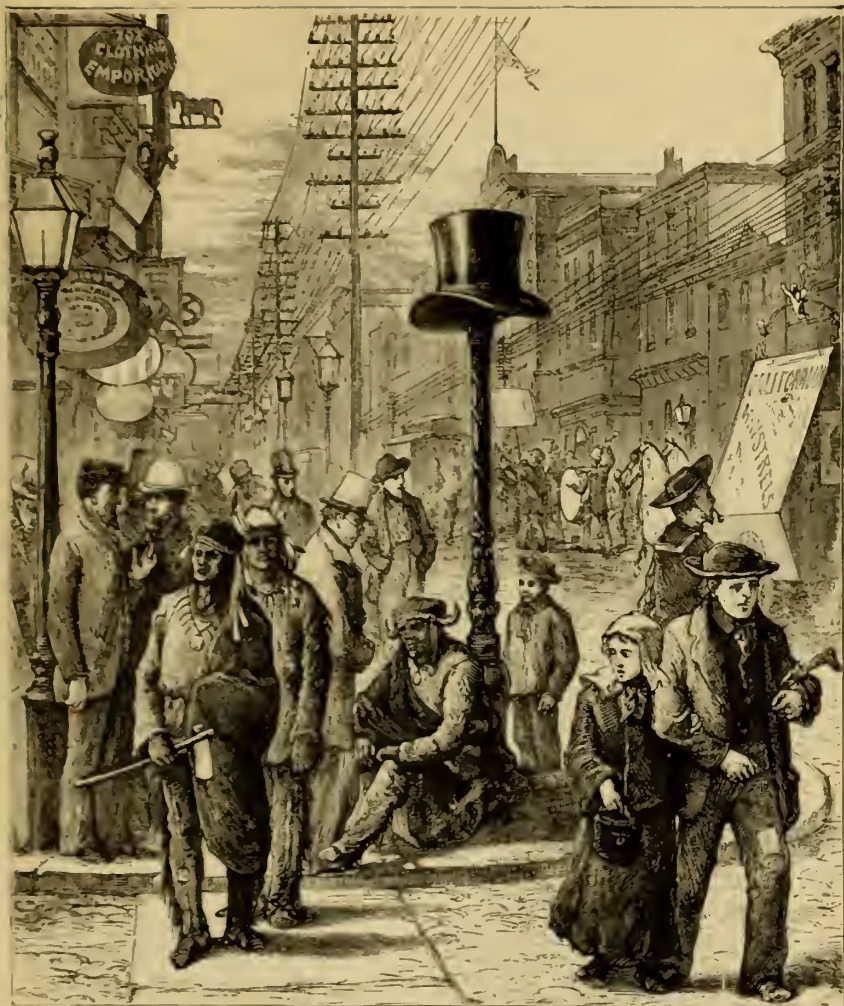
the Black Whale at Askalon. We were charged four dollars and sixty cents, nearly a sovereign, for our refreshment.

Then we adventured again into the streets. We found ourselves in the thoroughfare called Chestnut-street, which was almost entirely deserted by pedestrians. Nearly all the stores were closed; and all the doors and windows were veiled by garlands of evergreens and fascies of United States flags. This I had noticed in every thoroughfare through which we had passed. Proceeding a few blocks up Chestnut-street I came upon a line of street cars, empty and motionless. This looked ominous, and the omens soon became fertile in direful result. The given point of the march past was in Broad-street, intersecting Chestnut-street, close to a magnificent pile of unfinished marble buildings, which are to serve, I am informed, as the new Post Office. We made for this given point; and there we contrived to get wedged in the midst of a huge crowd, in which we remained utterly powerless to move from half-past two until half-past five in the evening. But worse remained behind.



AT A STREET CORNER IN PHILADELPHIA.





STREET IN PHILADELPHIA.

## XI.

### A PHILADELPHIAN BABEL.

New York, *December 22.*

SOME days may have elapsed in and about that audacious tower which was builded in the plain in the land of Shinar, with brick for stone and with slime for mortar, before the people that had journeyed from the East, and who had heretofore been of

one language and of one speech, began fully to realise the fact that they did not understand one another. The breaking up of Babel must have been a marvellous spectacle. I wonder whether the Continental Hotel in Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, is anything like what the Babel of old was. I am inclined to think that it may be. I told you in my last letter how, on the first day of the Great Grant Boom, we were for three bitterly cold hours hopelessly wedged up in the midst of a compact multitude thronging every inch of the side-walk, while the Grand Parade, eight miles long, filed through the intersecting Broad-street. We saw as much as we could of that Parade, making allowances for the fact that we were half "perished" by the cold, and that ever and anon we were all but carried off our feet by the tempestuous swaying to and fro of the mob. For one full hour we could see little of the procession beyond a chaotic bobbing past and up and down of banners bearing devices to which the celebrated inscription, "Excelsior," was quite tame in the way of strangeness.

Now, the contemplation of banners may, for a brief space of time, be as interesting as that of "the 'oofs of the 'osses" may be to the little country joskins who, lying prone on their stomachs, peep beneath the canvas drapery of a travelling circus, and satiate themselves with the sight of sawdust and the lower extremities of the noble animals: the entire performances of which the exiguity of the small rustic's purses will not permit them to behold. Still, such gratuitous and restricted entertainment is apt to grow eventually monotonous; and this I found to be the case after witnessing for sixty minutes the incessant flapping of flags. Even our Lord Mayor's show, under analogous circumstances, would pall upon the sense, but that your attention is from time to time diverted by the frequent attempts of the larcenous among the spectators to pick your pocket or snatch at your watch chain, and by the ruffianly behaviour of that foulest of all foul scamps, the London Blackguard, whose delight it is on all public occasions to gratify his instincts of mischief and

cowardice by squirting dirty water over the garments of females by means of abominable little syringes called "Ladies' Tormentors," the manufacturers of which ought certainly to be indicted for a constructive breach of the peace.

Fortunately the many-headed at the corner of Chestnut and Grant-streets were not, in the main, tall-hatted. "Stove-pipe" or "chimney-pot" beavers were few and far between; and when we once contrived to struggle from the back settlements of the side-walk, and to take up a position alternating between the second and the third ranks of the spectators, we obtained, owing to the general lowness of headgear of those in front of us, a tolerably good view of one of the most remarkable assemblages of humanity on which I have ever set eyes. Bear in mind that I was witnessing it against my will; that this was not by any means the show which I had bargained to see; that I was the victim of circumstances over which I had no control; and that my mind was full of anguish at the rapid evanishment of all prospect of dining with General Grant and the statesmen and diplomatists bidden to the Apician board of Mr. Geo. W. Childs.

Premising thus much, I trust that I shall not be treading on any American corns, nor irritating any American skin, figuratively speaking, by hinting that the mob in which I involuntarily found myself a member for the nonce did not, in its outward aspect, in any way represent the respectable citizens of Philadelphia. Quite the contrary, I should say. To put it plainly, I was in the thick of a "populacho" that howled and that expectorated freely, and that used language which was the reverse of choice, and that was not, in its whole length and breadth, quite sober. The reason for this became at once obvious. The respectable citizens of Philadelphia were either taking part in the Grand Parade, or, with the ladies of their families, were witnessing the defile of the procession from the banner-hung and evergreen-festooned windows in Broad-street. Fully to understand the purport of the Great Grant Boom, it must be



realised that the whole adult, valid, arms-bearing population of a great American city had turned out to do honour to a representative American soldier and statesman. The aged, the infirm, the ladies, and the children, were at the windows, or were seated in stands of tribunes specially erected for the purpose along the line of march. Only tag, rag, and bobtail—only the populace—were on the foot-pavement: and we were of it.

To place the aspect of the show and its components clearly before the unimpressed British mind, I will just ask my compatriot reader to imagine this: first, a strong contingent of regular troops, followed by seamen and Marines of the National Navy; a prodigious volunteer force, some of them clad in sober uniforms of blue or grey, others rejoicing in a garb so brilliantly fantastic as now to remind you of the Preobanjinski Guards of the Emperor Alexander, and now of the *Vieille Garde* of Napoleon I. These were, I apprehend, the Militia of Philadelphia. Then came contingents of the Grand Army of the Republic, representing, I presume, old soldiers who had fought in the Federal ranks during the Great Civil War; and they were apparelled in their historic and battle-stained sky-blue gaberdines, which led their foes on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line to speak of them as "Blue Bellies." They retaliated by nicknaming the Confederate soldiers "Graybacks." What more? Regiments more, Brigades more, Divisions more. The Tenth Legion multiplied by Ten and Standard Bearers innumerable. The Union League Club, marching I do not know how many abreast, with gorgeous rosettes of velvet and gold at their button-holes. All the fire companies of Philadelphia, with engines, hose, hooks, and ladders complete. The war-charger of General Meade, bearing the scars of twenty-six distinct bullet wounds. Four old tattered flags, which had waved over the Ninth and Eighty-seventh Regiments at Gettysburg, borne by a veteran comrade with a wooden leg. Thirty-nine hundred citizens, representing the textile manufactures of Philadelphia.

This section of the Parade comprised a hundred and fifty



THE RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT PHILADELPHIA.





operatives from the Germantown Mills, bearing "regalia" composed of different oils and wools. They were followed by a huge wagon laden high with woollen fabrics, and surmounted by an abnormal banner in the shape of a Brobdingnagian stocking woven in the device and colours of the Stars and Stripes. An ingenious device, truly. But are we Englishmen to be less patriotic than our Transatlantic brethren? Will no public-spirited manufacturer of Nottingham or Coventry register a "Union Jack stocking"? It would be a sweet thing in fleecy hosiery for British ladies' winter wear. Another textile trophy, consisting of an omnibus heaped Atlas-high, with "dummy" blankets, informed an amazed world that the annual product of the Manayunk Mills amounted to twelve millions of dollars. O glorious art of Advertising, thou wert not forgotten, even amidst the most patriotic throes of the Great Grant Boom! I noticed, that on their banner, the Ridgway Upholsterers declared that they "would see it out on this line if it took all winter." I began with inward dread to opine that I should have "to see it out on this line," and that it "would take all winter" to see it. Room for the West Philadelphia Republican Club! Room for the Twentieth Ward Hoyt Club, five hundred strong, and carrying a banner with "the five-hundred-dollar portrait of Governor Hoyt," heroic to look upon and cheap at the price. Then there was a club—I forget its precise designation—three hundred strong, who varied the monotony of civilian attire by all wearing bright yellow gauntlets. The Old Reliable Club was composed of American citizens of African descent. The Delmonico Assembly—who never perform out of Philadelphia—also numbered two hundred coloured members, and an omnibus.

For some mysterious reason quite inscrutable to me, the Consumers' Ice Company figured as a political organisation in this astounding Parade. These Hyperboreans had with them a wagon laden with effigies of eagles, cannon, and a huge bust of General Grant, all made out in solid ice. This Arctic art

was shocking to me, wedged as I was, in the centre of the cold crowd, and so hideously did my teeth chatter that I could find it neither in my heart nor in my cachinatory muscles to grin when a number of garishly-painted and gilded chariots tottered by crowded with strange beings in masquerading attire; kangaroos and baboons, clowns and crowned kings. What did these mummers here? What political organisation did they typify? Mystery. The Iron and Steel Delegation, 2,450 strong, all wearing purple badges. That stalwart Delegation I could very well comprehend. Trucks bearing forges in full blast, with "smutty smiths" at their anvils. Trucks full of minstrels with tin horns—most sincerely do I hope that *they* never perform out of Philadelphia, playing airs from "Fatinitza" and "H. M. S. Pinafore." A crane-beam christened after General Grant, forged by an enterprising Philadelphian firm for the Russian Government, fifteen feet long, weighing one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and claiming to be the biggest crane-beam in the world. Twelve hundred shipwrights, bearing axes, mallets, tar-mops, and other implements of their calling. Machinists, boiler-makers, carpenters, sail-makers, and figure-head-carvers, all displaying trophies technically emblematic of their respective trades. The Ancient Carpenters, the House Furnishers, and the Schumachers' Pianoforte-making Company. The brickmakers, the gas-manufacturers, and the soap-makers—the latter with the effigy of a Red-skin plentifully lathered with soap, and bearing the superscription, "Settling the Indian Question." It is assuredly not with soft soap that the Indian question, so far as the troublesome Utes are concerned, is being settled.

Then, may it please you, came a cavalcade of five hundred journeymen butchers mounted, accompanied by the Washington Greys' Band, the musicians in a circus chariot drawn by eight coal black horses. Attendant on the butchers were first, a dilapidated vehicle, labelled, I know not why, the "Great London Mail Coach," and last, a poor little shivering beast put up in a

cart, and reputed to be "the smallest bullock in the world." This diminutive specimen of the bovine species, which was about the size of an average Alderney, did not look at all flattered by its liliputian reputation. Two hundred master butchers in barouches closed the cortége of the marrowbone-and-cleaver fraternity. It is something to have seen and to be able to remember with pity two hundred master butchers in barouches; but I am afraid that did an English mob gaze upon so numerous and so prosperous an assemblage of retail slaughterers and vendors of butchers' meat, dark thoughts would come over the hungry multitude touching leg of mutton at a shilling and rump-steak at eighteenpence a pound; and those thoughts might be succeeded by a burning desire to string them, the master butchers, up to the nearest lamp-posts. The butchers were not clad in what we traditionally consider to be the professional blue. They wore over their black broad-cloth flowing white gaberdines or smock-frocks. To them succeeded the milkmen and the buttermen of Philadelphia.

What came next I know not, for dusk had been succeeded by darkness; the procession was probably "whittling down to the fine end of nothing;" and, for the first time in three weary hours, the police slackened the ropes which had been stretched across the intersecting thoroughfares, and allowed the public to cross Broad-street. How eagerly did I rush across the road. We might be happy yet! It was only half-past five, and by superhuman efforts one might manage to dress in time for dinner. Wretched I! wretched we! I had not proceeded two blocks up Chestnut-street before I found myself in the midst of a denser mob than ever. The Continental Hotel, so far as its accessibility went, might have been ten thousand miles away. Inspired by what seemed to me to be a purely demoniacal impulse, it had occurred to the five hundred journeymen butchers on horseback, to the two hundred master butchers in barouches, and to the milkmen and buttermen of Philadelphia in vans, shandrydans, drays, and milk-carts, escorted by the Phoenix brass band of



Phoenixville, the Washington Greys, and other contingents of brazen instrumentalists, all armed with shawms, psalteries, and Chaldean trumpets, all powerful enough to blow down the Walls of Jericho and affright the New Moon from her propriety, to make a *détour* after marching past the new Post-office-buildings, and, swooping down upon Chestnut-street, serenade Mrs. General Grant at the Continental.



Beshrew those journeymen butchers! How they pranced and curveted in their snowy bedgowns! Some of them whooped and howled for patriotic joy. It *must* have been

patriotism. Bourbon and Old Rye had nothing to do with it. The air was innocent of the odour of cocktails—I would have given a dollar for one, so cold was I;—but the crowd whooped and howled as lustily as did the butchers on horseback and the butchers in barouches. Yelling, we all know, is contagious. I remember once, that after listening for three-quarters of an hour to the Howling Dervishes at Constantinople, I felt a passionate yearning to join in the chorus of ululation; and I frightened my English travelling companion half out of his wits by warning him that in another minute I proposed to begin roaring like a very bull of Bashan. But I had no wish to howl in Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, in the midst of the seething crowd. You do not howl when you are cold and hungry, you collapse in mute despair.

The clock struck six; and in mine eye there stood a drop of “unfamiliar brine,” as I remembered that the last chance of the gala dinner was gone. It would be unjust, while recording as I must needs do the boisterousness of the immense throng which crammed the thoroughfare, certainly at this point not broader than Cheapside, but as long as two Cheapsides joined end to end, to omit mention of the fact that the mob was eminently good-humoured; that wherever it was practicable courtesy and kindness were shown to the weaker sex, irrespective of colour; and that when, in my immediate vicinity, women began to shriek and children to exhibit symptoms of suffocation, strenuous efforts were made by the brawnier members of the throng to secure a little breathing-room for those who were fainting. I never witnessed such a fearful “scrouge” in my life, and, quite apart from the deep respect and sincere admiration which I am bound to feel for General Grant as a gallant soldier and an upright statesman, I most earnestly hope that I shall never witness—save from the secure coign of vantage of an upstairs window—such another “scrouge” again.

It lulled at about a quarter-past six. Remember that we had arrived in Philadelphia at a quarter-past one. When the

last of the mounted butchers, in his snow-white bedgown, and the last of the buttermen and milkmen had clattered down the stony street, the thickly-packed concourse began to break up; and by dint of infinite elbowing and shoving we reached the Continental Hotel, there to be received with all possible kindness and courtesy, and to be straightway conducted to the elegant apartments which had been prepared for us. But it was Too Late. Ah! fatal word. Our "expressed" luggage did not make manifest the expression of its appearance until long past seven; and by that time we remorsefully thought Mr. Geo. W. Childs and his distinguished guests would be well "through" with their *ponche à la Romaine*, and well "on" with their canvas-back ducks.



DRIVE ON THE WISSAHECKON, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.





TRAVELLERS ARRIVING AT A LARGE AMERICAN HOTEL.

## XII.

### AT THE CONTINENTAL.

New York, *December 24.*

GENTLEMEN from the West in general, and from the State of Ohio in particular, who are apt to regard pork-packing and grain-elevating as about the most important factors in the regeneration of humanity and the bringing about of the Millennium, have frequently assured me, lately, that the most wonderful hotels in the whole world, both for size, splendour, and luxury in accommodation, are to be found at Chicago.\* I have usually noticed that this assurance has been given me in the presence of gentlemen from New York, and in somewhat of a humorously defiant manner; whence I have been led privately to infer that not only in commerce, but also in most institutions representing the progress of civilisation, there exists a chronic and steadily growing rivalry between the Atlantic metropolis and the wondrous Phoenix-City of the Lake Shore. I hope to touch Chicago

\* As a matter of fact, the most magnificent hotels on the American continent, and, perhaps, in the whole world, are the United Palace and Grand Hotels, of which Mr. Sharon is lessee, at San Francisco.



before I have done with this continent (during a second trip—I should like to make a third or a fourth, but I am growing old and stupid), and to judge of its hotels, as well as of other things, for myself; but, so far as my observation up to this present time of writing extends, I should certainly say that the most wonderful caravanserai that I have yet beheld in the United States is the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

You must bear in mind that I am as yet a mere babe and suckling in respect to Transatlantic hostelries. I know nothing as yet of the Windsor and the Hotel Brunswick in “up town” Manhattan. The hotels in which I have hitherto found “ease”—the Brevoort, New York; the Mount Vernon, Baltimore; Wormley’s, at Washington—are all comparatively small and quiet houses, conducted on what is called the “European” system, that is to say, so many dollars a day for your rooms and a restaurant *à la carte*, and resembling residential club houses more than hotels proper. I have yet to travel forth into the wilderness, and to fight with wild beasts at Ephesus. Wheresoever I have been as yet, I have been expected, and known, and kindly welcomed. I have yet to find myself in a hotel many sizes larger than Noah’s Ark, a total stranger, and bound to take the rough with the smooth, and to find perchance that the rough predominates. Hitherto I have been petted and spoiled in the way of comfort and luxurious living. It may be that in hotels, as in many other concerns to me as yet unrecked of, I am a young bear, and that all my troubles are to come.

Arriving, as I did, at the Continental at Philadelphia, foot-sore and half frozen, on the first evening of the Great Grant Boom, my earliest impressions of the establishment were of a tripartite nature. First, I was impressed by the idea that I was on the basement floor of that Tower of Babel to the resuscitation of which on American soil I have already hinted; next, that I was in the ’tween decks of the Ark of Noah just mentioned above, and that the animals, having been fed, were going to be watered; and, finally, that I was in the midst of Bedlam broke

loose. Stark, staring, raving madness seemed to me to be prevalent everywhere. The male portion of the mob that had packed Chestnut-street so densely during the passage of the jubilant butchers and the festive buttermen and milkmen had poured, with all their brothers, and all their cousins, and all their wives' relations, into the pillared marble halls which form the ground floor of the hotel. Colossal as is the edifice, it is not, at first sight, externally imposing as an architectural mass:—resembling as it does in this respect the Grand Hôtel, Paris. It is of the street, streety, forming one huge many-storied block of building pierced by innumerable windows. The Americans are



THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

not, in the north, at least, a balcony-loving people, and the absence of the stone or iron excrescences to the first floors, which in England look so light and handsome, and which are, in the estimation of our Chief Commissioner of Police, so eminently conducive to the perpetration of burglaries, give to American house-fronts rather a flat and monotonous aspect.

In the case of the Continental, however, I am not speaking by "the card." It is possible that it may possess ever so

many tiers of balconies, and that on Tuesday, the 16th, I beheld not these adornments for the reason that on the evening of the Great Grant Boom nine-tenths of the façade of the Continental and of every other house in Chestnut-street were concealed by flags, banners, festoons of evergreens, and brilliantly illuminated transparencies—the last representing General Grant in every conceivable attitude and costume, from his full military uniform to a Roman toga, and under every conceivable circumstance of Apotheosis. In particular was I called upon by an enthusiastic Grantite to admire a radiant effigy of the General, painted on linen, and exhibiting him, according to my informant, “mounted on an Arabian charger, in the Shenandoah valley, up to his pant-knees in blood and glory :—a wavin’ of a crooked sabre above his head, and ladlin’ out Tophet among the Confederate Brigadiers.” I might easily have missed the Continental also—being short-sighted—as it possesses no lofty portico, and no commanding flight of steps at the entrance. The name only of the world-famous hostelry is inscribed on a couple of lamps flanking the entrance, a circumstance which again reminded me of the Grand Hôtel, on the Boulevard des Capucines, the carriage entrance to which is so ingeniously on a level with the side-walk that you risk being run over by an omnibus laden with heavy luggage while you are tranquilly crossing from the shop where the French Government retail at extravagant prices the worst Havana cigars to be found in Europe.

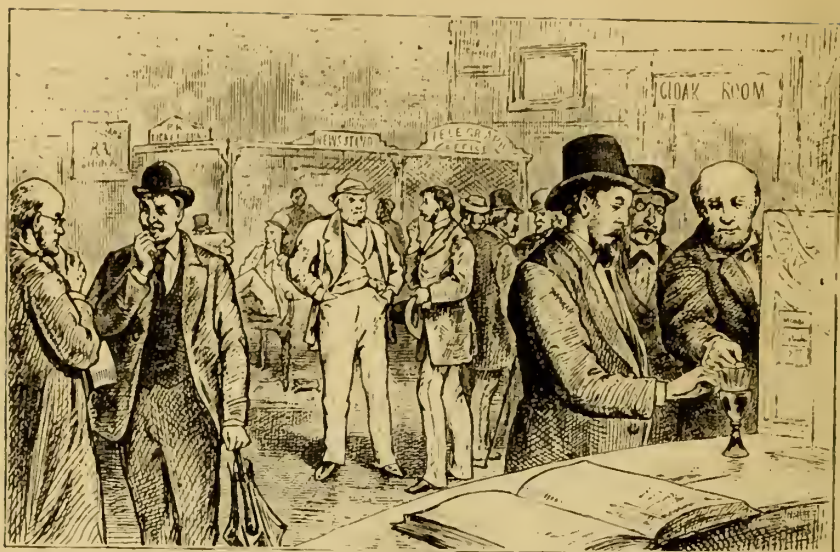
But there the resemblance between the Continental and the Grand Hôtel ends. The Philadelphian caravanseraï has no glass-roofed courtyard into which carriages drive, and on the *perron* of which the ladies sit *en grande toilette* when the table d’hôte is over. Not a female form was to be seen in the roaring lower halls of the Continental ; and the absence of the fair sex from the business section of an hotel constitutes a peculiar feature in purely American hotel life. The Americans entertain so great—and I believe so sincere—an admiration and a reverence for Woman that they shrink from exposing her to the



possible contact of rough male humans, endowed with uncourtly manners, using occasionally uncourtly language, and in particular given to the consumption at all times of tobacco. The American ladies abhor, as a rule, the Indian weed; and cigar smoke is in particular distressing to them. The other day a lady in New York, who had inadvertently entered a tramway car set apart for smokers, was so justifiably incensed by the conduct of a male passenger who persisted in smoking—in a smoking car—that she beat him violently about the head with her muff; and the more refined portion of the New York press has been affected almost to tears by the ungallant conduct of the persistent smoker in prosecuting the muff-wielding lady for assault. We in England are singularly impolite in this respect; and it would be beneficial to the cause of chivalry, perhaps, if we remembered the Virginian dictum, that “a smoking car ceases to be a smoking car when once a lady has entered it.”

Thus, to obviate the occurrence of such disagreeable incidents as muff-fights in public resorts, where the guests are numerous and miscellaneous in their habits and their social status, the thoughtful courtesy of American hotel-keepers has led them to provide elegant side-entrances for the sex to whom they pay such well-deserved homage. A lady travelling in the States is not called upon to undergo the trying ordeal of passing through a tumultuous hall filled with men smoking as fiercely as Stromboli, and talking about the price of grain and New York Central.\* The carriage which brings her from the Erie depôt lands her at a private door in a side street. She ascends a handsomely carpeted staircase; courteous attendants communicate her arrival to the clerks below, secure a room, and bring her a key; and, according to the floor on which she is to be domiciled, the “lift” conveys the lady to the Earthly Paradise at so many dollars per diem which is her sphere.

\* There is a notable exception to this rule at the splendid St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, where long processions of ladies habitually traverse the central hall of the hotel before and after meal times; *and they seem to like it.*

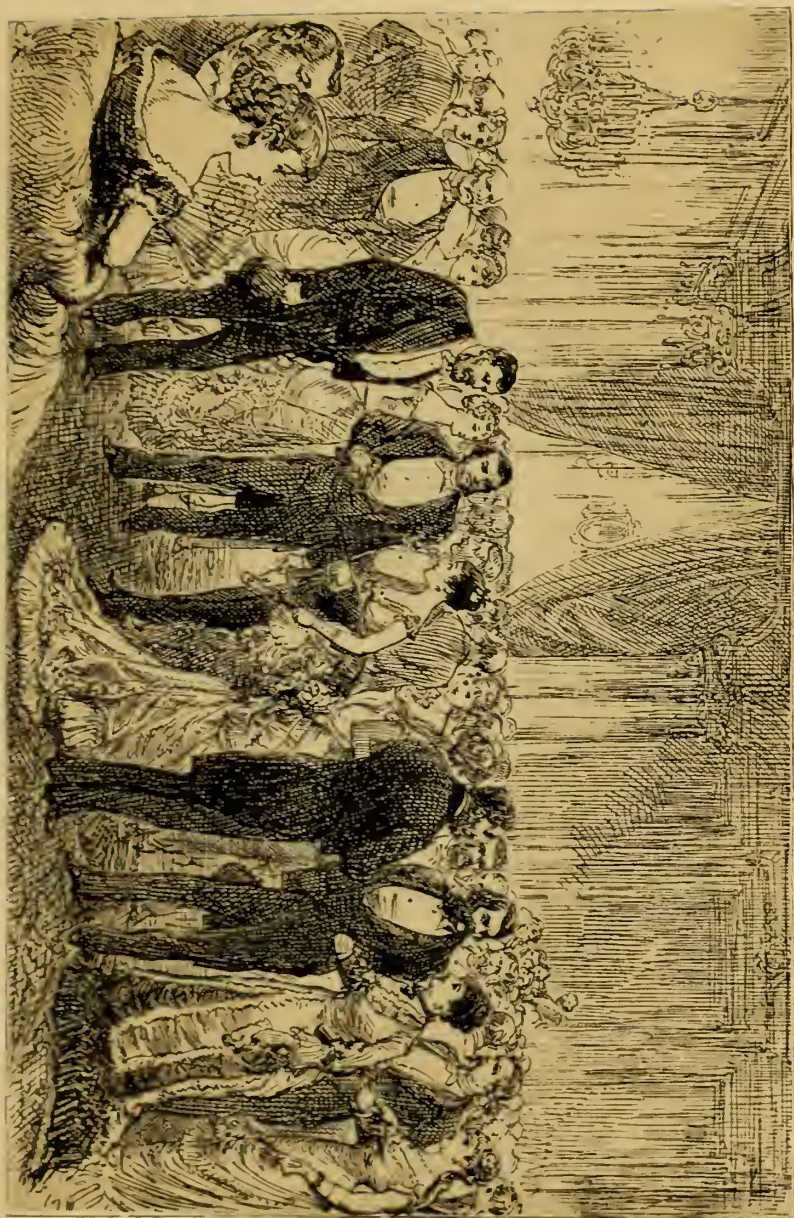


HALL OF AN AMERICAN HOTEL.

Meanwhile the ears of the groundlings below are split by a tornado of tempestuous talk. The *propos des buveurs* in Rabelais, the *tohu-bohu* of the Paris Bourse in full blast of Mammon yell, and Aldridge's yard on a Saturday afternoon, would be as Quakers' meetings in point of noise compared with the halls of the Continental. I managed to elbow my way through the chaotic throng to the clerk's counter, and found a pile of letters and telegrams waiting for me. I was handed my key, and was kindly told that I was bound to dine with Mr. Childs, and that I must "hurry up" to do it. Hurry up! Mr. Childs kept telling me to hurry up every ten minutes in hastily pencilled messages, brought by almost breathless couriers. But how was one to hurry up when one had no luggage and no wedding garment?

A very quiet, mild, unobtrusive-looking gentleman advanced and accosted me. He sympathised with my sorrows; he said—which was simply the truth—that accidents happened every day, and that they could not be helped; and he offered to assist me in any manner practicable under the circumstances. To





SOCIÉTÉ GIVEN BY MR. G. W. CHILDS IN HONOUR OF GENERAL GRANT.





whom, I asked, was I indebted for such prompt and unsolicited politeness? The mild and unobtrusive-looking gentleman made answer that he was the proprietor of the Continental Hotel. The proprietor of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia? The Admiral commanding Noah's Ark, the Landlord of the Mammoth Cave, the "Boss" of the Tower of Babel and the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, rather. Why was he not one hundred and twenty feet high, at the very least? Why did he not have a guard of halberdiers, or of Varangian cross-bowmen? Why was he not accompanied by a Grand Vizier, a Kislár Aga, a Sheikh-ul-Islam, and several Bimbashis? I declare that the salaried manager of a second-rate hotel at a third-rate English watering place would have given himself more airs than did this Lord of a Thousand Bed rooms—this monarch of an Immeasurable Table d'Hôte.

We refreshed ourselves amply but cheerlessly enough in our own apartments that evening, thinking of the vanished dinner at Mr. Childs'; but on the morrow, both at breakfast and dinner, I tried the Immeasurable Table d'Hôte. I have seen nothing like it in Europe, in Asia, or in Africa, to say nothing of England, which is a country *sui generis*, and one which differs in its dining, as well as its other social arrangements, from the rest of the world. There are two immense refectories on the first floor of the Continental Hotel. "Full board" is charged so many dollars a day. I am not, in this particular case, qualified to say how many: seeing that, in our own individual case, "the hospitalities of the City of Philadelphia," as privately supervised by Mr. G. W. Childs, were conducted on the old Spanish principle of "Esta pagado, Señor." How often, in bygone days, have I received that pleasing information from the *muchacho*, or waiter, in the Dominica at Havana! A courteous Cuban had entered, espied you, seen that you were a stranger and a pilgrim, paid for your ices or other refreshments, and vanished without making himself known to you.

During our sojourn at the Continental I did not, with the

exception of a few fees to servants, who made no sign of expecting to be fee'd, pay a cent to anybody. For whatever the tariff at the Continental may be you are entitled to consume five ample meals in the course of every four-and-twenty hours—breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and supper. The Continental would surely have tried the fortitude of Bernard Kavanagh, the Fasting Man; nor, without thinking twice, should I like to turn a Trappist, or even a vegetarian, loose in these halls, since all

the meals, I am given to understand, include flesh meat. I will speak, however, only of the repasts with which I became personally acquainted—breakfast and dinner. For the first-named collation, which is served from six in the morning—for the convenience of passengers by early trains—until ten or eleven, there

is a bill of fare comprising such dishes as boiled, fried, poached, "dropped," and scrambled eggs, omelettes in every style, fried, stewed, and roasted oysters, hashed codfish with cream, fish-balls



INDIAN CORN





dried and smoked salmon and herrings, salt mackerel, fresh fish in season, mutton chops, beefsteaks, pork cutlets, sausages, ham, bacon, cold meat, chicken, tea, coffee, and chocolate, a variety of fancy bread, including "waffles," muffins, and those buckwheat cakes so inexpressibly dear to those who are venturesome enough to eat them without thinking of the imminent perils of dissolution through indigestion, and, to crown all, a copious dessert—remember, we were in mid-December—of apples, Californian pears, oranges, fresh Malaga grapes, and bananas.

There is no limit whatsoever as to quantity. You may order as many dishes as you please. For dinner, which was served from two until five and from five until seven p.m., the *menu* is more varied. At least half a dozen varieties of soup, the same of fish, turkey with chestnut or with cranberry sauce, salmis of chicken and game, beef, mutton, veal and pork, roasted or fried, three or four kinds of wild fowl, a wilderness of vegetables, including, in addition to our ordinary English esculents, sweet potatoes, fried bananas, "succotash," "squash," Lima beans, oyster plant, egg plant, preserved corn, and stewed celery, plenty of salad, and a dessert even more abundant than that which you enjoyed at breakfast. I noticed that the almost exclusive beverage partaken of at dinner was iced water. Symptoms of beer or of wine were almost altogether wanting; and, whatever may be the modes and whatever the times of the Americans sacrificing to Bacchus, it is certainly not at their meals that they seek to propitiate the rosy god.

The simultaneous feeding of hundreds of guests in an hotel so vast as the Continental is not altogether devoid of drawbacks; and, seeing that these drawbacks are complained of quite as bitterly by Americans as by foreigners, they may, I hope, without offence, be slightly glanced at here. Against the quality of the food, be it animal or vegetable, there is not one word to say. Touching the manner in which that food is cooked, I will not say that it equals the *cuisine* of Delmonico, of the Café Anglais, or

of a London Pall-mall club; still, an American hotel dinner comprises an immensely greater variety of dishes than an English hotel dinner does, and in the way of sauces and seasoning the American *chefs* are a long way ahead of their British brethren; but the temperature of the dishes which are brought to you—not consecutively, but *en masse*—is uniformly tepid. The art of



serving a dinner in courses seems to be utterly ignored, and dish covers to be utterly unknown. You order a heterogeneous assortment of viands, and the waiter brings them to you in a series of little oval dishes—which he carries, by means of some indiscriminate dexterity of muscle, on one arm—and he “dumps” down the dishes before you to pick your way through the wilderness of esculents as best you may.

This system would seem to afflict not only public but private dinner tables, and is beginning to be denounced by the Americans themselves—at least, so I am entitled to opine from the following significant passage in the *New York Tribune*: “The time is fast coming when the ‘medley dinner,’ will be a thing of the past. By the ‘medley dinner’ you are to understand a meal served in one course. It is all summed up in the remark which some people will no doubt remember having heard made by a kindly old-fashioned hostess, ‘You see your dinner.’ And a bountiful table it probably was, with a good dinner utterly ruined for lack of a little judgment in serving. Soup, a chicken pie, a dish of pork and beans, a roast, four or five vegetables, pickles, preserves, pastry, pies and fruit, are all crowded together, leaving little room for your own plate, and none for your appetite. It is a common saying of housekeepers that it is all very well for French people to serve their dinners in courses, their servants are used to it, know how to do it, and do not rebel; but that you cannot train a green Irish girl for instance—and most American housekeepers are subject to that kind of aid in their kitchens—to serve a dinner, nicely, in courses. Now the result of actual experience is that either a green Irish girl or a clever American girl can be taught to serve a dinner in the best style, and learn to appreciate the fact that it is on the whole the most convenient and least perplexing manner in which any meal can be served.” Thus far that eminently serious and practical authority, the *New York Tribune*; and the reform which it advocates could probably be carried out without much difficulty at private and middle-class American dinner tables. \*

The affluent and refined classes dine, it is almost needless to say, precisely as people dine in Europe, and in many particulars,

\* While on the subject of dinners and dining, in the States, I may take the opportunity of mentioning that Schools of Cookery for young ladies are becoming prevalent in the principal cities of the Union. At many of these establishments, the half-dozen members of the highest class, which includes married as well as unmarried ladies, enjoy the privilege on stated occasions, of each inviting a gentleman to partake with them of the dinner which they have previously prepared. The



notably as regards oysters, a great deal better than we do in Europe ; but I gravely doubt the practicability of serving a great



AN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF COOKERY FOR LADIES.

guests not infrequently however, make their appearance long before the appointed time, and finding their way into the kitchen, occupy themselves in passing approving judgments on the soups and sauces beforehand.

hotel dinner to two or three hundred guests at a time in duly following courses. The utmost that the waiters seem to be able to do is to bring your soup and your ice cream—I omitted the ice cream in my list of dishes—separately : and the soup is often as cold as the ice-cream is warm. In the first place, the distance, as Charles Dickens put it in the memorable case of “A Little Dinner in an Hour,” is far too great between the kitchen and the tables. In the next place the bill of fare is, to my mind, far too varied. Be it generosity, or be it a desire to appear “splendiferous” and outshine all rival hotels, the Transatlantic caterer seems to offer his guests the choice of at least twenty more different preparations of food than they actually require. As it is, there is a superabundance of everything ; and superabundance is apt to beget satiety. After all, the minds of mankind are more various than their appetites. There are certain edible things which some people like and others dislike ; but strike an average all round, and the number of generally accepted eatables will not, I apprehend, be found to be very numerous.

The American bill of fare, as it at present stands, reads as though it were designed to meet the antagonistic tastes of a motley assemblage of Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, and Chinamen, and an infinite variety of Hindoo castes, all pertinaciously declining to eat what other castes eat. The result in my own case has sometimes been comparative starvation in the midst of plenty ; for I have found so many good things offered to me in print that I have not known what to order, and have found myself at last dining on some lukewarm soup, a boiled onion, a couple of pig’s feet fried, and a vanille ice. Surely in colossal hotels of the Continental calibre it would be feasible to provide what is known as a *dîner du jour*—a bill of fare of moderate dimensions, comprising, say, a couple of soups, four or six *entrées*, a couple of roasts, with vegetables, sweets, and dessert in proportion.

As regards the service at the gigantic hotel, there is no cause whatsoever for grumbling. At the Continental the table

d'hôte waiters are all either negroes or mulattoes ; they are scrupulously attentive and polite, and need only the encouragement of a smile and a cheery word to be effusively kind. I do not think that they are so from a mercenary point of view. You may "tip" an obliging servant if you like ; but your omission to "tip" him makes him neither sullen, impertinent, nor inattentive. Down stairs the "help" is all done by white men. The luggage porters are usually brawny Irishmen, willing and good-humoured fellows. The luggage "lift" brings your trunks to your floor noiselessly and expeditiously, and in a surprisingly short space of time strong-armed *facchini* bear the heaviest coffers into your room and unstrap them, ready for opening. Nor have you the slightest trouble about your luggage when you depart. In the same block with the hotel there is an office where you may buy railway tickets and Pullman coupons to any part of the Union. Then and there your luggage will be checked, and the brass counterfoils handed to you.

Anything that can possibly be done to reduce personal inconvenience to a minimum has been done in the colossal American hotel. If the weather be inclement, or yourself sick or infirm or lazy, there is no necessity for you to quit the hospitable roof of the Continental for a whole month together. Plenty of walking exercise may be obtained by a lady in perambulating the softly carpeted corridors. There are suites upon suites of luxuriously furnished drawing rooms in which visitors can be received, and where grand pianofortes are to be found. There are reading rooms, and there are boudoirs. Downstairs there is a monster bar, should you need the refreshment of occasional cocktails, and where you can smoke, and "loaf," and learn by electric "tape" the last quotations from Wall-street and the Grain Exchange. Rocking chairs are scattered about, inviting the meditative and the idle to take their "kef," as the Muslims phrase it.

Should you wish to be shaved, or to have your hair cut, you will find a superb tonsorial establishment attached to the hotel.





THE COLONNADE OF A LARGE AMERICAN HOTEL.



Do you need a cigar, tobacco in every form is to be obtained in the hall. Do you want to read, there is an inexhaustible store of newspapers and periodicals for sale. There is a telegraph office, whence you may despatch messages to the uttermost ends of the earth. There are places where you can purchase postage stamps, and mail your letters; and, should the day be a rainy one, and you feel inclined to sally forth to see how things are looking in Chestnut-street, you will find always within the halls of the Continental a modest bureau where umbrellas are lent on hire for five-and-twenty cents a day. I wonder if they lend evening dress clothes at that bureau. If such was the fact, I might have hired a "claw-hammer" coat in which to attend that never-to-be-sufficiently-regretted dinner.







### XIII.

#### CHRISTMASTIDE AND THE NEW YEAR.

New York, *January 2.*

"SHUT, shut the door, good John—I mean Jerry.—I pay no visits and I receive none," I sternly said, on the morning of the First day of January, 1880. I am thoroughly conscious that by omitting to make the customary New Year's calls on the ladies with whom I have the honour to be acquainted I subject myself for the remainder of the twelve months which are





A NEW YORK DRINKING BAR.



just now beginning to run their course to the very direst infliction of social ostracism. Never mind social ostracism. Major Pendennis asked his nephew Arthur, after the latter had been plucked at Cambridge, whether "it"—meaning the plucking—had "hurt him much." I have a strong idea that to be ostracised, under certain circumstances, does not break any bones, and that, with a healthy, sanguine temperament, and the *mens conscia recti* under your waistcoat, you may in time recover from any amount of "ostrafication." Besides, what would my personal call or my humble visiting card have been among so many? A mere drop of water in an ocean of politeness.

Thus did I meditate on New Year's Day, as I resolved to sit at home and write about Christmas and the New Year instead of arraying myself in mourning weeds and a white cravat and hiring a coupé at a dollar an hour, making calls and dropping cards at the residence of persons, half of whom might languidly wonder at my impudence in calling, while the other half would be totally indifferent as to whether I did not put in an appearance at their elegant mansions. There are other reasons, too, which might impel sensible people to stay at home on the first day of the year in New York. In the most conspicuous portion of the *Herald* this morning, between the important announcement that Mr. Secretary Sherman wishes to purchase more U.S. Bonds for the Sinking Fund and a magisterial leading article on the arrival per steamship *Scythia* of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., I read this portentous announcement:—"A man who would canvass the city to-day with headache cures and temperance pledges could do a lively business in both." Coupling this significant hint with sundry appalling yells and shrieks which I heard in the dead of last night, I am inclined to think that in some quarters the festivities of the New Year failed to terminate in a manner which would have met with the entire approval of the United Kingdom Alliance or the Church of England Temperance Society.

I notice that, in a recent speech at Rochdale, England, Mr. Thomas Bayley Potter testified to the pleasing fact that



ONE WHO IS IN FAVOUR OF ABOLISHING THE WHISKEY TAX.

during the whole of his stay in the United States he had only seen four drunken men; and in more than one of my own letters I have been enabled to bear humble witness to the undeniable and the steadily progressing growth of habits of sobriety among the American people. At the same time it must be borne in mind that Christmas comes but once a year; and that pleasant truism applies with equal force to New Year's

Day. It may be that we in England are apt to indulge slightly to excess in the good things—or the unwholesome things—of life at Christmastide. The New Yorkers begin their convivialities a little later; but they certainly display much alacrity in making up for lost time. For example, a most delicious "scrimmage" took place on New Year's Night, or rather in the small hours of the present morning, between a squad of police belonging to the Eighteenth Precinct and a mob of about

fifty roughs, in East Twenty-third-street, between First and Second Avenues. Officer Hogan found the mob, "all of whom had partaken freely of liquor," surrounding one Mr. Daniel Sullivan, who was using "boisterous language" towards a fellow-countryman from the Green Isle of Peace and Parnell. Threatened with arrest if he did not cease from cursing, Mr. Sullivan showed fight, and, expressing an opinion that the whole police force of New York were not strong enough to "take him in," closed with the officer, and knocked him down. The New York constabulary have, apparently, no rattles to spring. Their way of summoning assistance is to strike their clubs on the pavement; and in answer to this signal three additional policemen appeared on the scene of the *rix*e.

But these reinforcements were insufficient. The mob got the entire mastery; and Mr. Sullivan was rescued by a select circle of friends, who dragged him into the hall of a house and locked the door. Officer Hogan, however, determined not to be balked of his prey, set his stalwart foot against the street door and burst it open. He "went for" Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Sullivan for him, while the three other policemen did their best to keep the crowd of roughs at bay with clubs and levelled revolvers. Eventually police reserves arrived from the station-house; and Mr. Sullivan was overpowered and removed to strong lodgings for the night. A like fate befell Mr. Francis Callaghan, a compatriot of the captive, who strove to raise another riot, but was promptly arrested: his head being cut open by a terrible blow from a police club. The police did their best to take others of the more conspicuous roughs into custody; but they only succeeded in capturing Messrs. Sullivan and Callaghan, who, it is to be feared, will be debarred from taking part in the grand Parnell demonstration at the Madison-square garden next Sunday evening. Their absence will be mourned by their oppressed country, if by nobody else. As for officer Hogan, he emerged from the fray triumphant, but minus his hat, and very badly bruised all over his valiant body.



It may be noted here that the *personnel* of the New York police force are specially selected for their size and courage, and



that physically the New York policeman (pronounce the first syllable long) combines the aspect of an English Life Guardsman with one of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's draymen. His salary might, at the first blush, seem to us a splendid one. It is a thousand dollars, or two hundred pounds a year; but this stipend is subject to considerable reductions by the "assessments" made on the policeman by the committees of the political organisation of which he may happen to be a member, in aid of the funds necessary to provide banners, brass bands, and other "regalia," for torch-light processions, mass-meetings, and other party manifestations inseparable from the life of a democratic community. These assessments, together with other incidental surcharges of

a public and private nature, are so heavy that the net income of a New York constable cannot be estimated at more than six



ONE OF THE BROADWAY SQUAD.

hundred dollars a year—say two pounds ten shillings a week. His life is an exceptionally arduous one; and he has to cope with

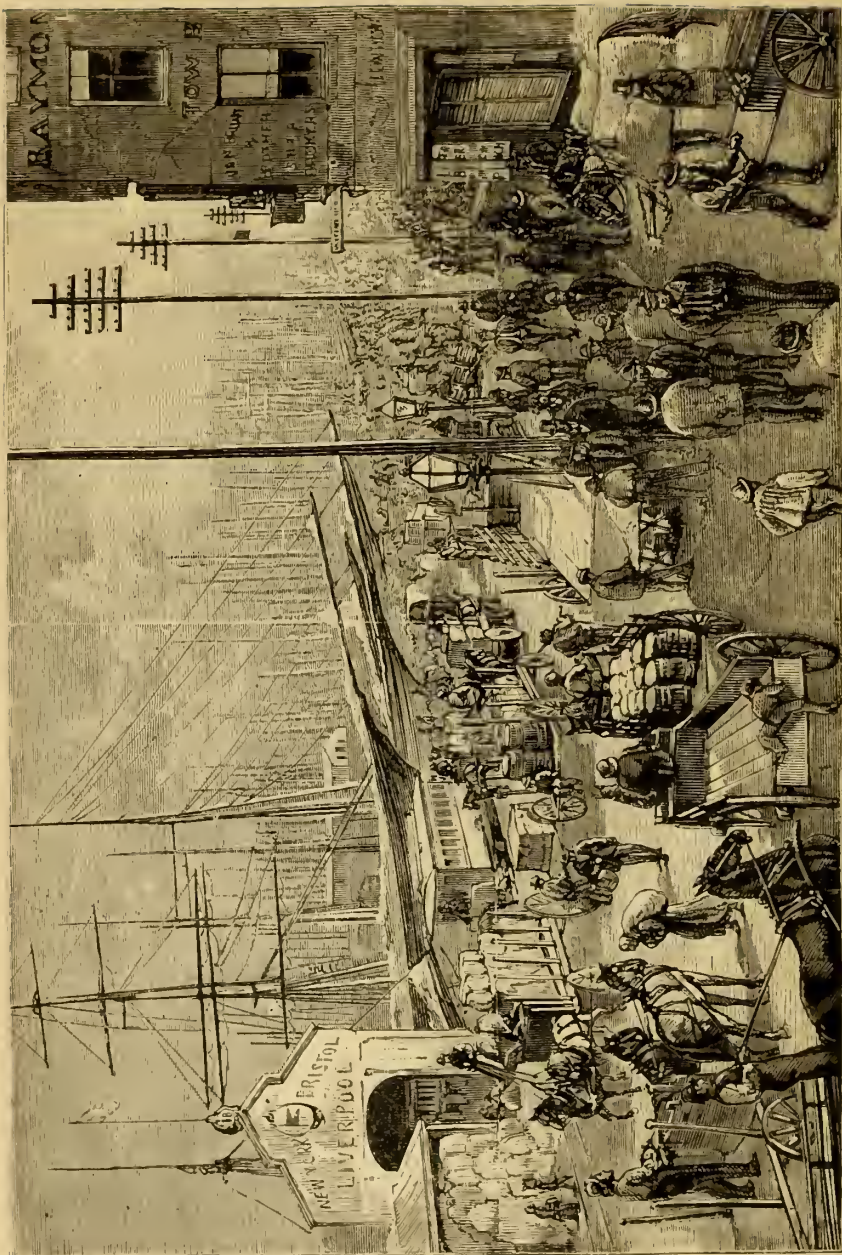
some of the most amazing ruffians that the whole world of ruffiandom probably could furnish.

Yet officer Hogan, who may himself be fairly assumed to be of Hibernian extraction, did not, it may be, pass through the trying scenes of the "scrimmage" of New Year's Night without a certain sense of enjoyment. It was a brawl wholly devoid of bad blood. Pray observe that not a single knife was drawn, and that, although the police presented their revolvers, they did not use those weapons; while on the part of the mob not a single shot was fired. Indeed "firing free," as the indiscriminate use of the six-shooter used to be called in my time, seems to be going rapidly out of fashion in New York—about the other States I am not yet qualified in this regard to judge—and a certain family of roughs named Scannell, who have long been notorious for their fondness for putting bullets on slight provocation through other people's bodies, and the last surviving member of which, Mr. Edward P. Scannell, is now in the Tombs for pistolling a casual acquaintance in the back room of a groggery, have come to be regarded as quite an abnormal and monstrous race, whom it is expedient sternly to stamp out and abrogate. The "scrimmage" of New Year's Night was just a fleeting survival of Donnybrook Fair, when the irrepressible Pat capered about at random, waving his sprig of shillelagh over his own head, and feeling for other people's heads which might be palpable to touch beneath the canvas of the tents. When he came upon a cranium suitable to his taste he whirled his trusty bit of blackthorn in the air and swiftly cracked the invisible pate.

Not by any means, however, is it to be supposed that "scrimmages" are the only social observances which take place in New York in honour of the New Year. Goodness knows that we have enough and to spare of riotous disturbances in the neighbourhood of every one of our own London dramshops at Christmastide; and, indeed, my principal object in mentioning the brawl in East Twenty-third-street was to show that many of the more revolting features of an English brawl, such as kicking,







THE EAST RIVER WHARVES, NEAR BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.

biting, and jumping on the prostrate forms of the guardians of law and order, were absent from the New York riot. Meanwhile, not so many blocks westward, fashionable society was gaily supping at the magnificent restaurants that surround Madison-square. In New York the Tarpeian Rock is uncommonly close to the Capitol, and the Gemonian Steps are within a stone's-throw of the Golden House of Nero. Fifth-avenue is probably the handsomest street in the whole civilised world, taking it in the sense of comprising in its prodigious length more structural splendour and richness of internal decoration, and representing a larger amount of wealth, than are to be found in any thoroughfare in any European capital; but Fifth-avenue is intersected throughout its length by streets at right angles, which terminate to the eastward in a Wapping, and to the westward in a Wapping and a Whitechapel combined. To that complexion of the lowest waterside life you must come at last if you walk long enough. But the Americans are not a walking people. Carriages, horse cars, and the trains of the Elevated Railway carry them swiftly through or over the unlovely portions of their Empire City; and they hasten to forget its unloveliness, contiguous as squalor is to the very doors of their brown-stone houses with marble façades.

It was only of the handsome houses that I took note yesterday, for, as I have already mentioned, I did not leave the house until late in the evening; but the window of my sitting room overlooks Fifth-avenue, close to Washington-square; and from north to south I could enjoy a lordly sweep of vista of many-storied mansions inhabited by the magnates of society of Manhattan. I called on nobody myself; but I watched the arrival and departure, from noon until sunset, of numerous contingents of the great army of "callers." I had previously derived much edification from the study of a code of New Year's etiquette recently promulgated and made public by some occult but doubtless potent arbiters of fashionable society in this city. In this code (scarcely inferior as it is to the Blue Laws of Connecticut in rigor-



ous explicitness), I read that the hours designated by the *beau monde* for the reception of visitors on the First of January are from noon to ten p.m. Cards of invitation are sent to gentlemen. No visitors are admitted without a card. If the ladies are in full dress, the house is lighted up as for an evening



NEW YEAR'S DAY.—“DOESN'T HE THINK HE LOOKS NICE?”

reception. Callers should not remain longer than ten or fifteen minutes. Directly after the interchange of sentiment suitable for the day, the servant offers refreshments. If the room be crowded when the visit is concluded, a formal leave of the



A LADIES' FAVOURITE.



hostess is not necessary. Gentlemen who are not able to call send their visiting card enclosed in an envelope. Gentlemen who call, but do not enter the house, send in their cards with the right-hand upper corner folded down, which indicates that the gentleman has presented the card in person. Gentlemen should visit in full evening costume, and leave overcoat, hat, and card in the hall before entering the parlour. Refreshments may be very elaborate or quite simple; or there may even be no refreshments at all. The majority of ladies do not approve of offering wine to their visitors on this day, and prefer coffee, *bouillon*, and chocolate instead.

Thus far the code. I am bound to say that its enactments did not meet, when published, with general acceptance, and that in many quarters it was denounced as so much "hide-bound snobbishness" and "poppycock display." What "poppycock" may be I do not know; but the word is certainly a forcibly expressive one. On the other hand, it was rumoured that certain of the most socially influential of the New York clubs had issued a fiat strictly prohibiting the assumption on New Year's Day of evening costume by morning or afternoon callers. There is a kind of crusade going on against that sable garb of custom which we term the swallow-tail, but which, from its caudal bisection, is more appropriately designated by Americans the "claw-hammer" or "steel-pen" coat. It was resolutely repudiated yesterday in Philadelphia by gentlemen callers, but in New York, so far as my personal observation extended, sumptuary conservatism prevailed, and the "war paint" worn was of the orthodox undertaker's tint and waiter's cut. The white necktie was *de rigueur*, the which, combined with the asperity of the weather—it was fine overhead, but desperately frosty beneath and slippery on the side walks—and the fact that from my window I could perceive group after group of dandies in evening dress removing their goloshes or being disrobed by sable servitors of their fur-lined great coats and sealskin caps in the halls of the mansions where they were visiting, gave to



Fifth-avenue an aspect curiously suggestive of the aspect of some fashionable street in St. Petersburg—say the Great Morskaia. The resemblance was materially aided by the plenitude of claw-hammer coats and white cravats. The Russians are, I should say, the only people beside the Americans who pay morning visits in evening dress.

I did not notice any blinds drawn down, nor any symptoms of lighting up in the mansions visible to me over the way; but you must remember that Washington-square and Clinton-place, at the corner of which last is the Brevoort House, which were “up town” when I first came here, are as much “down town” as Long’s Hotel, Old Bond-street, is now “down town” in London, in comparison with one of the grand new fashionable hotels at South Kensington. Perhaps fashionable New York yesterday began to draw



NEW YEAR'S DAY:—THE MORNING TOILETTE.



THE FINISHING TOUCH.

down its blinds and to light up about the vicinity of Gramercy Park, which is about midway between "up" and "down" town, and so continued to be artificially nocturnal to far beyond the new and astoundingly palatial Windsor Hotel.



THE FIRST CALLER.



THE HOSTESS.

the New York press. I never made but one round of New Year's Day visits in New York. That was on the First of

January, 1863. I was young in the land, and did not know very many families. I hired a two-horse vehicle, closely resembling a hackney coach, which cost me six dollars; but, ah me! gold was then at a hundred premium, and six dollars meant, not twenty-four, but only twelve shillings — and I



FLORAL OFFERINGS.

made, if I remember aright, about five-and-twenty calls. It was hard work—desperately hard work. The snow lay deep in the roadway, and where it had been scraped away from the side-walk a fearful slipperiness prevailed. The high “stoops” before the houses were also glacially glassy as to surface. The house doors were mainly on the swing. You needed no card of invitation. You were received in the hall by an affable negro man in a striped jacket. You grinned patronisingly. He grinned with an ex-



A QUIET FLIRTATION.



AN UNLOOKED FOR VISITOR FROM TEXAS.



THE IRREPRESSIBLE POET.



pression in which obsequiousness and patronage were mingled: for the sable child of Africa has his own notions of etiquette,



THE ITALIAN COUNT.

quiringly, "I've never heerd on 'em before.

If the sable servitor in the striped jacket was



A TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

and they are rigorous. A lady in Washington lately told me that, happening to mention incidentally to her mulatto serving maid the name of some family of Senatorial rank, the coffee-coloured damsel, after cogitating for a moment, remarked in-

*Do we visit 'um?"*

pleasantly satisfied that you visited him as well as his employers, he speedily inducted you into a handsome parlour, where the lady of the house, surrounded by other ladies, of every nuance of youth and grace, sat perpetually bowing, smiling, and shaking hands.

You bowed and you

smiled. The room was full of gentlemen bowing and smiling. Negro attendants, smiling, flittered around with silver trays laden with sandwiches, plum cake, and rare wines; and in the

dim distance of the extensive parlour there were visions of oysters and cold turkey and ham. I will not be certain whether there was pumpkin pie or not; but most assuredly there were cut glass decanters containing the whiskey of Bourbon the Festive and the cognac of Gaul the Vivacious.

So you went from house to house, all through the live long day, bowing and smiling, and being bowed and smiled at, until there was some danger, when the shades of night had fallen on Manhattan, of your bowing to one of the slippery steps of a "stoop"—bowing with your nose and not getting up again—or of your smiling in the open fire grate, with your head in the coal-scuttle, whence you emitted cordial but scarcely articulate aspirations for a happy New Year to all and sundry. This was the old-fashioned or Knickerbocker mode of keeping New Year's Day; and during the last few years a reaction has set in against the convivial custom. The coffee, chocolate, and *bouillon* system is naturally strongly favoured by advocates of total abstinence, and by not a few hospitable but not over-affluent persons, to whom the heavy price of foreign wines must be a serious consideration; while the really stingy section—a very small one, for the Americans are the least stingy people in the world—pin their faith to the maxim of "No refreshments at all on New Year's Day." I cannot help fancying, nevertheless, that the old and time-honoured Knickerbocker fashion had, in the main, the best of it yesterday.





SELECTING A BANJO.

#### XIV.

#### ON TO RICHMOND.

Richmond, Virginia, *January 4.*

LONG, long ago—not precisely “ere heaving bellows learned to blow, and organs yet were mute”—but really a good many years since, when the voice of the banjo was young in the land, and Mr. Pell, the “Original Bones,”\* was only just beginning

\* Pell, Harrington, White, Stanwood, and Gormon, were the original quintett of “Ethiopian Serenaders” who appeared at the St. James’s theatre, London, in 1846-7. For years before that period, however, Mr. T. D. Rice had “jumped Jim Crow” with immense success in the British metropolis; and in the interval between his departure and the coming of Pell and his brethren, several isolated “burnt-cork minstrels” (one, I remember, in particular named Sweeny, who played the banjo at the Princess’s about 1843) visited London.



to instruct the small boys of England in the art of making a novel and diabolical street noise—in the days when we first eagerly listened to the lyrics which told of the joys and sorrows of Lucy Neale; of the delights of going “Ober de Mountain;” of the cheery life of the Boatmen “Sailin’ down de ribber on de Ohio;” which so pathetically deplored the decrepitude of “Uncle Ned,” and so piously expressed the aspiration that “he was Gone where de Good Niggers Go;” which ecstasically proclaimed the culmination of “a Gittin’ up Stairs and a Playin’ on de Fiddle;” which passionately implored the Buffalo Gals to Come out and “Dance by de Light ob de Moon,” while they sternly warned the too impetuous “Mr. Coon” that he was all too Soon, seeing that “de Gals dey won’t be ready till To-morrow Afternoon,” and which, finally, cautiously inquiring “Who’s dat Knock-in’ at de Door?” derisively added that there was no entrance for him who knocked, seeing that his hair did not curl:—In that remote epoch of primitive “Ethiopian” serenading, I remember to have heard a simple strophe reciting how

A way down South  
A Nigger in the water  
Was standin’ in a millpond  
Longer than he oughter.



OLD DAN TUCKER.

Full five-and-thirty years had I been waiting to see that nigger

standing in that millpond. I saw him in all his glory and all his grimy wretchedness at Guinneys, in the State of Virginia, the day before yesterday.

But I must tell how I came to Guinneys, on my way from New York to Richmond. I own that for some days past the potential African "standin' in de millpond longer than he oughter" had been lying somewhat heavily on my conscience. My acquaintance with our dark brother since I arrived in this country has not only been necessarily limited, but scarcely of a nature to give me any practical insight into his real condition since he has been a Free Man—free to work or to starve; free to become a good citizen or to go to the Devil, as he has gone mundanely speaking in Hayti and elsewhere. Coloured folks are few and far between in New York; and they have never, as a rule, been slaves, and are not even, generally, of servile extraction. In Philadelphia they are much more numerous.



Many of the mulatto waiters employed in the hotels are strikingly handsome men; and, on the whole, the sable sons of Pennsylvania struck me as being industrious, well dressed, prosperous, and a trifle haughty in their intercourse with white folks.

In Baltimore, where slavery existed until the promulgation of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, the coloured people are plentiful. I met a good many ragged, shiftless, and generally dejected negroes of

both sexes, who appeared to be just the kind of waifs and strays who would stand in a millpond longer than they ought

to in the event of there being any convenient millpond at hand; but the better-class "darkies" who had been domestic slaves in Baltimore families, seemed to retain all their own affectionate obsequiousness of manner—a kind of respectful familiarity that is only feasible between *seigneur* and *vilain*. There is an exquisite crystallisation of this feudal *entente cordiale* in La Fontaine's tale of "Le Baiser Rendu." On such terms were the Muscovite nobles and their serfs when I first went to Russia. Now all is changed in that respect. The emancipated *moujik* is usually a sulky fellow; and, when he dares, he is insolent. Again, in Washington, the black man and his congeners seemed to be doing remarkably well. I saw stalwart negro policemen doing duty in Pennsylvania Avenue; and at one of the quietest, most elegant, and most comfortable hostelrys in the Federal capital, Wormley's Hotel, I found the establishment conducted by the proprietor, Mr. Wormley, a coloured man, of gentle manners and great administrative abilities—many an Under-Secretary of State would break down over the task of "running" a first-rate American Hotel—all of whose employés, from the clerks in the office to the waiters and chambermaids, were coloured.



At Wormley's, perhaps, the negro and negroid were seen at their very best. They had been slaves, or were the children of slaves. I found all the coloured people with whom I came in contact not only invariably civil and obliging, but in many cases very bright and intelligent. Our chambermaid was quite a delightful old lady, and insisted, ere we left, that we should give



her a recipe for "a real old English Christmas plum pudding." I wrote her out the only recipe for the goodness of which I cared to vouch—seeing that it was my mother's—but when I came to the item "a wine glass and a half of the best brown brandy" I ventured to add, parenthetically, "taking care not to drink it yourself." Aunt Phœbe—suppose we call the ebon chambermaid Aunt and Phœbe—was immensely tickled by this piece of



A GUARDIAN ANGEL.



advice, and was frequently overheard, while intent on her domestic duties, to repeat, "Lorful sakes. Not drink 'um yourself! Takin' care not to drink 'um yourself! hee! hee! gorry."

But these were not the millpond folk of whom I was in quest. They were of the

South, as an Irishman in London is of Ireland, but not in it. I had a craving to see whether any of the social ashes



"TAKIN' CARE NOT TO DRINK 'UM YOURSELF! HEE! HEE! GORRY."

of slavery lived their wonted fires. A "way down South" was the real object of my mission; and in pursuit of that mission I came, on the Second of January, on to Richmond. The day following the festive First is known as Ladies' Day. On the Second the leaders of fashion, who have undergone so dire a martyrdom in sitting to receive male visitors throughout the First, have their "day out," and

make a round of visits to each other, mutually exchanging experiences, comparing notes, and ascertaining how many new and eligible additions, in the shape of British peers and baronets, silver-mine millionnaires and Wall-street quadrillionnaires, each lady has made to her visiting list. The British baronet is usually pretty plentifully "on hand." The British nobleman just at present is rather scarce in the market; and his absence is accounted for by his inability to obtain any rent from his starving tenantry, and consequent lack of funds to pay his passage money to New York. The Italian count is not in much request; and the German baron has too frequently been found "a fraud;" although Italian tenors and German pianistes are always sure of a hearty welcome, even if they do not happen to possess handles to their names. If there ever existed a people who have gone music mad that people are the Americans. Chickering and Steinway are Kings; and I should mention, if I omitted to do so before, that the march-past of the Philadelphian parade, in honour of General Grant, was enlivened by the strains of no less than one hundred and twenty brass bands, among whom German instrumentalists predominated. "When Music, heavenly Maid, was young," she only played "Yankee Doodle" upon a humble fife; but Mr. Gilmore's new national anthem, "Columbia," is performed to the strains of hundreds of instruments, and is sung by thousands of voices. This country is rapidly becoming the paradise of fiddlers.

Ladies' Day in New York was a drippingly wet one, and it was through a fine black sea of slush that our carriage had to flounder and splash, at half-past nine at night, on our way to the Jersey City ferry. I feel tolerably certain that the New Yorkers will not be very angry with me—nay, I cannot help feeling that they should be, on the contrary, grateful to a stranger—for hinting that the streets of the Empire City are, throughout the winter, in an inconceivably neglected and filthy condition. When a heavy fall of snow has occurred the servants belonging to each house sweep just so much snow as concerns them from



the side walk into the kennel, where it is allowed to accumulate in huge mounds. Meanwhile the authorities of all the horse-railroads hasten to strew the tramways with salt, which, mingling with the snow, produces a rich icy slush, and which can be warranted to permeate the stoutest boots and the thickest sock, endowing the wearer forthwith with all the gifts that catarrh can give or that bronchitis can bring.\* Our London omnibus companies know something about the art of salting the streets in snowy weather; but in New York the practice has been brought to a degree of perfection unknown in other capitals.

It is scarcely worth mentioning, perhaps, that street pickling has been explicitly prohibited by the Legislature of the State. There are so many things which are prohibited by the Legislature—cockfighting, for example, a sport which still goes merrily on—that the multiplicity of prohibitive statutes is haply too much for the popular memory. The ordinances, if any exist, touching the cleaning of the streets seem in particular to have slipped the recollection of those entrusted with the duty of looking after the “ædility” of the Empire City. The garbage-boxes or ash-barrels on the side-walks, in which receptacles the inhabitants deposit their household refuse, are still the same unsightly and unsavoury nuisances that I remember them to have been seventeen years ago; and in windy weather the miscellaneous contents of these “hopeless Pandoras” are distributed by the bounteous blast in unstinted profusion over the garments and into the eyes of passers-by. In winter, when a thaw takes place no combined efforts of any kind are made to cleanse the streets; and when a heavy black frost supervenes on the thaw—which, with unpleasant frequency, is the case, the winter in New York being subject to continual mutations—no systematic action is taken to clear the pavement from ice, much less to sand it.

\* Without, scarcely, the variation of a word, this brief description of municipal carelessness would apply to the scandalous condition of the streets of London during one whole fortnight of the Great Frost of January, 1881.

Of course it is whispered that the large sums of money which are periodically voted by the City Council for street cleansing purposes are not as a rule applied to the exact purposes which they were intended to serve. The consequence of not sanding or otherwise obviating the glossy slipperiness of the side walk, is that the pedestrian is perpetually performing involuntary "cellar-flaps" and unwelcome back sommersaults, ending in unprepared-for "break-downs," conducive, no doubt, to the delectation of the small boy who is passing, and of glee to the surgeon, to whom broken bones, in others, is as milk and honey, and somebody else's fractured skull a thing of great price, but which can be productive only of modified enjoyment to the person who wishes to perambulate the streets of a great and most interesting city without being tripped up by the treacherous ice or foot-soaked by the saline slush. It is, however, principally foreigners who are the victims of the horrible *incuria* which makes of every thoroughfare of New York either a Slough of Despond or a Via Dolorosa. The natives, wise in their generation, do not walk, save in the very finest of weather. Why not imitate the wisdom of the natives? Simply for this reason: that it is difficult, if not impossible, to study the manners and customs of the people of a gigantic metropolis by merely passing to and fro in or over their thoroughfares by means of tramway cars and Broadway stages.

The New Yorkers, it is but fair to observe, grumble much more bitterly about the state of their streets in winter time than I have ventured to do; but I rejoice to note that a turn to their complaints in this respect seems to be approaching, and that the winter of their discontent is to be made glorious summer by the sun of Captain Williams. This eminently energetic public functionary was formerly the captain bold of a police precinct in New York. He had but one failing—an excess of that zeal against which Talleyrand so strenuously warned youthful diplomatists. Captain Williams, being armed with his "locust" or truncheon, seemed to have deemed it to be his bounden duty to

smite everybody on the head—with the view of mending their morals, and never minding the injury which he inflicted on their heads and limbs. New York was to him one vast Crackskull Common, and he roamed about continually in quest of crania to crack. In fact, Captain Williams, in his conscientious but excessive zeal, “clubbed” so many people, the majority of whom had not deserved clubbing at all, that at length the popular wrath was excited, and the enthusiastic clubbist was indicted for assault. He was acquitted; but the Board of Police Commissioners, possibly thinking that Captain Williams had done enough for fame in the way of “caving in” the heads of the citizens of New York, removed him from the command of his police precinct, and appointed him an inspector of street cleaning. By the time that I return to the shores of Manhattan I hope to find the streets very clean, indeed.

The distance between New York and Richmond is certainly under four hundred miles, and in Great Britain an express train would have accomplished such a journey in less than eight hours. We made the run in thirteen hours and a half, which I consider to be, on the whole, very good time. Once for all I may observe that, for any practical purpose to be served thereby, it is quite idle to compare English with American rates of speed to the disparagement of the latter. Their railway system is a very different one from ours, and a good deal of time is often unavoidably lost in shunting from one line of railway to the other. Taken altogether, the arrangements leave little ground for complaint; and the improvements in transit and traffic which have taken place since I came here last are really wonderful. It used to be a standing ground of complaint against the constructors of the permanent way on American railways that they did not “fish their joints;” but this technical grievance has now been definitively abolished; and the almost universal introduction of steel rails has added much both to the safety of the trains and the comfort of those riding in them.

The only serious annoyance to which the traveller is sub-



jected on a lengthened journey is that arising from the frequent collection of tickets. The "conductor," or guard, seems to be always "at you." For example, between New York and Richmond I was asked to show my ticket, or rather to pay fragments of fare—for circumstances over which I had no control debarred me from booking right through—first at Jersey City, secondly at Philadelphia, thirdly at Baltimore, fourthly at Washington, and fifthly at Quantico, a little riverside station between Alexandria and Richmond. Dozing off into slumber, composing yourself to read, subsiding into meditation and the enjoyment of a cigar, it was all one. The inevitable conductor, a glaring lantern in his hand, ruthlessly woke you up, or implacably interposed between yourself and your cogitations, and demanded your ticket. This is not done with the slightest wish to cause annoyance to travellers, and is due only to some mysterious clearing-house exigencies. It may be that, in the course of such a journey as I undertook, between New York and Richmond, lines belonging to half-a-dozen different railways had to be travelled upon; and each company had its own conductor, who was bound to look after the interest of his employers by collecting the tickets, or the equivalent cash, from all passengers passing over that particular line. The result is not the less annoying, and it sometimes approaches the verge of the distracting; but there is much consolation in knowing that, come what may, you are not compelled to leave your Pullman car. The car in which I was a passenger was available for travelling in as far as Augusta, in Georgia—whither I am going presently—a distance of five hundred miles from Richmond.



BREAKFASTING AT WASHINGTON.

## XV.

### STILL ON TO RICHMOND.

Richmond, *January 6.*

MORE than once I have taken occasion to observe that the Pullman Parlour Car—commonly termed a “chair” car—is a decided boon to railway travellers in America. Equally beneficent are the arrangements which permit you to take luncheon or dinner on board the car. Touching the sleeping accommoda-

tion provided by the thoughtful Pullman, it has hitherto impressed me more from the point of view of its extreme ingenuity than from any amount of actual comfort which I have derived from it. I have not yet mastered the art of going to sleep in a sleeping car—I suppose that I shall acquire it after having travelled a few more thousands of miles;—but I have not the less regarded the process of converting a railway compartment into a dormitory as a highly amusing one. Indeed, the “tricks” and “transformations” through which the vehicle passes before you are entitled to sing—*sotto voce*, of course—“Bonsoir, Signor Pantalon,” are much more diverting than an ordinary “comic scene” in a Christmas pantomime: which last is, I take it, next to a public dinner, about the most wearisome entertainment conceivable.

We were half way between New York and Philadelphia when the negro attendant in the Atlanta car in which we were passengers began to “fix up tings for sleepin’.” First he divested himself of his jacket, and appeared in a blue-checked overshirt or guernsey, which gave him a curious resemblance to a theatrical scene-shifter. Then, at his leisure, he “prospected” the car, as though slightly uncertain as to what section he should first set about “fixing,” in a somniferous sense. Meanwhile he softly jingled a bunch of electro-silvered keys, and murmured to himself some bars of a little song. I tried, but unsuccessfully, to catch the words. What were they? Perhaps some snatch of a hymn familiar to him in his dusky childhood. Per-adventure,

When de brimstone's ladled out,  
O! O! de moanin';  
Den de white folks howl and shout,  
O! O! de groanin'.  
But de cullered folks sing out,  
“No more de moanin’.”

The “white folks” generally experience rather hot weather in Ethiopian hymnology. The negro attendant was full six feet in height, coal-black, shiny, and with a magnificent set of white



teeth. Do you remember the stalwart Ethiop who, apparelled in a gorgeous costume of scarlet and gold and a splendid turban, used to play the cymbals in the band of one of our Guard regiments? I remember when I was a small boy I used to gaze with particular awe and admiration on a very curious device in gold embroidered on what the Americans would euphemistically call the "hinder stonach" of the black cymbal-player's pantaloons. Many years afterwards an officer in one of the Guards' regiments told me that this golden glory was technically known as the "dickey-strap." The negro cymbalier and his "dickey-strap" have alike faded out of our service.

The Pullman bed-room steward would have made an admirable cymbalier. With proper training he might have performed Othello. Had his lot been cast in another age, and under other auspices, he might have been a Jugurtha, a Toussaint l'Ouverture, a Soulouque—*que sais je?* As it was, Fate had appointed that he should make the beds for the ladies and gentlemen on board a Pullman car. Well; it was better, perhaps, than toiling in the rice swamps or the cotton fields, or wasting his opportunities away down South, standing in a millpond longer than expediency demanded or decorum required. After he had taken his survey of our car, he pitched upon the section immediately opposite our own as the one on which to commence operations. A "section" is made up of two crimson velvet-covered benches containing four seats at right angles to the wall of the car; and this section was occupied by two ladies, mother and daughter, bound to Savannah, a favourite health resort for delicate Northerners during the winter months. Fortunately the car was not by any means full, or the ladies would have been compelled to stand in the gangway or passage between the rows of seats while their beds were being made. As it was, they bestowed themselves on two vacant benches, while the athletic *homme de chambre* deliberately proceeded—so it seemed to my unaccustomed eyes—to pull the Pullman car to pieces. At least he broke up that particular section very small indeed. His electro-

plated implements apparently included a "jemmy," a crowbar, and a whole bunch of picklocks. He tapped this, he unscrewed that, and he took a "nut" out of something else; and the immediate results were collapse and disintegration, speedily followed, however, by thorough reconstruction.

One touch of his magic wand, or screwdriver, and the roof of the "section" came down bodily. It did not, fortunately tumble on his head, for its descent was arrested in mid-air, and out of it successively "cascaded," so to speak, a mattress, a blanket, a counterpane, and a pair of pillows. Then the sable athlete solemnly stalked to the end of the car and applied one of his shining keys to the centre of a panel of ornamental wood, ornamented with pretty carvings and inlaid work. The interior of a Pullman Palace Car is, I may mention parenthetically, as tasteful and as puzzlingly complicated as a box made of Tunbridge Wells ware which has gone through a course of Elkington in the way of electro-silver adornments. The variegated panel being tapped, a cupboard was revealed, from which the athlete, humming his little song the while, abstracted a store of snowy-white bed linen. Again, parenthetically, I am bound to note that all the appurtenances of a Pullman Sleeping Car are spotlessly clean. By dexterous sleight of hand, and holding one corner of the linen sack between his teeth, the attendant, who might have been Jugurtha, or Mungo in "The Padlock," at the very least, contrived to get each pillow into its proper case. He would then have converted the "section" into an upper or a lower berth, steamboat fashion; but the ladies gave him to understand that one berth would suffice for them both, and that he might dispense with the ceremony of placing bedding on the upper shelf. At this he grinned solemnly, and a fresh feat of legerdemain on his part sent the disintegrated roof of the section back to its original position.

A great necromancer this. By magic art he had produced from unknown regions sliding panels which served as a top and a bottom to the bed—the edification of which would have been

watched with the most intense interest by Messrs. Box and Cox—and, finally, this wizard of the rail spirited up, from some vasty deep to me unknown, a pair of highly ornate tapestry curtains, which buttoned all the way up, like the front of a modern lady's dress. Happy thought, those buttons; yet are those snugly-closed draperies pervious to the Tarquin-touch of the ticket-collector. Macbeth murdered Sleep in the days of old. That act of assassination is now performed by the railroad conductor. How the ladies managed to go to bed I know not. Of course I was as discreet as the youth in Thomson's "Seasons;" and while the beauteous Musidoras of the train were retiring to rest I fled to the little cabin at the extremity of the car where smoking is permitted.

When I returned our own section had been taken to pieces and put together in the guise of a bed, curtains and all; and about one in the morning—somewhere between Wilmington and Baltimore, I fancy—I crawled into my berth, to toss and tumble in uneasy slumbers until five. But during that broken sleep—rendered additionally feverish by periodical visits from the ticket-collector—I was haunted by the fearsome vision of a Human Foot and Leg, quite guileless of stocking. Whose Foot and Leg were they? Mine? Mystery. Next door but one to the opposite section there was a tremendously tall gentleman, with a sandy beard and a widely-flapped hat. He drove the negro attendant to the verge of distraction, first by persistently refusing to go to bed until an unholy hour, and subsequently by declining as pertinaciously to get up the next morning. He had the longest legs that I have set eyes upon since I landed on this continent; and he placed outside his curtains the largest pair of square-toed boots that I ever remember to have wondered at. Did the Foot and Leg, the semblance of which haunted me, belong to that gentleman? It mattered little. I continued to toss and tumble, fitfully dreaming—now that I was a student in a Life Academy, and that my tibia and fibula were out of drawing, and my metatarsal bones hopelessly wrong, in the



study from the human model which I was making in Italian chalk ; and now that I was a corn-cutter condemned for mal-



adroitness as a chiropodist to undergo the mediæval torture of the "boots."

On the whole, a sleeping-car, however admirably appointed, may be said to be adapted to all purposes save those of sleeping. Man, nor woman neither, was not born to go to bed on wheels. Very many persons will disagree with me on this head ; yet I venture to adhere to my own opinion, and to the regularly made-up bed. I prefer the *fauteuils* with moveable backs,

forming couches, on which you may recline, with which the cars on the railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow are provided. You may recline there at full length. You have ample elbow room and space overhead. You cover yourself up with rugs and furs; you place your dressing bag under your head, and you sleep the sleep of the just. The berth in a sleeping-car cannot, on the other hand, be occupied without a more or less immediate sense of suffocation.

Obviously these remarks apply only to comparatively short journeys. On such a trip as that from New York to San Francisco, occupying as it does an entire week, the Pullman Sleeping Car may be an unmitigated blessing to travellers. When the run is one only of three or four hundred miles you need not, I take it, be so very particular about going to bed and the pleasantest features in a Pullman car under these circumstances are the gentle motion and the abundant accessories of elegant comfort and convenience. But the case, I have very little doubt, assumes a widely different aspect when the journey is one, not of so many hundreds, but of thousands of miles. Then it becomes a matter of importance to health that you should assume, once at least in every twenty-four hours, that which Mr. Carlyle expressively terms "the horizontal position," and then you will indubitably appreciate with all due gratitude the facilities of a Pullman Sleeping Car.

So at about six in the morning we came to Washington, where there was a halt of some five-and-twenty minutes for refreshment. I was puzzled to know how the ladies and gentlemen who had gone to bed in right earnest would contrive to get any breakfast. Manifestly they would have no time wherein to rise, perform their toilette, descend from the car, enter the restaurant, and partake of a collation; and as manifestly a picnic of ladies and gentlemen, more or less in the costume of Aminta in the "Sonnambula," Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo," and the late Mr. William Farren in the farce of the "Double Bedded Room," regaling themselves with hot rolls and





RECUMBENT STATUE OF GENERAL LEE, DESIGNED FOR THE MAUSOLEUM AT LEXINGTON.

(Edward V. Valentine, Sculptor.)



tioned in the course of conversation that he was a lineal descendant of John of Gaunt, and that his uncle was in possession of "time-honoured Lancaster's" own walking-stick. When broad daylight set in, I returned to the sleeping-car to find that another transformation had taken place. The beds and bedding and the tapestried curtains—with but one exception, the "installation" of the obstinate gentleman who was averse from retiring to rest, and reluctant to rise—had all disappeared, and the dormitory on wheels had resumed its diurnal aspect as a drawing room.

We sped, all too rapidly for me, through a deeply interesting country. We were traversing a hundred miles of most momentous History. From Washington we crossed the Long Bridge into the State of Virginia, and ran down seven miles in a parallel course with the Potomac to the city of Alexandria. Thence to Quantico, whence the train took the track of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, and entered a broken and desolate-looking region, famous to all time as "The Wilderness," which was the scene of some of the most terrible battles fought in 1863 and 1864. Twenty-one miles beyond Quantico, we halted at the quaint-looking old town of Fredericksburg, on the south bank of the Rappahannock, and near which was fought a bloody engagement, in which the Federal General Burnside was routed by the heroic Confederate Commander Robert Lee. The graveyard of the gallant dead who fell in that strife is fully visible from the cars. Eleven miles west of Fredericksburg the battle of Chancellorsville was fought. There "Stonewall" Jackson was mortally wounded. He died at the little hamlet called Guineys, which I have more than once spoken of, and his last words were, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

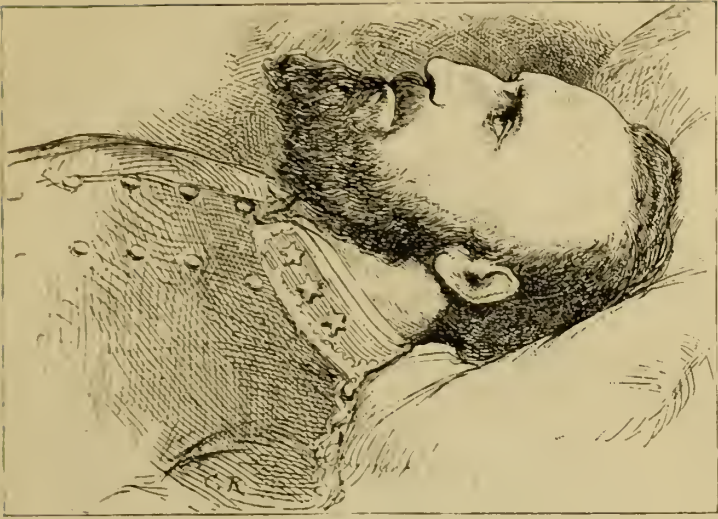
"Stonewall" Jackson! I mind how, in the summer of '64, being at Niagara Falls, on the British side, one of the Confederate Commissioners, who had come to the frontier to try to treat for peace, showed me a pencil drawing of the face of "Stonewall"

Jackson as he lay in death. The Confederate Commissioner kindly lent me this relic for an hour, that I might make a tracing



A GLIMPSE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

of it, and that tracing I have now in an album at home. Leaving Fredericksburg, we came to Hanover Junction, where, in May, '64, another doughty battle was fought between General Grant and General Lee. A very cock-pit, this country! A tilt yard of heroes. The trees are very young and slim, and grass grows very richly heréabouts; but the land, they tell me, the desolate "Wilderness" always excepted, is beginning to smile again,



STONEWALL JACKSON AS HE LAY IN DEATH  
(After a tracing by the Author from an original sketch).

and, this last harvest time, was teeming with grain and tobacco. May it so teem through unnumbered harvests! The old State of Virginia has surely seen enough of the dreadful realities of war, and to spare.



EARTHWORKS ON THE CHICKAHOMINY, NEAR RICHMOND.





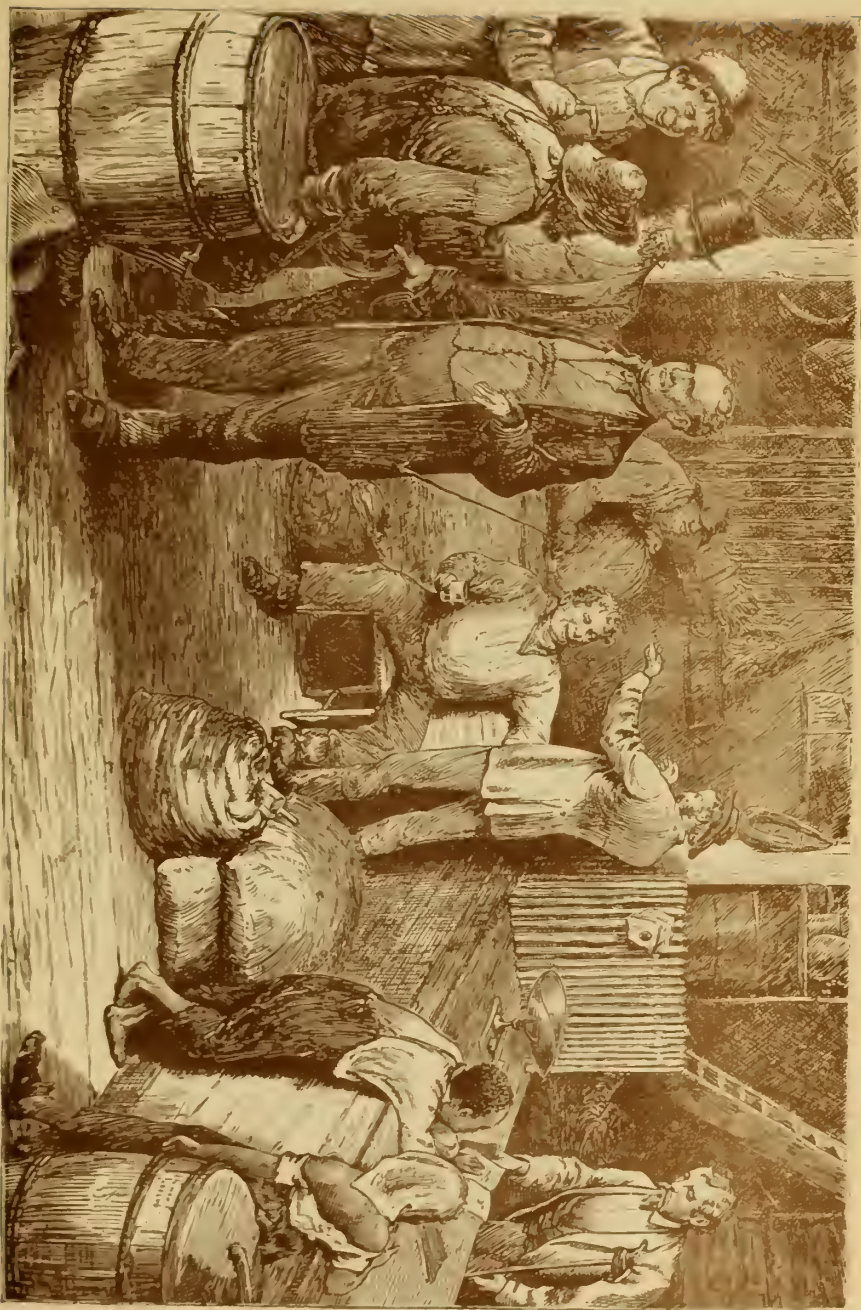
COFFEE AND FRIED CHICKEN AT A VIRGINIA RAILWAY STATION.

## XVI.

### IN RICHMOND.

Richmond, *January 8.*

“AGRICULTURAL labour in the State of Virginia is supplied chiefly by the negro; and he has no superior as a farm labourer. ‘Is not the negro idle, thriftless, and thievish?’ ‘Do not judge a whole class of people by a few street-corner or cross-road loungers. The negro is to some extent superstitious; but we will do him the justice to say that, in Virginia at least, he is improving in morality and industry, and that the charge of larceny against him is a very rare thing in our criminal records. The price of farm labour varies according to the work required. It



A VIRGINIA COUNTRY STORE.





ranges between eight to ten dollars a month, with rations." It must be considered as fortunate for the cause of impartiality that, before addressing myself to the task of writing anything concerning the social position of the manumitted African in the Southern States, there should have been put into my hands the lucid and exhaustive "Handbook of Virginia," recently compiled and presented to his Excellency Governor Holliday by the State Commissioner of Agriculture, Mr. Thos. H. Pollard. The Handbook contains a mass of varied and valuable information respecting the agrarian, mineralogical, and metallurgic resources of the "Old Dominion;" but, for the present, that little admonition to foreigners touching the negro has been of the greatest service to me. At a dozen places lately, travelling to this fair city, did I come across the "cross-road lounge." He has been standing at all the street-corners ever since I have been in Richmond itself, and a most appalling spectacle he is. But for the kindly caution in Mr. Pollard's work, I should have mistaken this gruesome loafer—this amazing tatterdemalion—for the average type of the enfranchised negro.

Let us take the Lounge in the country first. Take him at a wayside railway station—I beg pardon, I should say "dépôt." The rural dépôt is certainly not a very imposing edifice. An American writer of note, Mr. Richard Grant White, says of it: "It is surely the height of absurdity to give the name to a little lonely shanty which looks like a lodge outside a garden of cucumbers, and a staging of a few planks on which two or three people stand like condemned criminals on a scaffold." But then, it has been pointed out, the American loves big names, and ere long he is quite sure the dépôt will become what the name indicates, so rapid is the growth of the country, and so marvellous the power of railroads in developing its resources. Just now the Virginian roadside railway halting-place is in the very earliest stage of development. It is, in truth, a wretched little hole, presenting a dismal contrast to the trim English station, with its nicely kept platform, its tiny refreshment room

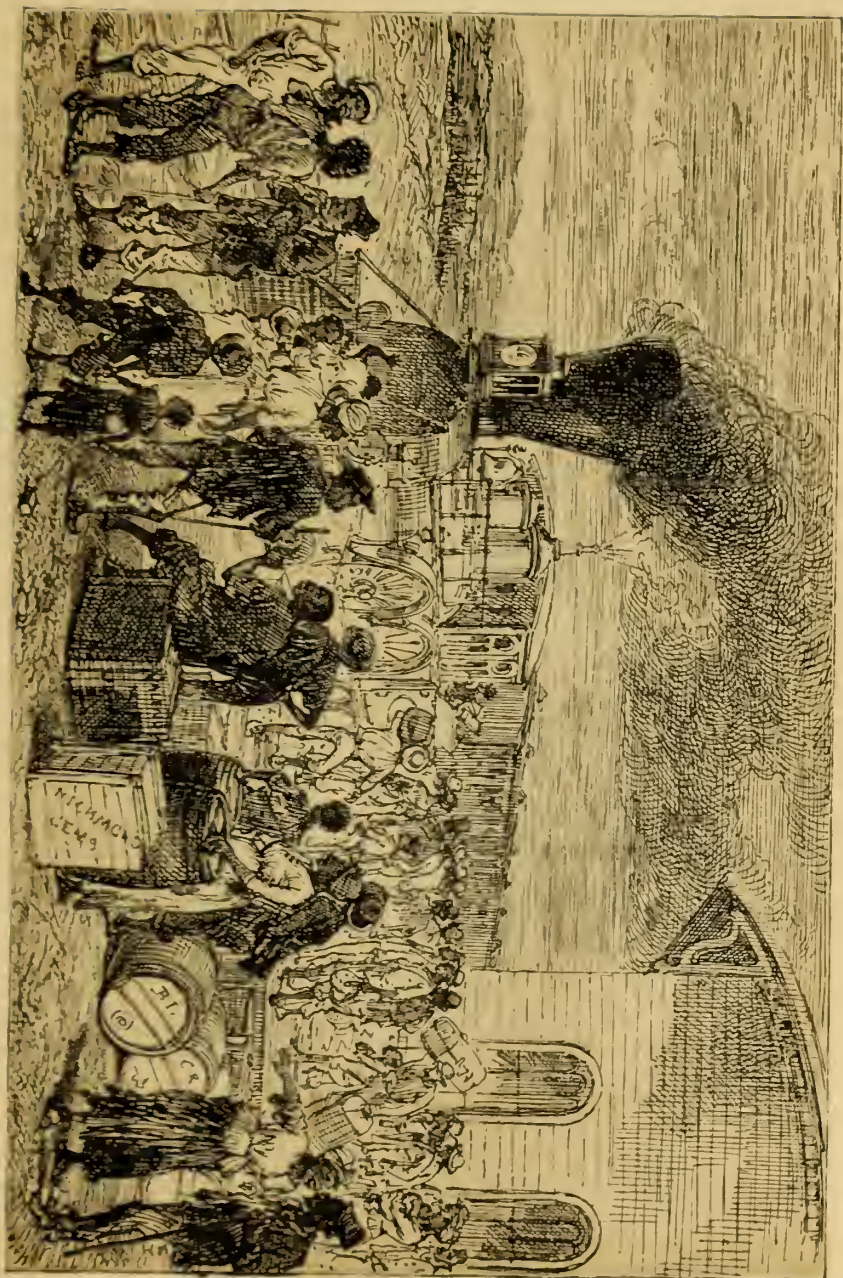
and well-stocked bookstall, and its snug residence for the station master, with perchance a pretty little garden laid out by the side of the line. You must expect nothing of this kind in Virginia, nor, indeed, in any part of rural America. The age of trimness and neatness is not come, yet. Everything for the present is in the rough.



A CROSS-ROAD LOUNGER.

The ordinary accessories to the roadside shanties are dwarf vegetation, broken fences stencilled over with advertisements of nostrums for coughs and indigestion, and the "cross-road lounge," who, in Virginia, is black. What is he like? Well, take Don C sar de Bazan in the guise in which he makes his first appearance in "Ruy Blas." Then, out of Callot's "Habits and Beggars" select the most hopelessly tattered and villanous looking mendicant to be found in that astonishing gallery of ragamuffins. Add the wardrobe of a London rough as he infests Fleet Street on a Lord Mayor's Show Day, or Hyde Park on some Sunday when there is a political meeting at the Reformers' Tree. Sprinkle in an admixture of a Parisian *r deur des barri res*, and complete your amalgam of raggedness and wretchedness with the costume of an Irish bogtrotter newly landed in England, and just setting





A VIRGINIA RAILWAY STATION.





out on his first hop-picking expedition in the county of Kent. Having by dint of great perseverance gotten together such a miscellany of rags and tatters, it might be as well to shred them all somewhat fine in a sausage machine, and then to fasten them together again with pins, or skewers, or crooked nails, or fragments of tape or string, or, indeed, anything that came handy; and then, having rolled the mass in the mud and roughly dried it, the whole might be shaped into the rude semblance of a coat, vest, and pantaloons. About the shirt there is no need to be very particular—almost anything will do: a scrap of canvas sacking or a couple of discarded dishclouts. Well, it is possible to be good and kind without a shirt. The Happy Man had no shirt. The Emperor Marcus Antoninus had none. The boots should be of the “canoe” pattern, several sizes too large for any pair of human feet smaller than those of the Colossus of Rhodes. They should be quite innocent of blacking and destitute of string; and there should be a decided solution of continuity between the soles and the upper leather. The hat—the “cross-road lounge” always wears a hat, and disdains a cap quite as much as an Eton boy could do—utterly baffles my feeble powers of description. It is something like an inverted coalscuttle without handles, and pierced by many holes. It is something like the bonnet of a Brobdingnagian quakeress, supposing that there were any female members of the Society of Friends in Brobdingnag. It is huge and flapped and battered, and fearful to look upon: that is the most that I can say about it.

Hang all this equipment on the limbs of a tall negro, of any age between sixteen and sixty, and then let him stand close to the scaffold-like platform of the *dépôt* shanty, and let him “loafe.” His attitude is one of complete and apathetic immobility. He does not grin. He may be chewing; but he does not smoke. He does not beg; at least, in so far as I observed him, he stood in no posture and assumed no gestures belonging to the mendicant. He looks at you with a dull, stony, pre-occupied gaze, as though his thoughts were thousands of miles

away in the Unknown Land ; while, once in every quarter of an hour or so, he woke up to the momentary consciousness that he was a thing neither rich nor rare, and so wondered how the Devil he got there. He is a derelict—a fragment of flotsam and jetsam cast upon the not too hospitable shore of civilisation after the great storm had lashed the Southern Sea to frenzy and the ship of Slavery had gone to pieces for ever. Possibly he is a great deal more human than he looks ; and, if he chose to bestir himself and to address himself to articulate discourse, could tell you a great many things about his wants and his wishes, his views and feelings on things in general, which to you might prove little less than amazing.

As things go, he prefers to do Nothing, and to proffer no kind of explanation as to why he is standing there in a metaphorical millpond very much “longer than he oughter.” And so I shall find him standing, I am told, all the way down South. Sir John Falstaff would have clapped him on the shoulder and enlisted him at once as a full private in the Ragged Regiment. A London police-constable would have bidden him to “move on,” and, in default of his so moving, would have “run him in.” He runs himself in voluntarily, they tell me, sometimes. When he begins to feel the wintry weather somewhat too keen to suit his looped and windowed raggedness, or when he grows tired of standing at the cross road or at the street corner, and wondering how the dickens he got there, he pays a nocturnal visit to some neighbouring farm-yard, or he drifts into a grocery store and pilfers something. Then they lock him up in the Penitentiary for a while ; but he lies warm and snug in gaol ; he is well fed and not too hardly worked, and he does not mind it, much. I am happy to be told that the “cross road lounge” is in a decided minority among the freedmen of the South.

A grave problem—somewhat of a distressing problem—this ragged black enfranchised bondman, living, but making no sign—excrecent to, rather than part of, the body politic—having nothing to do with the public grounds save in so far as the



public mud and the public dust-heaps are concerned. What is to be done with him? Perchance no more than he does with himself: that is to say, Nothing. Yet who shall say that long, long ago there may not have been all the making of an excellent fellow in this most deplorable and unsightly eastaway? More than once have I drawn attention to a wayside station called Guinneys. The name of the place dwells in my mind chiefly, perhaps, because there I made a tolerably careful study of the raggedest and most dejected of the black Virginians that it has been as yet my lot to behold. The poor creature looked



INJURED INNOCENCE.

"Do you took me for a Thief? Do you see any Chickens 'bout me? Go 'way dar, white man! Treat a boy 'spectable, if he am brack!"

like some Coffee Calcalli in irremediable difficulties, grey, dis-crowned, "gone up," "busted," and "played out," mourning in sackcloth and ashes the loss of his umbrella. Yet was there about him a touch of Human Nature, to me very sorrowful and pathetic. Snuggling by his tattered side—"freezing" to him, as the Americans phrase it—was a tiny yellow boy of some eight years. The urchin was a bright mulatto. His eyes were very full and sparkling, his hair was straight and silky, his mien full of infantile grace and sprightliness. He was as ragged as a robin; indeed, when I say that he wore a badly-patched trouser—one leg of the pair was almost entirely gone—suspended by some subtle contrivance over the shoulder of the dolefullest

apology for a checked shirt that I have ever beheld, and that his head-gear consisted of the fragment of an old cast-off military shako (a relic, may be, of Spotsylvania or Chancellorsville), with the peak gone, I think that I have enumerated all that there was of his apparel. The elder negro, the umbrella-bereft Coffee Calcalli, was holding one of the little fellow's pale yellow hands in his own osseous and corrugated black paw; fitfully he would press the small hand and fondle it, as though he cherished the



child, very dearly. But he did not turn his gaze upon him. His dusky eyes were looking far away, "away down South," in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico and the islands of the Caribbean Sea. A strange couple. What was the bond of union between them? The features of the child were regular and

delicate; while those of his companion were of almost brutish Ashautian or Dahomian ruggedness.

For some time past an exodus of coloured people from the State of North Carolina to Kansas and Indiana has been going on to a very considerable extent; and the magnitude and continuity of this "stampede" have so perplexed and perturbed politicians



NEGRO EMIGRANTS ON THEIR WAY TO KANSAS.

all over the Union that the "North Carolina Emigration"—an emigration seemingly quite shiftless and objectless—formed the subject lately of a debate, at which I was present, in the Senate of the United States. I was curiously interested to find the exodus mentioned and warmly deprecated in a letter written to the *New York Evangelist* by a Presbyterian minister in the South, himself a person of colour. Remarks this respectable gentleman: "The North Carolina exodus is a most miserable mystery. It is nothing but tramping instead of toiling by people who are the drones of the coloured race, who find more pleasure



in wandering from place to place than in working from day to day, and who are ignorant of the fact that God has said, by the



WESTWARD HO !

pen of Moses and Paul, 'In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,' and 'If any will not work neither shall he eat.' Here (in North Carolina) the coloured people have a good chance and a good climate ; yet some want to go to Indiana to freeze to death for want of clothing, food, and work. Christian friends, pray against this exodus." It would appear then from the above authority, that this tattered Coffee Calli, shorn of his umbrella and other regalities, is not a person deserving of much compassion.\*

\* According to a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, the first band of negro emigrants to the West made its unexpected appearance at Wyandotte in Kansas on board one of the Missouri steamers one April morning in 1879. It comprised several score of coloured men, women and children, bringing with them divers barrels, boxes, and bundles of household effects. The garments of the new-comers were terribly tattered and patched, and there was in all likelihood not a dollar in money in the pockets of the entire party. They were speedily followed by new arrivals, and before a fortnight had elapsed, their number had increased to upwards of a thousand, all of them pitifully poor and hungry, many of them sick, and not one with any future plan of action before him. On being questioned as to the reason of their coming to Kansas, they were reticent and evasive in their replies, although they resolutely declared with convincing emphasis that nothing would induce them to return to the South, and as for what lay before them—"Well, de good Lord could be trusted."

Later on they explained their grievances to consist in there being no security for their lives and property in their old homes, that the laws and courts were alike inimical to them and their interests, that their exercise of the electoral franchise was



THE NEGRO ENIGMAS: OLD AND NEW STYLES.





Speaking only of the State of Virginia, there is not the slightest necessity for the negro to stand "longer than he

obstructed and made a personal danger to them, that no facilities were afforded or permitted them for the education of their children, and above all that they were so unjustly dealt with by white landowners, employers, and traders, it was impossible for them to make a living. On the other hand numbers of them gave as their sole reason for leaving the South, that the times were dull, and that they hoped to better themselves elsewhere; and they freely admitted that most of the misfortunes of their fellows were mainly due to their own folly, impudence and cowardice.

Temporary shelter was speedily provided for these unexpected and helpless visitors, food and the facilities for cooking it were furnished them, and local philanthropists hastened to devise measures to secure them homes and employment. As this influx of coloured immigrants continued without cessation, a more organized system of dealing with it soon became a positive necessity. Few of the new-comers



had so much as a single article of furniture, or any kind of bedding, their wearing apparel was scant and threadbare, the men were mainly without coats or a change of underlinen, and most of the women owned merely a single gown. Half of the children were barefooted, and clad simply in a single cotton garment. Under such conditions much sickness was necessarily prevalent.

oughter" either in a millpond or at the intersection of cross roads, or at the corners of the streets. There is plenty of work



A State Freedman's Relief Association having been formed, the contributions forwarded to it sufficed for the purchase of food and clothing, and the securing of homes for the immigrants. Barracks were constructed for them and farming imple-







A LETTER FROM DE OLE MAN.

for him to do in the country and in the city of Richmond itself. The great iron works, the flour mills, the tobacco and cigar manufactories of the Virginian capital are all willing to employ negro hands at good wages; and from ocular experience I can vouch for the fact that coloured mechanics and labourers are largely employed in all the great industries which are rapidly making Richmond a city as great and prosperous as she is beautiful. The blacks and mulattos ply their calling by the side of white workmen, and seem to live in perfect harmony with them. They labour under no kind of political disability; and there is a select band of coloured delegates in the Lower House of the Virginian Legislature, in which honourable assembly the advantage of their presence is, perhaps, problematical, seeing that they are the mere tools and stalking-horses of the Extreme Radicals or "Readjustors," who are "readjusting" State matters by turning old and valuable public servants out of office to make way for their own friends, and by coolly proposing to repudiate the State Debt—a debt of which the obligations are largely held by foreigners. There, however, the black legislators are, and there, in the presence of Equal Rights and Universal Suffrage, they must remain. Naturally the white owners of property—manufacturers, storekeepers, and the like—people in

ments supplied to them, and the experiment of founding a colony was commenced under rather hopeful conditions. By the end of the autumn their number had swollen to upwards of 15,000, and winter with its ice and snow and piercing winds was looked forward to with dread. Fortunately, however, the season proved an unexpectedly mild one—"God seed dat de darkies had thin clothes," remarked one of their preachers, "and he sone kep the cole off."

At the present time it is estimated that the number of negro emigrants to the West is not far short of 50,000, a considerable proportion of whom have found employment in the towns, whilst a much larger number are engaged in farming operations on their own account; others being employed in a desultory way, working for white farmers and herders, and getting on as best they can. Some thousands have been drafted into the neighbouring States, in many instances, on solicitation from the authorities, shewing that there are openings for these immigrants and a disposition to give them a chance, if they will really work. It is commonly believed that the prosperous agricultural States east of the Mississippi, where productive land is largely rented and farm lands are never too numerous could absorb them in thousands and convert them into a positive benefit.





A "READJUSTOR" CAJOLING A NEGRO VOTER.

short, who have what we term "a stake in the country"—complain, not without bitterness, that these sable delegates are sent to the Legislature by the votes of negro electors, too often influenced by the so-called "Readjustors," and who are generally steeped to the lips in ignorance, and pay few taxes, if they pay any at all. But *le vin est tiré, et il faut le boire*. Manumission cannot "go bail" upon itself.

The Virginian gentlemen with whom, during more than a week's sojourn in Richmond, I have conversed—and during that time I have had the honour to meet nearly every gentleman of political or social note in the city—are perfectly candid and tolerant in the expression of their opinion on the negro question.



Of their Lost Cause they speak with becoming sadness and dignity—a dignity all the more noble when you remember that almost every gentleman of middle age with whom you meet—be he governor, lawyer, merchant, journalist, or trader—has fought in the Confederate armies; but they have acquiesced in the Inevitable; and their children, while they are proud of the heroic record of their sires, are being educated in principles of loyal adherence to the integrity of the Federal Union. The elder generation hold liberally practical views on the subject of the freedman and his descendants. Not once have I spoken with a Southerner who has defended slavery in the abstract. *All but* unanimous has been the verdict which I have listened to, that slavery was a social curse and leprosy, and that it is a good thing that America should be rid of it. From the charge of general inhumanity to their slaves, the Virginians are too proud to defend themselves. They treat such accusations with contempt.

There is no use in continuing a controversy as to what might or might not have been done in the past; or whether “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” was a plain and unvarnished narrative of facts or a tissue of isolated cases of cruelty and oppression, skilfully



THE REVEREND JOSIAH HENSON  
(THE ORIGINAL OF UNCLE TOM).

selected, dexterously exaggerated, and woven together with consummate art. The business of the white Southerner is not with the past but with the present, and with the negro whom he

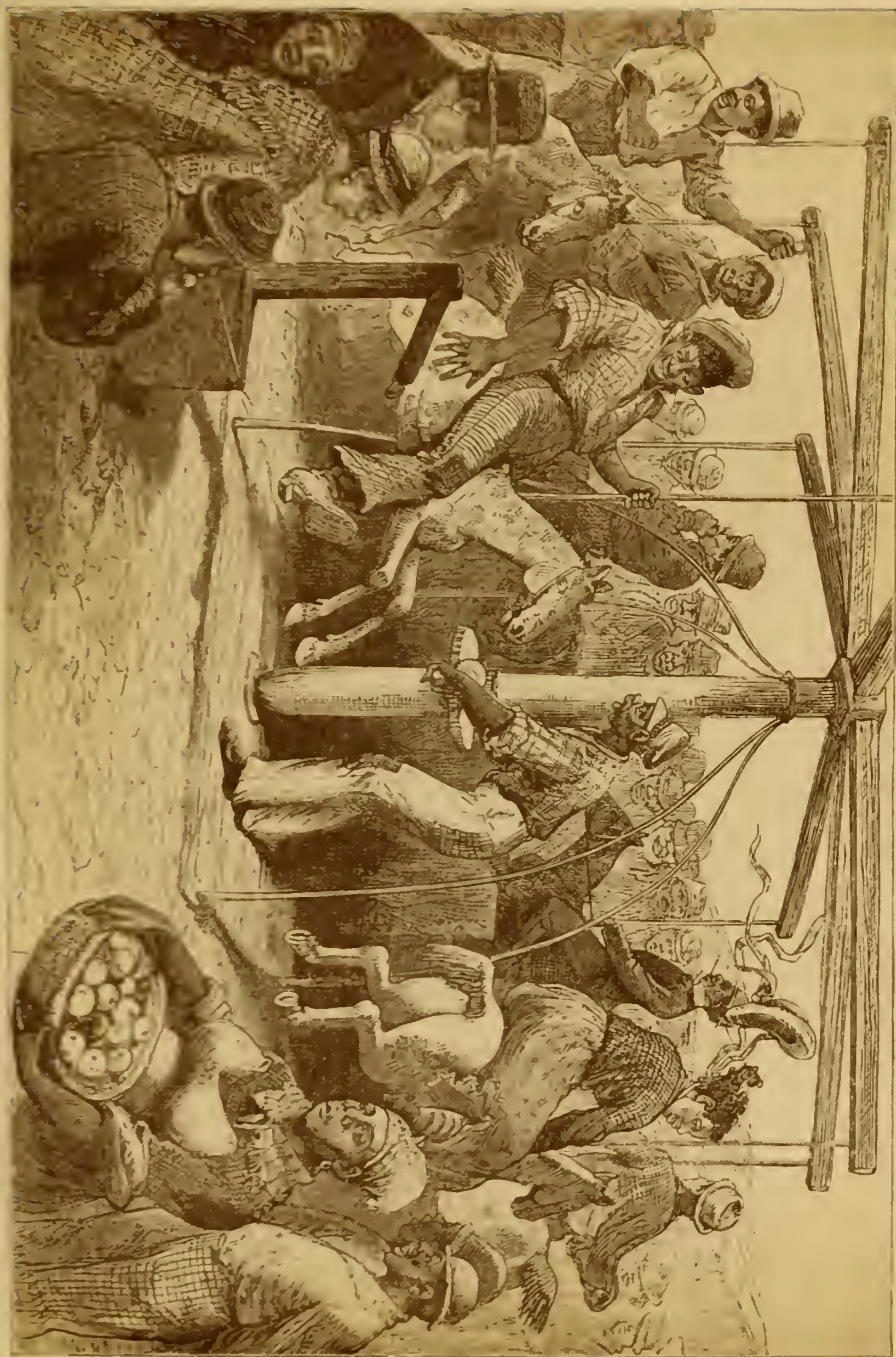
is anxious to employ, and to whom he is willing to pay good wages. Mr. Pollard, in his official Hand-book, puts the negro question almost within the capacity of a nut-shell. "The labour system of Virginia," he points out, "as well as that of the whole South, has been unsettled by the war and its results, and along with this unsettled condition of labour has come the loss of capital—the lever with which to utilise it properly, not to control it improperly, but to pay it fairly and make it efficient. On our farms there should be no conflict between labour and capital, and there is none. The great difficulty with which the farmer has to contend is to obtain money wherewith to pay his labourer promptly



THE NATION'S WARD.

and sufficiently for the support of himself and his family. We have the negro as a portion of our permanent population, as far as we can see at present, and he has to be supported from the soil; and our policy, as far as possible, is to make him a profitable producer, and not to permit him to become a drone and mere consumer. It has become too much the custom to denounce him as thriftless and lazy. Among

this population there are some who will not work, and this is the case with most races; but if the negro is promptly and fairly paid enough, good labourers can be obtained from among them to till our farms properly. *Our policy is to elevate and encourage this race in every proper manner; not to debase and abuse it.* We are forced to employ the negro, for the present at least, and have no choice." I thoroughly believe that the common-sense view of the case here enunciated by the Commissioner of Agriculture is one that is shared by almost every educated Virginian.







The negro is, from many different aspects, a bad job ; but the Southerners are trying hard to make the best of him ; and it is gratifying to know that the ragged and umbrellaless Coffee Callis constitute only a sprinkling among the coloured race in Virginia.





MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON AT RICHMOND.

## XVII.

### GENIAL RICHMOND.

*Richmond, January 10.*

THE meteorological amenity of the capital of the Old Dominion has failed, during the greater portion of my sojourn, to correspond with the acknowledged and traditional social geniality of the inhabitants of the City. In fact, I have been more than once mildly reproached by a host of newly-found friends\*

\* I had not been two hours in the city before I received cards of admission to the privilege of membership of three principal clubs. The ladies most distinguished in Richmond society hastened to call on my wife; and His Excellency Colonel Holliday, Governor of the State of Virginia, was so kind as to call on us and ask us to breakfast. I had brought but a single letter of introduction with me, and the gentleman to whom it was addressed had come to see me before I had time to present it. I cannot help fancying that one little circumstance contributed very strongly to the exceptionally kind reception with which we met in the whilom Confederate Capital. It was noised about that I was a friend of William Howard Russell and



with having brought "real English weather" with me. The Virginians have a strong and really affectionate liking for most things English, and rival the people of Baltimore—which is saying a great deal—in expressions of kindly sympathy for the "Old Home;" but I can scarcely quarrel with them when they object to the importation on the banks of the James River of a sorry imitation of the weather to which at this season of the year the dwellers on the shores of the Thames are, for their sins, liable. I have done my best to assure my good friends in Richmond that their simulation of an English January is, at its very strongest, only a very feeble one. It has not snowed once these ten days past; and the early mornings' frosts have been intermittent and slight. On the other hand, the chief characteristics of the temperature have been rawness and dampness, unpleasantly provocative of bronchial disturbances, and thereby conducive of great glee to the vendors of pectoral nostrums.

I have been in and out of the druggists' stores almost ever since my arrival; and I have quite a collection of lozenges, wafers, powders, and syrups, which make you sick, and do not make you well. "Gen'lm don't take to his board kyndly," I heard one coloured waiter observe to a colleague yesterday in the dining hall of the Ballard House and Exchange Hotel. I should take very kindly indeed, very kindly, to the ample and wholesome meals provided by Colonel Carrington, the esteemed proprietor of the hotel, for his guests; but how are you to enjoy your dinner—to say nothing of your breakfast, luncheon, tea, and supper (for five meals a day are the rule in Richmond)—when you have been swallowing lozenges and wafers, syrup of squills, extract of poppies, and syrup of toulou all day and nearly all night long? Then we have had a succession of Scotch mists—not downright straightforward rainfalls, but insidious environments of moisture which enwrap a man all round like a damp plaid, and chill him to the bones. Finally, we have been favoured, late in the even-

Francis Lawley, and those names are towers of strength throughout the South, even from the James River to the Gulf of Mexico.

ing, with a couple of fogs—white, not orange coloured, in hue. But, all our discomfort notwithstanding, the asperity of the weather in Richmond certainly does not exceed that common in London at the beginning of October. Moreover, we had a gloriously warm and sunny day at the beginning of last week; and now, when I am writing, the sky is deep blue, without a fleck of cloud; the sun shines with dazzling brightness, and the temperature is suggestive of the “merry month of May”—when May was a merry month, if it ever were so in England.

The sunlit aspect of Richmond, even in mid-winter, was charming, and quite unlike that of any other American city that I had seen. You felt at once that the South had begun. Its aspect was palpable, even at the railway depôt, in the shape of a general and picturesque untidiness and “go as you please” appearance of things. The *dolce far niente* was beginning to



assert itself. Wherever a broad ray of sunshine illumined the road the black man was basking in it. But he was not the



"Quashie rejoicing in abundant pumpkin," so imaginatively portrayed by Mr. Carlyle. Quashie was either the wretched losel in frowsy tatters, and with no pumpkin at all to rejoice in,

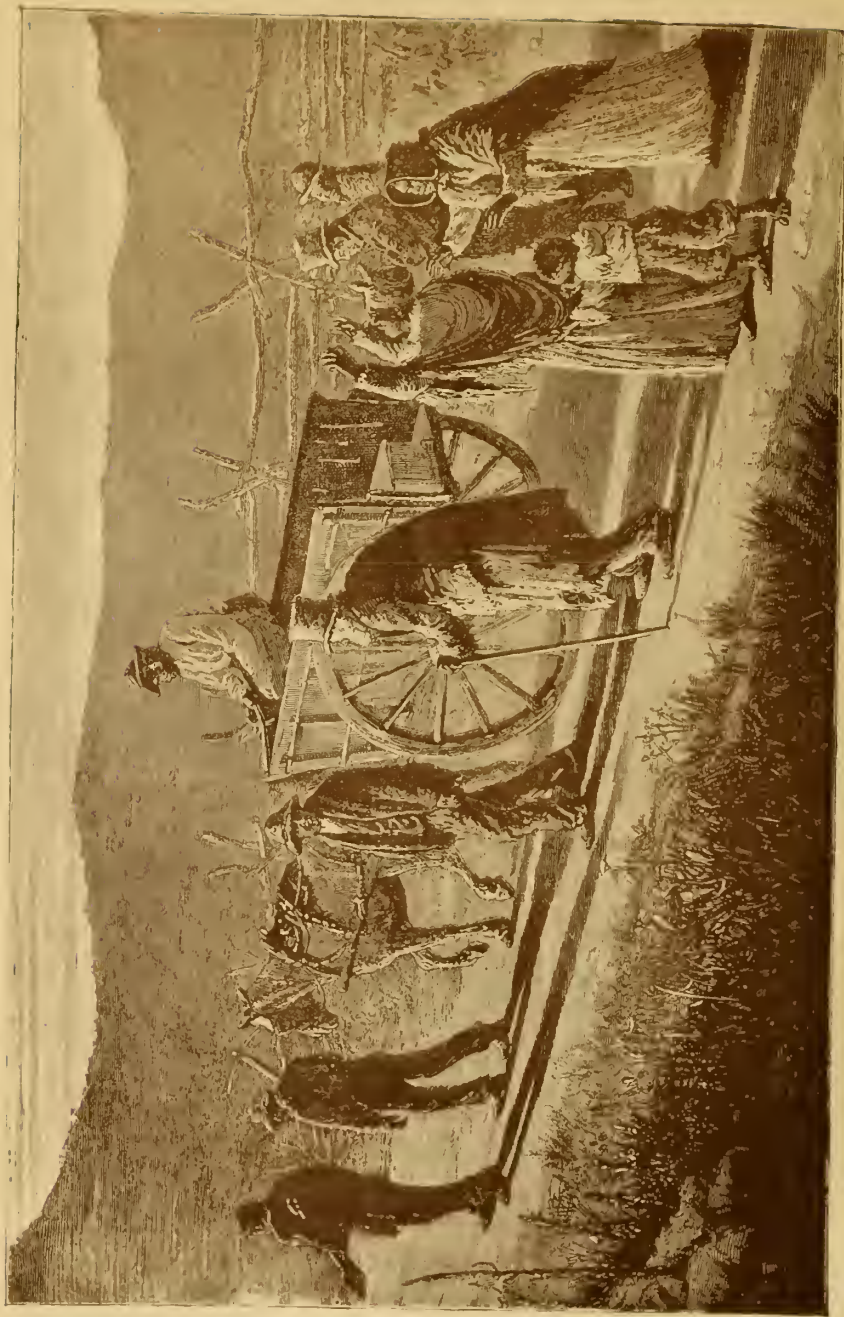


whom I have already dwelt upon ; or he was Quashie at work, taking things easily it is true, and not toiling and moiling to an extraordinary degree of exertion, but still doing his spell of labour, and getting his dollar a day for it. Yes, the black man, for labour which can scarcely be called skilled, earns his five-and-twenty shillings a week in the towns of Virginia. As a mechanic he receives much higher wages. His remuneration as an agricultural "hand" without wages I have already touched upon. Such food as he requires, and which is most appetising to him—Indian corn, molasses, and a little pork—is abundant and cheap ; but even the industrious and law-abiding negro in the South has to the foreign eye a poverty-stricken look, because he is so wretchedly clad. This is no fault of his. It is the fault, free traders say, of an aggressive and vindictive Protective Tariff, which grinds out the commercial body and soul of the South, cripples the West, exasperates the foreigner, and only enriches a fraction of Northern and Eastern speculators and monopolists.\* It is somewhat consolatory, nevertheless, to reflect that, in a region where the climate is usually temperate in winter and tropically hot in summer, much wearing apparel is not needed.

The negroes are probably much better off than they look, from a sumptuary point of view ; and in fact I fail to see that

\* There is no country in the world in which "gentlemen" dress more handsomely, and "ladies" (I am using the terms in the European sense and assuming the existence of castes which the Americans fully know to exist in their society, but the existence of which they vehemently deny) dress more richly and more handsomely than in the United States ; but the attire of the section of the community answering to our middle class is, as a rule, extremely shabby. Female attire, in particular, is "dowdy" in the extreme. The reason is that clothes of all kinds are, owing to the tariff, inordinately dear ; and such home-made fabrics as my wife pointed out to me in the windows of the dry goods stores seemed to be either coarse or "sleezy." There are many excellent dressmakers (mainly French), and tailors (mainly German), in the American cities ; but I suppose that I shall not be contradicted (save, perhaps, by some archaic journalist say at Hoshkosh, Michigan) when I remark that an American gentleman of fashionable standing generally obtains his clothes from London, while a lady in a corresponding grade of society buys her dresses in Paris.





A NEGRO FUNERAL IN VIRGINIA.



they have very much to complain of, except that when they die their remains are apt to be stolen by the professional body-snatchers. From the negro portion of the cemetery in this fair city of Richmond scores and scores of coloured corpses have lately been filched. The Resurrection Men are no mere "black-mailers." They are not moved by that splendid cupidity which led to the grave of the late A. T. Stewart being rifled. They are simply unlicensed servants of the healing art, who, for the consideration of so many dollars per "shot," or human body, undertake to supply subjects for dissection to the anatomical schools throughout the States. They prefer, it is said, coloured to white corpses, for a very ghastly but practical reason. Dying, in the case of a white man, in this country, is a very expensive affair. The first thing the undertaker does with our dear brother departed is to pack his frame into a receptacle full of ice and salt. When the body is frozen stiff it is placed in a more or less sumptuously-adorned "casket"—such is the euphemistic name given to a coffin—and this coffin is hermetically sealed. Of course, when the casket is consigned to the earth, the body thaws, and rapid and dreadful corruption sets in beneath the gorgeous envelope of hermetically sealed ebony and electro-silver. The poor negro is not interred in so luxurious a fashion. His body is easily removable from its plain pine-wood shell; and the remains are naturally in a better state of preservation, and fitter for the dissecting table, than the mortal coil of the white Dives. The "shots" of the Richmond resurrectionists are headed up in casks as petroleum, and are so transported by railway to their different destinations.

The whole business seems a very shocking one; yet it is obvious that the requirements of the medical schools must be supplied in some manner or another. There can be evidently no Anatomy Act applicable to the whole Union. There is not, and there cannot be (from the Federal nature of the Constitution), any general Poor Law; and medical science is thus unable to depend upon what in England are her chief sources for supply-

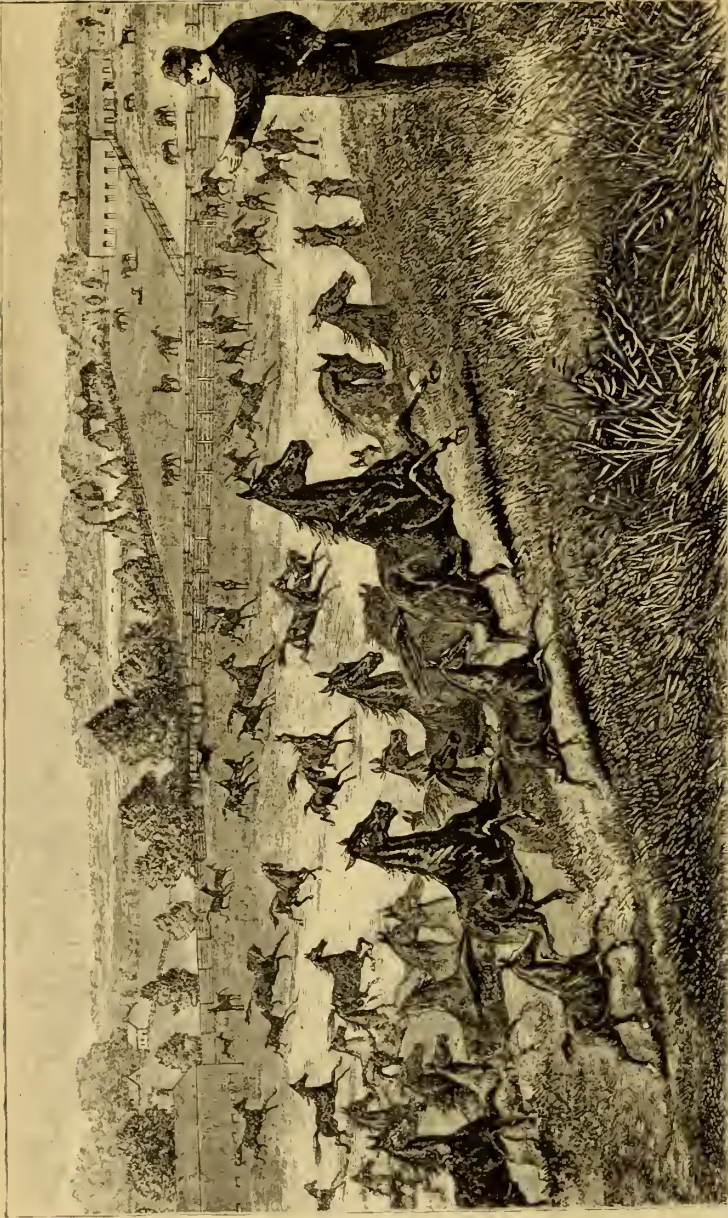
ing bodies for dissection: the Hospitals and the Workhouses. In American infirmaries and asylums for the destitute the number of unclaimed bodies is comparatively small; and although the corpses of murderers are still liable in some States to be "anatomised," it is, throughout the Union, far more feasible, as a general rule, to commit a murder than to hang the murderer. What with points of law reserved, motions to stay proceedings, motions for a new trial, and alternate appeals and re-appeals, the most flagrant of assassins may usually reckon upon from six to fifteen months' surcease of execution—if he ever gets executed at all; and he very frequently escapes with a few years' incarceration in the States prison for a crime for which in England he would most inevitably swing.

The number of assassins who annually cheat the gallows in this country is to an Englishman who is not an advocate of the total abolition of capital punishment simply amazing and disheartening; and the uncertainty of the criminal law actually gives not only an aspect of "wild justice" but of practical common sense to the occasional interference of the public at large and the invocation of the ministrations of Judge Lynch. Lynching assassins does not, however, serve the interests of the medical schools, which require a constant and regular supply of bodies. They must be obtained, of course, somehow, else science would languish; but the danger of winking at a surreptitious traffic in human remains will be plain when we refer to our own experience in this regard. Body-snatching leads in the end to burking. When Messrs. Burke and Hare and their London compeers, Messrs. Bishop and Williams, were no longer able to procure "shots" by the comparatively fair means of rifling the grave-yards, they took to obtaining subjects by means that were foul; that is to say, by clapping pitch-plasters over the mouths of helpless old women and by suffocating friendless Italian boys.

This is, I must admit, somewhat of a grisly prelude to the geniality of Richmond; but the dark deeds of the Ghouls in the







AN AMERICAN HORSEBREEDING ESTABLISHMENT.

cemetery have been town-talk for an entire week, and I was bound to say something about them. Let us turn to Richmond in its genial aspect. The city is built on several eminences—seven hills they tell me—on the north bank of the James River, about one hundred miles from Chesapeake Bay. It is, like all American cities, regularly laid out, the streets intersecting each other at right angles; but this topographical uniformity is, to the eye of the stranger, pleasantly relieved by the constant succession of hill and dale. Of course the main thoroughfares are cut up by tramways and traversed by horse cars, but these necessary nuisances and beneficent plagues—pardon the paradox—are not so obtrusive in Richmond as in the Northern cities. In New York and Philadelphia, for example, the frequency of street cars is as maddening to the pedestrian and the lover of riding and driving as it is delicious to the passenger who is anxious to save time and to be transported for a few cents over a vast area of ground—and in Richmond plenty of hack carriages may be found roaming about the city and plying for hire. The driver is a civil and willing negro—ordinarily in rags—and the fares are stiff: a dollar and a half for the first hour, and a dollar for every succeeding one. But the carriage is a roomy barouche; and the daintily caparisoned pair of steeds by which the vehicle is drawn are generally capital specimens of horse-flesh.

Virginia is, indeed, altogether a “horsy” Dominion. She has her stud-book; and the stallions and brood mares of that renowned politician and country squire, John Randolph, of Roanoke, are yet spoken of with proper pride. This fine old Virginian gentleman, one of the Olden Time, set all his slaves free when he died, providing them by will with adequate means for their subsistence. His memory is still beloved by his fellow-citizens; and old folks love to tell how on election days no citizen would venture to approach the ballot boxes before John Randolph, of Roanoke, had come up and cast his vote; and how, when he had become old and infirm, and racked by painful

disease, the country people used to come out for miles on the way towards his domain and remove the rough stones from the road which his gig had to traverse, so that his good old bones should suffer as little discomfort as possible from jolting.

This John Randolph had Indian blood in his veins. He was, indeed, like the members of other distinguished Virginian families, of the kindred of the good and beautiful Pocahontas, whose ashes, as you know, moulder on the banks of our English river Thames, but whose sweet memory lives here, in her own Virginia, green and blossoming from the dust of ages. Is there not in St. Sepulchre's Church by Newgate the grave of that Captain John Smith whose name is so indissolubly connected with that of the poor little Indian



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.



POCAHONTAS.

squaw who prevailed on her stern father, the Sachem Powhatan, to spare the Captain's life, just as an appointed band of redskins were about to dash out his brains with clubs. I hope that the story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith is true, every line and word of it, just as I hope that the detestably cynical story of Inkle and Yarico, as related by Steele, is false. The one makes







A NEGRO FARMER RETURNING FROM MARKET.

us think excellently better, the other miserably worse, of humanity. Of late times attempts have been made by American antiquaries to disparage the reputation of John Smith, and to prove, indeed, that the Captain was rather a humbug than otherwise ; but I love



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S ENCOUNTERS WITH THE INDIANS.

From Smith's "General History." [Fac simile.]

to believe in all the stories told about his prowess and his ingenuity—was he not the inventor of flashing telegraphy, among other things? And I am told that there is at least one Virginian family that quarters in its coat-of-arms the three Turks' heads—Turks decapitated at a single blow by the scimitar of Captain John Smith, who was forthwith rewarded with many purses of broad gold pieces by an admiring Kaiser. And there is his tomb in St. Sepulchre's, as trustworthy a piece of evidence as the brick out of Jack Cade's house, to show that he did the doughty deed.

You see more ladies and gentlemen on horseback on a single fine afternoon in and about Richmond than you do in the course of a whole week in a city of the North. Then the farmers come riding into Richmond town on plump, well-fed nags, full of good equine points. Nor are the grooms and farm servants at all ill-mounted : although I confess that the first sight of a very tall, very old, and white-bearded negro man, in a long and ragged



black gaberdine, bestriding a very long-legged white horse with a "fiddle-case" head and a switch tail, was to me equally a solemn and a risible spectacle. He put me in mind irresistibly of that weird etching of Thomas Landseer, in the illustrations to Southey's "Devil's Walk," of the "Apothecary on a White Horse," profanely likened by the poet to "Death in the Revelations." Very picturesque, too, are the "lorries" driven by negroes, and the great wains, somewhat resembling the "ladder waggons" of Hungary, laden with tobacco and meal barrels. These continually passing vehicles, alternating with a few private coupés and buggies, give an air of great cheerfulness and animation to Richmond, which is otherwise a typical country town. Broad-street reminds you at times so strongly of High-street,



VIEW ON THE JAMES RIVER.

Southampton, that you begin to look around you instinctively for the Bar, and to conjure up the legends of Sir Bevis of Hampton; but Main-street may be considered the leading commercial thoroughfare of the city.

Extending from this thoroughfare to the James River, are the principal flouring mills and factories, which are making Richmond quite prosperous, if not quite happy, again. The ironworks, the machine shops, foundries,

and sugar refineries, the tobacco and cigar and cigarette manufactories—the noted "Richmond Gem" cigarette is really

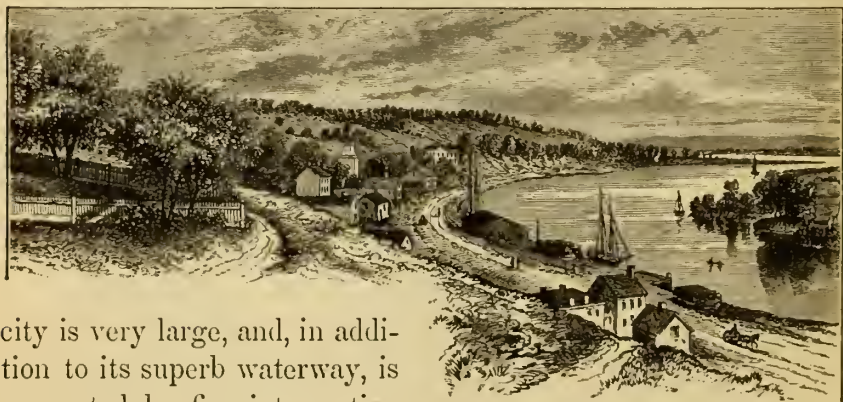
made here—the coach and waggon factories, the works for sheetings and shirtings, and in particular the colossal flouring and grist mills, are among the largest in the world. There is one flouring mill—the Haxall—which exports fine wheat flour only to the Brazils. There is one stupendous manufactory of chewing tobacco, the product of which is exported exclusively to our Australian colonies. I am glad, however, to hear that the Australians do not chew the whole of the mighty masses of compressed nicotine which Richmond sends them. Large quantities of the “honeydew” and “cavendish,” and other varieties of “quid” tobacco, are cut up for smoking. There are other manufactories of “quid” tobacco for home consumption, of course; but I am not prepared to say that in Richmond is made the celebrated “Little Joker” tobacco which, on five hundred fences and in big white stencilled letters, I have been adjured, in the States of Maryland and Virginia and in the District of Columbia, to chew\*.

Whether, since I was last here, there has taken place throughout the Union any sensible diminution in the nastiest conceivable method of consuming tobacco, I am not at present in a position to say. There is certainly no apparent decrease in what Mr. Thackeray, so long since as the time when he wrote the “Paris Sketch Book,” a good forty years ago, used to call “expectoratoons.” But these are things which I shall know—if they are worth knowing at all—later on. For one verity, however, I can confidently vouch. Smoking is very rigidly prohibited in numbers of places where it is openly tolerated in

\* After the iron industries, the tobacco factories and flouring mills constitute the two great material interests of Richmond. Its tobacco manufactures have materially increased since the war, and now represent a much larger outlay in active capital than any other single industry of the city. They, moreover, employ a force of 11,049 workpeople—equal to about one-fifth of the entire population. The number of pounds of manufactured tobacco is roundly stated at 20,000,000, netting an annual revenue to the Federal Government, at the present rate of taxation, of \$4,800,000. It is chiefly plug and twist tobacco that are produced, although smoking tobacco, fine cut, cigars and snuff are manufactured on an extensive scale. The heaviest foreign shipments are to Europe, South America, and Australia.

England ; and on board the railway cars there is not half the amount of smoking that there is in an English railway train. In fact, in England we should hotly resent the continual caveats against smoking which are posted up in places of public resort in the States.

Main-street, Richmond, although spacious and regular, well lighted by night, and tolerably well paved, is rather a disappointing thoroughfare. Many of the stores are large and handsome buildings ; but they do not seem to me to be so amply supplied with goods, especially those of the better class, as they should be. Articles of wearing apparel for both sexes are, I am told, excessively dear ; and it is a common thing to send to New York for items of ladies' dress and millinery which should surely be procurable on the spot, as they would be procurable in any populous country town in England or France in close and constant connection with London or Paris. But I am bound at once to remember that, although the population of the city has vastly increased within the last ten years—in 1870 it was 51,038, and in 1878 it was estimated at 77,500—although the commerce of the



VIEW OF THE JAMES RIVER.

city is very large, and, in addition to its superb waterway, is connected by five intersecting lines of railway with Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, Richmond must still be looked upon as a town gradually rising from her ashes.

When the stranger surveys from the heights of Hollywood



and Chimborazo the beautiful city, with the winding river dotted with islands rich in trees, and curiously reminiscent of our own Richmond in Surrey; when he descends and ascends the gentle slopes crossed by handsome streets, and crowned by cheerful villas; and when he demands from this seemingly thriving but really struggling place, all the appliances and accessories of luxury which he finds in those cities of the North which, during a whole hundred years, have never felt for one moment one stripe of the dreadful scourge of war, he should remember that, less than twenty years ago, Richmond was the capital of the Confederate States of America, and that the collapse of that Confederacy left her not unscathed — left her not unwrung. When General Robert E. Lee evacuated Petersburg, on the 2nd of April, 1865, the Con-



ANGLING IN THE JAMES RIVER.



WAITING FOR A BITE.

federate troops defending Richmond on the East were withdrawn, and to prevent the tobacco warehouses and the public stores falling into the hands of the Federal forces all these buildings with their contents, together with the bridges crossing the James River, were fired. The conflagration resulted in the entire destruction of a large part of the business portion of the city. Nearly one thousand buildings were wholly burned or gutted by the flames, and the entire damage done was estimated at eight millions of dollars.

Since then Richmond has had enough to do in re-building her blackened quarters; and that so few traces remain of the devastation of 1865 must be considered wonderful. The city—as indeed was the case with the entire South, with the exception of New Orleans—was absolutely ruined and beggared. An irredeemable currency, which for four years had perforce been a legal tender, but which had become depreciated in value to a level similar to that of the French *assignats* in 1793-4, so that ten dollars in Confederate money was the price of a dram of liquor and a pair of boots were worth two hundred dollars, became all at once worth no more than the paper on which it was printed, and promises to pay for large amounts were bought for a few cents as curiosities by the Federal soldiers. The suddenly emancipated slaves were widely demoralised, and could only be deterred from acts of outrage and murder by the most sternly repressive measures on the part of the victors. They, it must be owned, in the outset at least, used their triumph with moderation and humanity. Politically, they were to be for a long period the hardest of masters; but they did not, they could not, allow the vanquished to starve. An entire non-combatant population—mainly women, children, and infirm old men—utterly destitute, in almost every city in the South, had to be fed. Those who have seen Mr. Rogers's picturesque group in *terraccotta*, "The Oath—with Rations," will know how relief was administered in kind by the Federal officers. It was a bitter pill, but it had to be swallowed. With starving children crying for

bread, a mother does not much mind to what power she swears allegiance.

Richmond was the first city to recover from the staggering blow inflicted by the disruption of the Confederacy, and she is progressively gaining in substance and affluence ; but many more years must pass away before the stage of struggling is passed and that of permanent prosperity sets in. How many years did, it take La Vendée to recover from the effects of the civil war between the Chouans and the Republicans? Old Bretons will tell you that La Vendée yet bears the furrows made by that long agony. And La Vendée is but a paddock, or a village green, as compared with the Great South. Pondering on these things, I cease to murmur because the stores of Main-street, Richmond, seem but poorly provided with the gewgaws of wealth and luxury. It is a Genial City ; that is enough for me ; and in the whole course of my travels I have not met with a more courteous, a kindlier, or a more simple-hearted people than I have met with here.



A NEGRO FLIRTATION.





AMERICAN CONVICTS AT WORK.

## XVIII.

### IN THE TOMBS—AND OUT OF THEM.

Richmond, *January 12.*

“DEAR me—what a pity! You’re just ten minutes too late to see our Penitentiary.” Such was the kindly expression of regret on the part of a charming lady in Richmond to my traveling companion, whom she had been taking for a carriage drive. As a compensation, it was not too late for the charming lady to take her visitor to the cemetery. In fact, I think that the pair visited two graveyards—an American would shudder to use the cacophonous word—the cemeteries both of Oakwood and Holly-

wood. Elsewhere Necropolis is frequently called Greenwood ; but you must see it ; that is a *sine quâ non* ; and if your hospitable cicerone can only persuade you to inspect the local gaol into the bargain, he or she is satisfied. The Americans are justly proud of their cemeteries and their prisons ; but I have a rooted aversion from sight-seeing, so far as gaols and Golgothas are concerned. In this fair city of Richmond there are, or rather were, two world-famed places of confinement, which even the most apathetic foreigner might desire to see. I mean the Libby Prison and Castle Thunder. You remember the warning apostrophe of the elder to the younger Breitmann, when he “schlogged him on the kop ” in deadly fray :

“ Your vatch an’ chain an’ creenpacks you over now must shell ;  
An’ den you goes to Libby shtrait, and after that to ———.”

The verse closes with a word unmentionable to ears polite. The Libby, as everybody knows, was used as a place of detention for Federal officers during the Civil War, and Castle Thunder and Belleisle were devoted to similar purposes ; but all that has long since been at an end. The renowned Libby has been converted into a tobacco warehouse. Only a few iron bars before some of its tall narrow windows remain to remind the passer-by of its bygone use ; and as for Castle Thunder, it has been pulled, or as they say in this rapidest of countries “torn ” down altogether ; and its site, now desolate as that of our own “Bench,” will soon be covered by some new mill or factory.



THE LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

There is a gigantic red brick penitentiary in the western

suburb of Richmond, and there is a handsome gaol to boot ; but I have resolutely declined to enter these correctional institutions. A man's main business in life, I take it, is to keep out of prison as long as he possibly can ; but so mutable are the affairs of this world that you can never be quite certain when you are visiting the place of durance, as an amateur, that the authorities will let you out again. It is true that I made an ocular acquaintance lately with some of the gentlemen who are involuntary guests at that very extensive hotel, the Richmond Penitentiary. Driving to a rocky eminence called Chimborazo—the site for a nascent public park, and from which a magnificent view of the city and the James River can be obtained—I noticed, digging and delving among the white and coloured labourers, a proportion of cleanly-shaven men attired in loose jackets and trousers of some light woollen stuff, covered with horizontal bars of a dingy blue. They were noticeable not only on account of this strange garb, but



CONVICTS RETURNING FROM WORK, RICHMOND PENITENTIARY.

also from the circumstance that they seemed to be taking things very easily, and to be doing much less work than the ordinarily







"ZEBRAS" AT WORK ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

dressed labourers. "Those," observed the friend who had brought me to Chimborazo, in answer to my inquiry, "are some of our Zebras." For awhile I was puzzled; but he went on to explain that a "Zebra" was a humorous nickname for a convict; and then I remembered that when Charles Dickens saw the convicts at Blackwell's Island, New York, who are *bariolés* in a fashion closely resembling the costume of the Richmond gaol birds, he christened them "faded tigers."

I tried hard when in New York to avoid both the gaols and the graveyards. To the latter I was fortunately able to give the widest of berths; but a darker fate befell me in the matter of the prisons. The obliging gentleman who introduced me some weeks since to the police magistrate at Jefferson-market Court insisted that, after having passed a morning with Justice, I should make a regular criminal day of it, and see the celebrated Prison of the Tombs.

Not to be behindhand in hospitality, his worship the police justice himself pressingly urged me, before I went down town, to have a peep at his own particular gaol in the Jefferson-market house. For a while I feebly resisted these invitations; but when an American has made up his mind to "put" a stranger "through," he means business, and is not to be deterred from carrying out his programme to the very letter. So, as an ante-chamber to the Tombs, I took a cursory view of the Jeffer-



AN OFFICIAL OF JEFFERSON-MARKET GAOL.

son-market Gaol, which occupies a very tall tower of brick and stone in the Italian Gothic style of architecture. The



cells are airy, and not by any means cheerless: the inmates being permitted to read the newspapers and to smoke. But I should be discounting that which I have to say concerning American prison discipline were I to say more on the reading and smoking heads in connection with the Jefferson-market Gaol. The *détenus* were chiefly the "drunk and incapables" and the "drunk and disorderlies," who had been committed for short terms in default of payment of their five and ten dollar fines. Some of them were not placed in the cells at all; but were locked up in association in a large room, down each side of which ran a single tier of open wooden cribs or bunks furnished with a blanket and a coverlet, and where, chatting together quite gaily, they did not seem one whit more uncomfortable than the steerage passengers whom I had seen on board of the good ship *Scythia*.\*

*Revenons à nos moutons*, of which "Let us return to our black sheep" may be accepted as a tolerably close translation. There was a room in the gaol where peccant ladies were held in durance; and there, sitting up in a bunk which they occupied in common, I recognised the two poor Irish girls, Kathleen Mavourneen and the Colleen Bawn gone wrong—"twin cherries on one stalk." A very sorry stalk. The Colleen, her feet stretched out, was admiring a pair of new bronze boots, which contrasted rather conspicuously with the otherwise imperfect state of her attire. As for Kathleen, she "made believe," when I passed her cot, to cover her face, for shame, with a corner of a gaudy plaid shawl. But the pretence was a transparent one. She was obviously making fun of us from behind that shawl; and I am even afraid that she put her tongue out. Some of the female prisoners were doing "chores," or light house-work, about the gaol, which was altogether very clean and comfort-

\* I am glad, by the way, to note, in a recent number of "Macmillan," that, in his "First Impressions of the New World," the Duke of Argyll has done graceful justice to the excellent qualities of the *Scythia* as a seaboat, and to the good seamanship and kindly courtesy of her worthy commander, Captain Hains.

able-looking, and the strangest feature about which to me was that it was provided with a lift or elevator passing from tier to tier of cells. I mention this structural improvement for the benefit of the architects and surveyors of her Majesty's gaols in Great Britain.

I was sincerely glad to emerge out of Jefferson-market Gaol, and as sincerely grateful that during my brief sojourn within its walls nothing had turned up of a nature to warrant Mr. Justice Flammer in detaining me. There has been dwelling on my mind a paragraph which I read lately in a New York paper concerning a gentleman who was suspected of dealing in counterfeit trade dollars. The paragraph recited that the gentleman "skipped the town to avoid further judicial complications." Right merrily did I "skip" Jefferson-market Gaol; and then I skipped—literally so—up an iron staircase some thirty feet high, and into Sixth-avenue, and so into one of the Elevated Railroad cars, which, in a few minutes, deposited me at a point close to Broadway, crossing which I found myself at the distance of a few "blocks" from my destination. The Tombs—rarely has so appropriate a name been bestowed on a prison—is a really remarkable and grandiose specimen of Egyptian architecture; and but for the unfortunate position of the site it would be the imposing public building in New York. The structure occupies an entire block or *insula*, as an ancient Roman district surveyor would phrase it, bounded by Centre-street on the east, Elm-street on the west, Leonard-street on the south, and Franklin-street on the north; and it is thus in the very heart of the lower or business quarter of the Island of Manhattan, and within a few minutes' walk of that astonishing Wall-street, in the purlieus of which so many speculative individuals are so persistently and so continuously qualifying themselves for an ultimate residence in this grim palace of the felonious Pharaohs and Ptolemies.

The really striking proportions of the building are dwarfed into comparative insignificance by its unfortunate structural

disposition, which is in a hollow so deep that the coping of the massive wards of the prison are scarcely above the level of the adjacent Broadway. The site of the Tombs was formerly occupied by a piece of water known as the Collect pond, which was connected with the North or Hudson River by a swampy strip, through which ran a rivulet parallel with the existing Canal-street. The Collect pond was filled up in the year 1836; and within the two years following, the Tombs Prison was built on the reclaimed land. The marshy soil was ill-calculated to support the weight of an edifice so colossal; and although the foundations were laid much deeper than is customary, some parts of the walls settled to such an extent that the gravest apprehensions were for a time felt for the safety of the entire building. Possibly, if the clerks and warders could have been extricated in time, no great harm would have been done had the ponderous walls settled altogether, until the Tombs and all the rogues within it had been comfortably embogued in the swampy bosom of the bygone Collect pond. As it is, the dismal fortress has stood for a third of a century without any material change, and is considered perfectly safe. Who gave it the name of "Tombs" I am unable to say, since it is legally the City Prison—the Gaol of Newgate, substantially—of New York; but the criminal stronghold earned its appellation, I should say, from its general funereal appearance and its early reputation as a damp and unhealthy place. Its lugubrious aspect, it should seem, ought to have made the Tombs a terror to evil-doers; but such, I fear, has not been the case. The prison is generally full; and the crop of murderers is, in particular, steady and abundant.

Externally the building is entirely of granite, and appears to be of only one storey, the windows being carried from a point about two yards above the ground up to beneath the cornice. The main entrance is in, or, in Transatlantic parlance, "on," Centre-street, and is reached by a flight of wide, dark stone steps, through a spacious portico supported by four ponderous columns. The external walls of the remaining three sides are



more or less broken up by columns and secondary doors of entrance, thus infusing some degree of variety into the oppressive monotony of the pile, the remembrance of which hangs heavily



THE TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK.

upon you afterwards, like a nightmare on your soul. I was accompanied on my visit to this abode of misery by a gentleman who had been formerly Mayor of New York; and a word from him acted as an “open sesame” to the most recondite penetralia of the prison. The chief warder, who took us in charge, was a “character.” He had been a custodian of the Tombs for more than a quarter of a century—a wonderfully long spell for an office-holder in America—and he was, if I mistake not, an Irishman. At least he was endowed with a brogue as rich and melodious as though he had only left the county Cork the day before yesterday. He was a wag, too; but in every line of his honest countenance there beamed one unmistakable and prevailing expression—that of benevolent pity.

He was very careful to show us first of all the gate by which the prisoners’ van—called here, as on the other side of the

Atlantic, the "Black Maria"—entered the prison-yard, and then he conducted us to the quadrangle where executions take place. We saw the places for the posts of the gallows, and the hooks and staples in the wall for fixing the grisly apparatus of death. The culprit, the halter being placed about his neck, is at a given signal run up to the cross-beams of the gallows by means of the liberation of a counterweight, which is put in action by a simple piece of mechanism touched by the foot of the sheriff or his assistant. No hangman, strictly speaking, is thus employed; but the services of several persons are nevertheless required to get the condemned wretch ready for being put out of the world. On the day when I visited the Tombs there were no less than twelve men under sentence of death in the cells. Not one of them (at this time of writing) has yet been executed; and it is highly probable that at least two-thirds of the number may eventually cheat the gallows.

As I have hinted on a previous occasion, it is an extremely tedious and difficult process in this country to give a murderer his due. If the wretch have a clever lawyer he may fence with justice not only for weeks but for months and months together; nor is it always imperatively necessary that he should be well supplied with funds in order to carry his case from tribunal to tribunal. Legal costs in the States are not nearly so afflictive as they are with us; and even if the murderer be absolutely penniless, he will be out of luck indeed if he fail to find some sharp and promising young lawyer who will take up his case for the mere honour and glory of the thing. As for the criminal law itself, it seems to be endowed with a whole host of contrivances either indigenous to the soil or borrowed and modified from our old legal procedure, by means of which the action of justice can be stultified; but the result of all these multiplied facilities for staying proceedings, suing out writs of error, and obtaining new trials, seems to me to be rather of a double-edged nature, and not wholly conducive to the well-being of the commonwealth. So many are the checks and the counterchecks, the casements

and escapements, available to the condemned person, that it appears close to a moral impossibility that any innocent person in the State of New York should suffer the punishment of death. On the other hand, the multiplication of facilities for delay by appeals and rehearings, renders it equally possible for a vast number of manifestly guilty people to obtain a commutation of their sentence, or to escape punishment altogether.

Internally, the Tombs is rather a series of prisons than a single structure. The cells rise in tiers one above the other, with a separate corridor for each tier. There is a grating before each cell, between the bars of which the visitor can converse with the prisoner within. Throughout the day the inner, or wooden door, of the cell is left more than half open. Beyond the circumstance that the window—which admits plenty of light—is barred, and is high up in an embrasure of the wall, there need be nothing whatever dungeon-like about a cell in the Tombs. The prison furniture is necessarily scanty in quantity and simple in quality; but the prisoner more or less blessed by affluence is at liberty to supplement the equipment of his apartment by any such fittings and decorations as the length of his purse and the refinement of his æsthetic taste may lead him to adopt. Mr. Edward Stokes, it will be remembered—he is now, I believe, in California, enjoying himself\*—when “in trouble” for shooting Mr. James Fiske to death, furnished his cell in the Tombs in the most luxurious manner. He had his books and pictures, his Persian rugs, and, while prosperous, his wine and cigars, and lived altogether like a gentleman.

One cell did I see in the course of my visit which had been converted by the culture and liberal expenditure of its occupant into quite a Bower of Bliss. The floor was richly carpeted; and the trim little camp bed was covered with a dainty counter-

\* I afterwards sate at the same breakfast table with him at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where, I believe, he is engaged in some financial business and is doing very well.



pane of quilted crimson silk with an overall of lace: frilled pillows of course. The walls were entirely covered with chromo-lithographs, Mora's photographic album portraits, and the tasteful Christmas cards of our Delarues and Marcus Wards, for which there is a prodigious demand in the United States. The Epicurean occupant of the Bower of Bliss was smoking a remarkably fragrant Havana cigar when I was introduced to him. He shook hands with me warmly, and remarked that he hoped I should enjoy my visit to America. He knew England, he said, very well, and liked it very much. So much, indeed, had he liked it, my conductor whispered, that it was only through the agency of an extradition warrant that he had been induced to quit the hospitable shores of Albion, whither he had repaired in consequence of being "wanted" in New York, either for forgery or for taking something out of a bank safe. I forget the precise nature of the charge; but it was a matter of some score of thousands of dollars. A lady in a sealskin mantle, very deeply veiled, and bearing a pretty little basket, probably containing something nice to eat, advancing to the grating at this conjuncture, I was glad to bid the inhabitant of the Bower of Bliss good-bye, and to wish him well out of his little difficulties. Shall I ever meet him again, I wonder? Possibly; but where? In the Gold Room at Monte Carlo, or at the Central Criminal Court? At Delmonico's, or at Sing Sing?

Somewhat reluctantly I proceeded to follow my obliging conductor to a range of cells, familiarly dubbed by the authorities "Murderers' Row." These cells were tenanted by the men condemned to death. I only took a fleeting view of one—an Italian by the name of Balbo—who was in his shirtsleeves, and was gesticulating violently after the "altro" fashion made familiar to all English people by the description of Cavaletto in "Our Mutual Friend." Balbo had been cast for death for the murder of his wife. To most English minds his guilt would seem to be palpable, and his crime an exceptionally ferocious and dastardly one; but, since leaving New York, I have read in

the papers that Balbo's able and energetic counsel had succeeded in obtaining, on some purely technical point, a new trial for him. I read, furthermore, that he was "overjoyed at the news," and forthwith asked the condemned murderer in the next cell, a negro named Chastine Cox, for a light for his cigarette. When I saw Balbo he did not by any means look overjoyed. He looked the rather like a hyena, who, for once in a while, did not feel inclined to laugh, but was contenting himself by gnashing his teeth, and throwing his limbs about. The kind Italian priest, who had undertaken the task of administering ghostly comfort to Balbo, had fitted up for him in his cell a little altar, gay with scraps of lace and coloured ribbons, tapers, and artificial flowers. The doomed wretch, the gaolers told me, apparently took great pleasure in "fixing" and unfixing this altar, and in lighting and extinguishing the candles—operations which he would repeat half-a-dozen times in the course of the day.

It may be that he will have leisure to amuse himself with his toys, and to smoke, and to gesticulate in the "altro" fashion for several months to come. It is not until the last motion to stay execution has failed, and the last appeal has been rejected, that the doomed murderer is watched night and day, as is the case in England. Then the sheriff places two of his deputies, who are relieved at stated intervals, at the cell-door; and the convict is never out of official eyesight until he is led out into the quadrangle, to be hanged. Chastine Cox, the black assassin, would surely swing, they told me. I hurried away from "Murderers' Row," feeling very sick; nor shall I readily forget one miserable man who, when his cell-door was opened, flung himself face forward on his bed and lay there groaning in a muffled manner, horrible to hear. Is it merciful to allow these doomed creatures to smoke and to read illustrated newspapers and magazines and the like? That is a subject to be debated, but this is not the place wherein to debate it. I only take note of what the practice is in American gaols; yet I do not remember that any special mention was made of these indul-

gences at the last International Prison Congresses. The promoter of these congresses, a philanthropic American, called Dr. Wines, died only the other day.

I hope that I shall never see "Murderers' Row" again, but I may make passing mention of the fact that a few days after I visited the Tombs the twelve men sentenced to death were "interviewed" seriatim by a zealous reporter of the *New York Herald*, who endeavoured to elicit from them their respective views as to the expediency of capital punishment, and the particular form of death which they would prefer, supposing that they admitted the punishment to be expedient. To speak by the card, there were only ten catechumens actually awaiting strangulation, as the sentence on two of their number had been commuted to imprisonment for life just before the reporter arrived. Two more of the miserables refused point-blank to answer the questions put to them; but the eight remaining were explicit enough. They were all dead against hanging. One man said that if he must needs be put to death he should like to be drowned, and another avowed a partiality for being shot; a third wanted to be poisoned; another suggested electricity, "or something scientific of that kind;" while yet another modestly hinted that he thought all the requirements of his case might be met if he were "sent to the mines." Their opinions as to the justifiability of their having shed the blood of their fellow-creatures was not taken. Curious to relate, the two murderers whose sentence had been commuted to life-long imprisonment were strongly in favour of the death punishment, and unanimous as to the appropriateness of the gallows as an engine of execution. Murderers, they held, should be hanged "right away," and very high indeed.

The corridors of the Tombs are, to my thinking, somewhat overheated by stoves piled high with anthracite coal, a substance which gives out a dry heat, highly efficient in roasting malt in a kiln, but rather too powerful, I should say, when used for the slow baking of prisoners. It was a great relief to emerge into



the fresh air again, and walk by the side of the benevolent Irish chief warder, who had plenty of stories to tell, and told them with much quiet humour. I declined to see the female side of the prison—surely there is no wretcheder sight in the world than a woman in a prison cell, and the women in the Tombs must be infinitely more appalling sights than the poor Colleen Bawn and Kathleen Mavourneen gone wrong—but I was introduced to the prison matron, who had been in the service of the Tombs almost, if not quite, as long as the chief warder. She was a cheery old lady, and her attire was certainly more in harmony with the fashions of the year 1836 than with those of the year 1879. I should have liked to bring away a photograph of her truly remarkable bonnet. She was a very good old soul, I was told, indefatigably kind and humane to her dreadful charges, and was universally beloved and esteemed.

There was a bland old gentleman, too, with a white beard, philanthropically trotting about in connection with the Prisons Mission or the Prisoners' Aid Society. Finally the chief warder took us to his garden, where there was a vine trained against the wall, with a pigeon-cote amply stocked, and a pretty little pond bordered by turf and flowers. The chief spoke in terms of humorous regret about the disappearance of "a grand old frog," erst the delight and ornament of the Tombs garden, but who, in the course of the last fall, had eloped to realms unknown. Where is that frog now? Croaks he in the Great Dismal Swamp in Virginia—which, by the way, is not by any means a dismal region—or is he going about the States, emulating the Frog Opera, and singing counter-tenor in the Pollywog Chorus? I shook hands with the benevolent chief warder and bade him farewell. To my great joy I found that nothing had turned up against me while I had been in the Tombs. The authorities had no warrant for my detention; and by two o'clock in the afternoon I was standing in Centre-street as free as that "grand old frog" who, for reasons unknown, had shown the Tombs a clean pair of heels. I do not mean to go there again if I can help it.



BUYERS EXAMINING SAMPLES OF COTTON.

## XIX.

### PROSPEROUS AUGUSTA.

*Augusta, Georgia, January 17.*

THERE is a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth—we have Captain Fluellen's authority for that geographical fact—and, according to Messrs. Appleton's very lucid and comprehensive "General Guide to the United States and Canada," there is a city of Augusta in the State of Maine, another city by the same name in the State of Wisconsin, and yet a third bearing a similar designation in the State of Georgia. The Wisconsin Augusta, I am given to understand, is as yet only in the big-village stage of development. It is within a few miles of a spot called

by some old *voyageur* settlers Eau Claire—a pretty appellation corrupted by subsequent settlers (presumably of Hibernian sympathies) into “O’Cleary.” An analogous philological liberty has been taken elsewhere with Bois Brulé, which has been anglicised as “Bob Ruly.” As for Augusta, the capital of the celebrated Liquor Law State, you in England must have heard a great deal about it during the last few weeks in connection with the Maine Election Troubles, ex-Governor Garcelon, Governor Lamson, General Chamberlain—and, for aught I can tell, the Capulets, the Montagues, the Guelphs, and the Ghibellines; since, as a stranger and a pilgrim, the local politics of the State of Maine concern me no more than the parish affairs of St. Paul, Covent Garden, concern the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is with Augusta, in the State of Georgia, that I have at present to deal. Let it be premised that Augusta is the third city in the State, and that its population exceeds thirty thousand; that it is at the head of the navigation of the beautiful Savannah river; that it is a very busy and prosperous place, enriched by divers important manufactories using the fine water-power afforded by the Augusta Canal, nine miles long, which brings the upper waters of the Savannah to the city at an elevation of 60ft. It is almost unnecessary to state that Augusta likewise possesses a handsome Masonic Temple, a building devoted to the Young Men’s Christian Association, a commodious “Grand Opera House,” two spacious and well-provided markets, and a beautifully picturesque cemetery. All, or nearly all, institutions are to be found in every town in the United States, even to the youngest. Stay; I should add a number of admirably-conducted free schools, an orphan asylum, half a dozen banks, and as many fairly comfortable hotels. They are just a little “countrified,” to me a very delightful change. The guests at the *table d’hôte* made no scruple of talking to you without being introduced; whereas, in the gigantic caravanserais in the large cities rigid taciturnity among



strangers is the rule. Ere I had been twenty-four hours in Augusta I was on speaking terms with two Judges, a Notary Public, a fire-proof safe "drummer," several Colonels, and a "Fire Adjuster."\*

I am at the Planters', the general aspect of which bears out its name, for gentlemen in broad-brimmed, low-crowned hats almost rivalling the Mexican sombrero in amplitude of circumference, abound in the hotel; and their conversation is mainly

\* A "Fire Adjuster," is a gentleman employed by an Insurance Company, who is continually going to and fro one end of the United States to the other "adjusting" claims for losses by fire. The "adjustment" may possibly, in some few cases, take such a form as the following: "You claim fifty thousand dollars: supposing we say ten—which would you like best? Ten thousand dollars, or ten years in the Penitentiary?" The "adjuster" whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make at Augusta was one of the pleasantest, most intelligent, and most companionable gentlemen that I met with during my tour. He hailed from Petersburg in Virginia, and was good enough to tell me that the citizens of that historic town of the Old Dominion thought it "right mean" that I had not come to see them. But I remembered that the citizens of Vicksburg, in the state of Mississippi, had expressed an opinion that I had been "rough on them" by not putting in an appearance among them; and that it was impossible to accept invitations from everybody. A "drummer" is a commercial traveller; and of the quality of the fire-proof safe drummer the following stanzas will afford a graphic illustration:—

#### THE RIVAL DRUMMERS.

##### *A Legend of the Road.*

It was two rival drummers

The merits that did blow  
Of safes were in St. Louis made  
And safes from Chicago.

They chanced upon a merchant  
Who fain a safe would buy,  
And in praise of their houses' wares  
The drummers twain did vie,  
Each striving to see which could construct  
The most colossal lie.

Up spake the St. Louis drummer,  
"Once a mau a cat did take  
And locked the animal in a safe  
Of our superior make.

"They made a bonfire round the safe  
With tar and kerosene,  
And for four-and-twenty hours it blazed  
With raging heat, I ween.

"The fire went out, the safe was cooled,  
And I will forfeit five  
Hundred good dollars if that cat  
Did not come out alive."

Then mild upspake and answered him  
The Chicago safe agent:  
"With our safe one day we did e-say  
The same experiment.

"We placed the safe selected on  
Of coals a fiery bed,  
And pitch-pine we heaped in coal-oil steeped  
Till the iron glowed bright red;  
And in forty-eight hours we ope'd the safe,  
And, alas! the cat was dead!"

"Was dead? Aha!" his rival cried,  
With a triumphant breath;  
But the Chicago man replied:  
"Yes, the cat was froze to death!"

No word the St. Louis drummer spoke,  
But silent he stood and wan,  
While the Kansas merchant an order gave  
To the Chicago man.



GATHERING COTTON IN GEORGIA.

connected with cotton. Of course I have visited the principal cotton mills; and have been, physically, in a state of fluff and flue ever since my arrival. At least half a dozen times a day, returning from expeditions in quest of cotton, I have been fain



COTTON GIN.

to deliver myself up to the tender mercies of the attendant who throughout the Union goes by the name of the "Brush Fiend." He is the American cousin of the ragged "red jacket" who on English racecourses hastens, when you alight from your carriages, to brush you down, which feat he accomplishes with an ordinary implement made of bristles, indulging himself meanwhile with a cheerful hissing noise as though he were rubbing down a horse. The Transatlantic Brush Fiend does not brush you "down." He brushes you "off;" and while he urticates you he utters a low crooning murmur very much akin to that of



the mosquito singing his song of triumph as he drinks your blood. The fiend uses, not a brush proper, but a kind of whisk



or short broom made of some dried grass or another. He not only urticates, he hurts. He touches up the nape of your neck and the backs of your hands. The more you tell him to leave off the more furiously does he continue his virgal assaults; and it is only when you assume a decided attitude and, looking the Brush Fiend fixedly between the eyes, tell him that you will "go for," strangle him if he does not hold his hand, that the unsworn tormentor desists.

This demon haunts the entrance halls of hotels and restaurants, and especially barbers' shops. In the North, he is generally young, gaunt, and hungry-looking; and it is rumoured that he and his brethren are secretly retained by the woollen manufacturers of Massachusetts and New Jersey to do their best to destroy the nap on gentlemen's coats, and otherwise disintegrate the substance of their vests and pantaloons, so as to force them to purchase fresh supplies of store clothes, thus stimulating the sartorial craft, and encouraging native industry in the production of textile fabrics. In the Cotton States the Brush Fiend is generally black. He is a very lictor, and belabours you unmercifully. When he is middle-aged I imagine him to have been a slave, and to be avenging himself on your body for the potential cowhidings of his youth. You are for the nonce Legree; and he is Uncle Tom, manumitted and possessing equal rights. And then I fancy a "carpet-bagger" in a corner, silyly whispering to the sable imp that you owe him arrears of wages dating from President Lincoln's Abolition Proclamation, and counselling him to lay the brush well on, and to get meal if he cannot get malt. In reality the black Brush Fiend in the South is, apart from his somewhat too vigorous "brushing off" exercitations, a civil and willing fellow enough, and is effusively grateful for a gift of five cents.

Augusta is some four hundred and seventy miles further south than Richmond, but I made the journey from the old Confederate capital to the Cotton City purposely without "laying over" or stopping on the way. Under certain circumstances of travel it is more desirable that your career should resemble that of the

plummet than the pendulum. I remained nearly a fortnight in Richmond, and there I was treated with so much kindness, and I made so many friends, that I feel confident that I could have passed at least six of the very pleasantest of months in the State of Virginia alone. Please to remember that the Old Dominion is no "one-horse" State. Its divisions of Tidewater, Middle, Piedmont, Blue Ridge valley, and Appalachia comprise an area of 40,000 square miles. Its acreage is about twenty-seven millions, and the population so far back as 1870 was nearly a million and a quarter. It possesses all the requisites of a healthy region—an equable temperature, a rolling, well-drained, splendidly rivered country, abounding in natural products. Even the stories of the un-



FOX HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.

healthiness of the Great Dismal Swamp must be taken as mythic, since sea-going ships prefer to take in their water from Lake Drummond, which is in the very middle of the swamp libellously hight "Dismal."

The Virginians are hardy, robust, ruddy, and long-lived. They are mighty sportsmen and fox-hunters. The soil yields gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, granite, limestone, marl, plumbago, manganese, brick, and fire clays, wheat, oats, buckwheat, Indian corn in profusion, fruits and vegetables in plenty; and the Dominion is the native home of tobacco. Live stock of every kind is reared. The taxes on real and personal property are not one-eighth of the amount levied in and about New York City, and not above half the amount levied in newly-settled Nebraska; and farmers desirous of purchasing homesteads in Virginia can buy land there at a cheaper rate than they can purchase it out West; and instead of bare prairie, can procure improved farms, with all the necessities and comforts of life close at hand. This ancient State, to sum up, offers the fairest possible inducements to emigration to the people of the Old World seeking new homes, and to the people of Northern and Middle States seeking a milder climate and a richer soil, than they can find in their own parts. Writing more than two hundred and fifty years ago Captain John Smith said of Virginia that "Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation." Why not abide six months in a country so enthusiastically lauded by the *protégé* of Pocahontas? I had a score of invitations to visit different districts in the State. I was promised fishing, duck shooting, fox and deer hunting—all kinds of rural delights. I was "wanted" at Staunton, at Norfolk, and at Farmville. The Richmond clubs vied with each other in showing me graceful and cordial hospitality. So I thought that under these circumstances the best thing that I could do was to quit the State of Virginia altogether, and to drop, plummet-wise, right through North and South Carolina into Georgia. Thus behold me in Augusta.

Not lightly do I call her prosperous. The city is bustling,



well-built, and well-organised. Its stores are amply stocked with the material comforts and luxuries of existence. It escaped



A HUNTING PARTY IN VIRGINIA.

direct occupation and devastation during the Civil War, and was neither raided, requisitioned, nor "burnt up." It is a great cotton mart. The railroads place it in direct communication with the adjoining South Carolina, and with the whole of Middle Georgia; and the cotton collected from these districts is transported by rail to Savannah for shipment. It is, moreover, an agricultural centre, like our own good and handsome old town of Maidstone in Kent; and the farmers from all the country round ride or drive into Augusta to dispose of their produce, and to take back groceries and clothing from the well-stocked stores of the thriving place.

The most noticeable feature in the railroad journey from Richmond was the gradual disappearance of winter, and the gentle induction of the traveller into a green and sunny land. It had been snowing pretty freely during one of the nights of





IN THE SOUTH.



my stay in Richmond ; and, although the snow swiftly disappeared from the side walks, there was plenty of it on the roofs and in the back-yards of the city when I left. So in the country. The soil round about Richmond is a rich loam, and the James River runs nearly as ruddily as the Stour does in autumn in our city of York. Thus the snow lingering in the ridges and declivities of the country side as surely suggested to the eye the icing of a plum cake as did the powdered head of Tim Linkinwater as portrayed by his affectionate spouse, *née* La Creevy. But by the time we reached Danville, a town on the borders of North Carolina, the last vestiges of the mantle of winter had entirely disappeared.

I can scarcely say that I woke up the next morning, because, being in a sleeping car, I failed to go to sleep ; but when the darkness of the night gave way to a most glorious sunrise, I found, looking from the outside platform of the car, on which nobody is allowed to stand, and where everybody persists from time to time in standing, that the whole aspect of the landscape had been transformed, and that I was indeed in the South. Wherever the eye turned the horizon was closed by mantling forests of pine. The balsamic odour of the palm tree was wafted to you as the train glided along ; some arboretic kindred beautiful feathery tree which has given to South Carolina her proud sobriquet of the " Palmetto State " began to assert itself ; and water-oak and aspen, gum and cedar, black walnut and persimmon, hickory and maple, with a host more trees than my scant sylvan vocabulary can enumerate, made the land glorious. How you lament that your early rural education has been neglected when you are journeying in a strange land ! An English country boy, trained as William Cobbett was, in the fields and among the hedgerows, could have given a name to scores of trees and shrubs that were to me only vividly green, or delicately pink, or brightly yellow in their foliage. The little bumpkin would have been wrong now and again in his guess-work—the kinsfolk of the palmettos, I apprehend, would have



A PALM TREE AVENUE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

puzzled him—but in the main he would have construed correctly enough this glorious page from Nature's album; for here, in almost every tree and shrub, wholly strange to him, he might have found some British analogue. There are the cries of strange birds, too. The English farmer's boy would have likened them to the songs of his own home-birds—birds the melody of not one in a dozen of which is familiar to one whose business it has been to journey from city to city and to mark the ways of men.

There was not much to mark in that direction, scudding on a railroad track, through the Carolinas, North and South. Little villages with pretentiously wide streets bordered by little wooden shanties, little pepperbox cupolaed churches, oxen not much bigger than the Alderney breed, and here and there a contemplative pig desperately searching for something edible from a heap of fallen leaves, and slowly grunting, so it seemed "root hog, or die" as he searched. So we came in the early morning to a station hard by Aiken, a sandy and normally barren place on a plateau some 700 feet above the sea level,

but which American ingenuity and enterprise have converted into a charming health resort, which of late years has become very fashionable. Careful culture and the liberal use of fertilisers has studded the town with gardens well-nigh as delicious as those which surround the houses of the foreign merchants at Tangiers. Thickets of yellow jasmine, rose bushes, olive, fig, bamboo, and Spanish bayonet are everywhere visible at Aiken; and low bush and surface flowers make her pathways gay. The plateau on which the pretty place stands is encircled by a thick belt of dark pines—pines such as Turner loved to paint in his Italian pictures; but between the trees and the garden-studded town there is a waste of sand as white as the sand of the seashore.

I confess that by this time I was possessed by a very unromantic feeling: that, indeed, of a most ferocious hunger. Leaving Richmond shortly before noon on the previous day we had had no dinner. At about nine at night, and at a place called Greensborough, there had been provided, at a charge of fifty cents. per head, a supper, which I have not the slightest doubt was very much relished by those who like South Carolinian suppers. To me it was, from the toughness of the meat and the badness of the cooking, simply uneatable; but I managed to sup on some buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. There was nothing to drink but tea and coffee. At least I saw nothing stronger than those beverages, and some very bad water; and I was ashamed to ask for a glass of beer or half a bottle of claret, lest I should be told that the supper room was not a "bar." Perhaps the "Local Option Law"—a law after Sir Wilfrid Lawson's own heart—prevails in this section of the Carolinas. In any case, I am rapidly arriving at the conclusion that the Americans have become a nation of total abstainers, or that they are the profoundest hypocrites that the sun ever shone upon. I hope that the former assumption is really the correct one; and yet scarcely a day passes without my being desperately perplexed to decide whether Americans of the



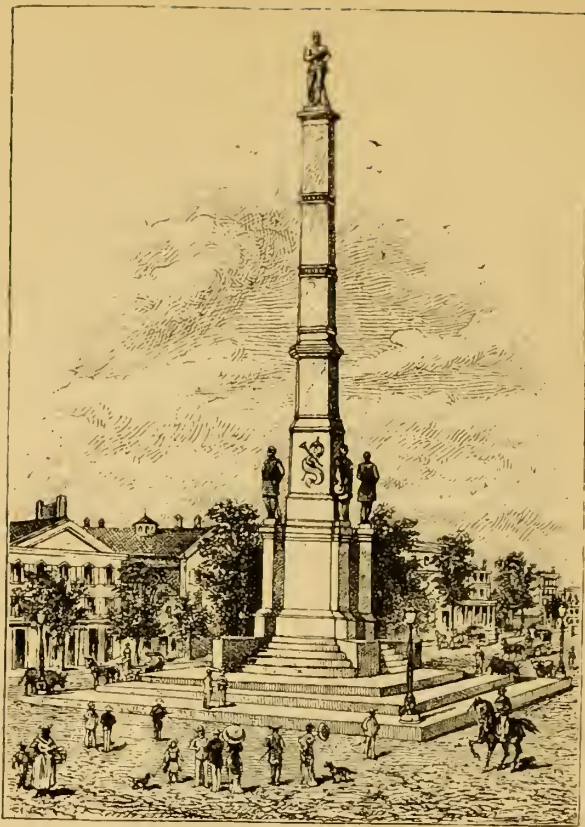
better classes really abstain, or only pretend to abstain from strong drink. When you go out to dinner you see hock, sherry, champagne, madeira, claret, and burgundy on the table; and after dinner the servant brings round the liqueurs. Hosts pride themselves, with justice, on the choice vintages in their cellars; and even "Thirty-four" and "Fifty-seven" ports are occasionally produced. But in the hotels, from the grandest to the humblest, iced water, and nothing but iced water, is the almost invariable rule at meal times. Now and again a guest may ask for a glass of milk; but that is all. After a while the foreigner accustomed to drink a little wine, for the reasons mentioned by St. Paul, with his lunch or dinner, ceases for very shame to ask for anything to drink of a fermented nature.

Is the end of all this temperance or hypocrisy? The excessive costliness of European wines may of course have something to do with this widely-spread abstemiousness; but it has not everything to do with it. The beer of the country is good, and it should be cheap. Yet not one guest in twenty drinks so much as half a pint of lager beer with his dinner. I have sometimes thought that this excessive temperance at meal times is due to the wonderful courtesy shown by the Americans towards the fair sex. They very rarely even smoke in the presence of ladies; and, as the ladies are really and unmistakably, as a rule, total abstainers, and look on our drinking customs with sheer horror, it may be that an American gentleman thinks it ungallant to drink anything stronger than water in a lady's company. Of course I am not speaking of New York in this regard. New York is Cosmopolis; and a genuine New Yorker with plenty of money would drink pearls dissolved in nectar or rubies boiled in ambrosia if Mr. Delmonico kept those articles on hand.

We did manage to obtain some breakfast at Graniteville, about eleven miles from Augusta, and one of the prettiest little village towns that, in the course of many thousands of miles of varied travel, I have gazed upon. Graniteville is said to be a

busy and prosperous place, containing a number of granite works and cotton mills, giving employment to several hundred workpeople, who constitute the bulk of the population; but I prized it mainly for the exquisite prettiness of the surrounding scenery, and most of all for the circumstance that at a quiet little hotel, closely resembling an English wayside inn, we breakfasted simply but copiously on excellently grilled chicken, ham and eggs, mutton chops, and a pleasing variety of hot cakes and what we term "fancy" bread. There were unstinted supplies of new milk, and the butter was capital. There was plenty of hominy for those who liked that farinaceous food, and the charge—the usual one of fifty cents—was certainly not too much for an ample, well-cooked, and wholesome meal. Another half hour's ride brought us to Prosperous Augusta.





MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD, BROAD-STREET, AUGUSTA.

## XX.

### THE CITY OF MANY COWS.

Augusta, Georgia, *January 19.*

I WAS reading, the other day, of a traveller very far indeed out West, who arrived at a nascent city—say Ursaminorville—and who was received in the most hospitable manner by the leading authority of the place : its Judge, liquor dealer, or grocery-store keeper, possibly. This gentleman undertook to drive the traveller around to see the principal sites of Ursaminorville. During a progress of many miles, as it seemed, the tourist beheld



nothing but spacious avenues, plenteously "snagged," pierced through the heart of the primeval forest. At length they reached a kind of *rond point*, where several of the spacious avenues converged. At this juncture a huge wild cat sprung at the throat of one of the carriage horses; while the flank of the other was fastened upon by a voracious wolf; and, in the dusky covert, several grizzly bears were visible and audible, huskily clamouring. The Judge rose in his waggon; indicated with his whip, divers points of the compass; particularised, "the Post Office, the Corn Exchange, the Board of Trade, the National Bank, Grand Opera House, Insane Asylum, the Young Men's Christian Association, Masonic Temple, Washington's monument, and the City Prison;" and concluded, with pardonable pride, "You are now, sir, in the very Centre of our City." Mind I read this in an American, and not in a British, and consequently calumnious newspaper.

Now, Augusta, in the State of Georgia, has already obtained all that Ursaminorville probably will have in the course of the next twenty years or so—perhaps much sooner; yet gazing on the astonishingly broad thoroughfares of this prosperous, cheerful, comely, cotton-growing town, I could not help wondering at and admiring the prescience of its founders, who foresaw that in America the most straggling of hamlets were bound to become, not in the due course of time, but in a phenomenally brief efflux thereof, great and important centres of population. Such prescience was denied the original settlers of New Amsterdam, of Boston and Philadelphia, who, timidly following European models, built their streets narrow and close together.

The modern American does not precisely build for posterity, since he is quite content, in the first instance, to run up a humble wooden shanty for his habitation: leaving it to his descendants to erect six-storeyed mansions of marble, brick, or iron, with mansard roofs; but he has thus much regard for the interests of posterity in ordaining that it shall not be crowded into those dark and tortuous courts and alleys which are the opprobrium of the

Old World ; so he lays out the streets and avenues of the village which is to become a city on a scale of vastness which Sesostris, could he “ unummify ” himself, might admire, and which Semiramis might envy. The hanging gardens of Babylon were, no doubt, very fine things in their way ; but the apparently immeasurably broad, incalculably prolonged, and faultlessly straight, well graded, well lit, and horse-car traversed thoroughfares of a youthful American city, which thoroughfares need only a decent pavement and a continuity of habitable residences to make them magnificent, present to my mind a far more interesting feature of civilization than do any descriptions of the monuments of antiquity that I have read. The structures of old Egypt and Nineveh, and Persepolis, seem to have been the work of a race of giants who came down from some unknown planet, their drawings and elevations and scantlings all prepared, their tools all ready : whereas an infant American city reminds me of some Kindergarten for juvenile Colossi. They are but babies just at present. So far as architecture goes they can only make mud-pies ; but in a very short space of time, growing gigantic themselves, they will proceed to erect cities the like of which would rather have astonished the Titans. Augusta can scarcely be called a baby city : it is athletically adolescent ; but it is a very long way off from being middle-aged ; and, looking at its capacity for development, what it will be like in another fifty years simply baffles calculation, and puts conjecture to the rout.

Destitute of a single structure which could by any elasticity of terminology be termed venerable or romantic, the chief thoroughfare of Augusta—Broad-street—is nevertheless one of the most picturesque streets that I have ever come across. To begin with, it is one hundred and sixty feet wide and two miles long. Think of that, you who are disposed to think the Avenue de l’Opéra in Paris grandly imposing or our own Regent-street a somewhat handsome thing in thoroughfares. The side-walks of Broad-street, Augusta, are flanked with splendid old trees ;

and, moreover, nearly all the façades of the stores have projections of timber or canvas, supported on posts, and serving as arcades. These are certainly not so architecturally pleasing as the Procuratie in St. Mark's Place, Venice; but they supply plenty of shade, and that is the grand desideratum in the Sunny South, both in summer and in winter. Here, in mid-January, the weather is as warm and bright as it would be in a well-behaved English June, and as it should be, at this season, at Nice. But between the climate of this favoured region and that of the Riviera there is the important difference, that in Nice, in winter, however warm and even sultry it may be in the sun, it is generally bitterly cold in the shade; and, again, you are continually in peril of the lung-piercing and throat-cutting *mistral*. At Augusta it is genially but not oppressively warm in the January sunshine; but the shade is cool rather than bitter; and there is no *mistral*. In the mid-watch of the night and at early morn it is decidedly chilly. It is prudent at all times to wear woollen clothing. The same rule obtains in that abode of flowers and perpetual spring, the Valley of Mexico, where there are nine months of early June to one of April and two of September; but at noon-tide in Augusta the sun is so powerful that you will find most of the *jalousies* of the windows closed, while in the more shaded stories the windows are all open, and the clerks are at work in their shirt-sleeves.

The foot-pavement—in American, “side-walk”—of Broad-street is as wide as that of the Boulevard des Italiens, and of the old Brighton material and pattern—that is to say, red tiles set herring-bone-wise: an excellent pavement in a place where streets seem to be seldom if ever cleaned. I have not yet visited Boston this journey, and consequently am unable to pronounce how the “Hub of the Universe” fares in the matter of street-cleansing; but in all the other American cities that I have yet explored, such cleansing appears to me to be rather of a potential than of a palpably existent nature. In the very fairest weather an American street rarely fails to wear an aspect of untidiness,



extremely distressing to the rate-and-tax-paying eye. The mud may have dried up, and the merciless wind may have relented at last, and finally scattered the nauseous contents of the ash-barrels into the Infinities; but the pavement is never what we call "tidy." The side-walk is always littered with shavings, wisps of straw, bits of orange-peel, and especially with scraps of paper. What are those scraps? Protested cheques, torn-up notes on "wild-cat" banks, circulars announcing the proximate arrival of the "Original Midgets, General Mite and Major Atom;" or advertisements of Professor Dulcamara's Lever Regulator, or Mrs. Dr. Quackenbosh's Non-Alcoholic Stomach Bitters? Did you ever ramble (shuddering and pressing a handkerchief to your face) over a recently-fought field of battle? The dead have been buried; the underwood, set on fire, has been charred to ashes; the neighbouring peasantry have pilfered all the broken arms and accoutrements lying about; but there always remains an inconceivably voluminous litter of scraps of paper. Upland and lowland, hedge and ditch, ridge and furrow are full of these scraps. What are they? Regimental "states" non-commissioned officers' memoranda; letters to the dead from sweethearts and wives, mothers and sisters—letters full of infinite love and tenderness, but disdainfully flung away by those whose business it was to rifle the bodies of the slain, and to get over that little business with promptitude and despatch. Less moving, perchance, are the paper fragments so lavishly strewn over an American side-walk; but still I cannot help thinking that it might be made part of the shopboy's duty to sweep up the pavement a little, after he has sanded the sugar and watered the rum, and before he joins the family at prayers.

"Have some wine?—there ain't any," such averment, if I remember aright, is the hospitable invite of the Dormouse to the Hatter, in "Alice in Wonderland." Of the pavement roadway in Broad-street, Augusta, it may be simply said that there "ain't any." The hundred and forty feet more or less of thoroughfare—allowing the balance for the side-walk—are merely a hundred

feet of fine dust several inches deep, which, from the fact of the road being traversed here and there by narrow causeways of timber, I conjecture, must be converted during the rainy season into a hundred and forty feet in width, and two miles in length, of very rich mud. The depth of the mud I do not venture to calculate; but I surmise that it would be Malebolgian.

The dust does not trouble us much now, as the morning and afternoon breezes are of the very gentlest character; and the horses and mules seem on the whole to prefer a soft track to a hard one. So is it with the pigs, which roam about in the freest and most independent manner imaginable. They are either the most idiotic or the hopefulest pigs ever farrowed; for they are continually rioting in the dusty depths of Broad-street, as though they expected to find provand there. "The actions of the just," the poet tells us, "smell sweet and blossom in the dust;" but hopefulness is enlarged to the verge of fatuity when a pig expects to find nourishment in the powdery waste of the Augustan thoroughfares.

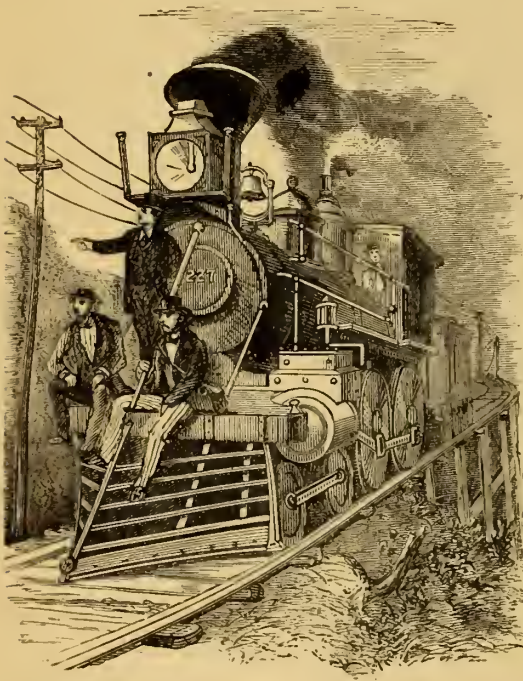
The cows have a much better time of it. Scattered about this village-city are plenteous plots of greensward, real green turf, as verdant as that of Mecklenburgh-square, London, W.C. —I live there\*—which is saying a great deal; and wherever you find a piece of greenery in Augusta, there also do you find a cow. I never saw so many cows in my life—at least in the streets of an inhabited town. The clean village of Brock, in

\* Why should a man be ashamed to say where he lives? There is a story told of old Mr. Arnold, the original proprietor of the English Opera House or Lyceum Theatre, that once upon a time he received notice that a newly married Royal Duke and Duchess purposed to visit his house. Mr. Arnold determined, in the first place, that the National Anthem should be sung by the entire company; and next that a new verse should be added especially in the Duke and Duchess's honour. But who was to write the stanza required? The "stock author" was not to be found; the leader of the orchestra did not see his way to composing rhymes; and poetry was not in the master carpenter's line. Eventually old Mr. Arnold determined to write the required lines himself. They ran thus—

"Heav'n bless the Happy Pair,  
May they all blessings share,  
Twenty-Four Golden Square,  
God save the King!"

Mr. Arnold lived there.

Holland, is great in cows, but the patient animals are in the byre, they do not "loaf around promiscuously." There were formerly so many cows in the ruined Roman Forum, that it was known as the Campo Vacano. There are cows enough in the market towns of Russian Poland. I remember being "sair owerhanded wi' coos," as a Scot might say, four years ago, at a place called Brets-Litovsk, but every street in Augusta is a cow-pasture ; and you are driven at last to look at the names over the shop-fronts, expecting that business must be wholly carried on by Messrs. Cuyp, Paul Potter, Vorbeckhoeven, T. S. Cooper, R.A., and other eminent artists in cows. A gentleman was kind enough



ON THE COW-CATCHER.

to take me over the great cotton-weaving mills here. Upon my word, there were a couple of cows tranquilly feeding in the compound or yard before the factory. They stand about the pavement, and look with mild eyes into the shop - windows. They are in the old graveyard ; and how authority keeps the cows out of the cemetery I have not the faintest idea. Fortunately, the arrivals and departures of railroad trains during

the day are few and far between. Otherwise, considering that the railway track, quite unfenced and unguarded, crosses Broad-street at its busiest part, the collision of a steam engine with



Augusta's Horned Pride would be certainly "bad for the coo," the locomotive cow-catcher notwithstanding.

When the shades of evening are gathering around Augusta, and the sunset of crimson and gold is slowly yielding to the dun purple mantle of the night, discreet females, usually of mature age, and armed with switches of hickory, pervade the city in search, each dame, of her particular cow or cows. The animals have had leg bail during the sunny day; and they with quiet docility obey the behests of the old ladies with the hickory switches, and meekly trot rather than they are sternly driven home, there to yield their lacteal tribute and so to supper. An innocent life. Plenty of fodder. The consciousness that you have done your duty to society by giving it an ample supply of nice new milk, and there an end. No log to roll, no axe to grind, no pipe to lay, no wire to pull, no party to "bulldoze," no editorials to write, no editors to shoot, no place to hunt, no vote to cast. If there be a metempsychosis, I think that I should like to be a Cow, at Augusta, in the State of Georgia.

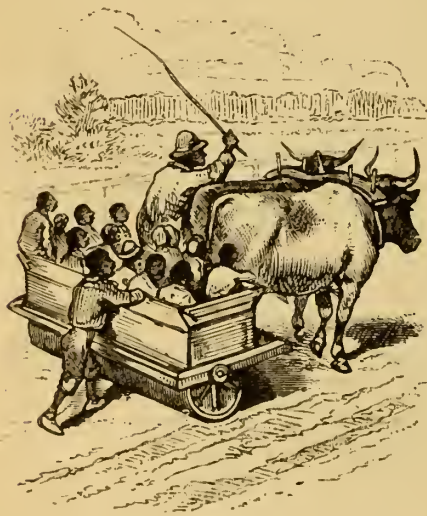
Goats, also, are plentiful in the streets of this Arcadian city, and of cocks and hens and turkeys—the latter confined, with plenty of elbow room, in coops—the name is legion. The bullocks in the drays are as a rule diminutive; but the mules



BULLOCK CART, AUGUSTA.

abound and are surprisingly strong and fine. It is a curious fact that wherever mules are very plenteous and handsome the donkey rarely appears in public. The donkeys here keep themselves very much to themselves. They are jealous, perhaps, of the mules. The horseflesh is abundant, and of an excellent type. All the Southerners are "horsey" in their tendencies; and I am right sorry to have missed the Augusta races, which took place a day or two before I came hither, and which were attended, I hear, by all the rank, fashion, and sportsmanship of the country-side. As a compensation, driving to the Sandhills and the beautiful suburb of Summerville—of course the demon driver brought us home by the inevitable cemetery—I saw some very remarkable trotting horses, one a lovely bright bay, which went, it may almost without exaggeration be said, like the wind. There is apparently no local law against furious driving; and,

besides, an American trotter does not require to be driven furiously. He is the most willing of four-footed creatures, and steps out gaily, of his own accord. The gentlemen of Augusta are also very fond of riding; but at the saddlers' shops I noticed scarcely any saddles of English make. Those most in use are first the "McClellan" saddle, which is a modification of the Mexican, and next the downright old-fashioned Mexican saddle itself, with its slipper



ROLLING THE RACE-TRACK.

stirrups, high crupper, and projection from the pommel, round which to wind the lasso. The flaps of this saddle are curiously embroidered and the seat is of wood, covered with raw hide,

and cleft in the middle, so as not to gall the backbone of the horse. This Mexican apparatus is only the old Andalusian saddle, *plus* the projection for the lasso, and the Spanish is only a survival of the old Moorish saddle.

One more sight to be seen in Augusta the Prosperous, ere, plummet-like, I drop down another six or seven hundred miles South. In the very centre of Broad-street stands the recently-erected Monument to the Confederate Dead. It is an obelisk supported on columns, of pure white marble, eighty feet in height, surmounted by the statue of a Confederate Soldier, and with four portrait effigies, including those of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, at the angles of the pedestal. The simple and touching inscription recites that this monument was erected by the Ladies of the Memorial Association, to those who fell for the Honour of Georgia, for the Rights of the States, for the Liberty of the People, and for the Principles of the Union, as handed down to his Children by the Father of a Common Country. Is there not a monument on our Drummossie Moor to the gallant Jacobites who fell at Culloden?







## XXI.

### PORK AND PANTOMIME IN THE SOUTH.

Augusta, January 20.

LIFE in Augusta can scarcely be called deliriously gay. It is not altogether dull; for the humours of the negroes, their street-corner songs and dances, their whimsical squabbles—in which they freely interchange “dam black nigga” and “woolly headed cuss” as terms of disparagement—and their occasional up-and-down fights, in which heads and feet play a much more conspicuous part than do clenched fists, give a recurring fillip to the monotony of existence; still, it must be frankly owned, the Augustan *curriculum* lacks variety. You grow tired at last of the contemplation of the innumerable cows. There was a grand



stampede of mules this morning, in Broad-street, which for about half an hour caused some pleasurable excitement; but, when the fugitive animals, after a vast expenditure of shrieking, arms-waving, and whip-cracking, had been captured by the mounted negro stockdrivers—whose dexterity in the saddle might be envied alike by Mexican *arrieros* and Newmarket stable boys—Broad-street subsided into its usual condition. The tramway car pursued its placidly jingling course; the country wains continued to discharge their loads of produce at the doors of the wholesale stores; the sounds of clucking, hissing, and gobbling were audible from the coops full of fowls and geese and turkeys; and things, on the whole, went on as usual.

Some mild amusement might, perhaps, be derived from watching the (so it seems) incessant delivery of pork at the provision stores. Whether the pigs have been killed and packed in the neighbourhood, or whether the meat has come by rail from Chicago or Cincinnati, I know not; but Augusta is none the less a huge emporium for swine's flesh in a semi-cured state. I say semi-cured, for the meat appears neither in the guise of our pickled or "tubbed" pork, nor in that of well-cured ham or bacon.

It looks as though it had been only roughly salted; and, from the "thud" it makes when it is flung from the wain on to the pavement, it should be "as hard as nails." Pelions upon Ossas of sides and legs of swine rise on the pavement; and, when you consider this prodigious mass of hog's flesh in conjunction with



A STAMPEDE OF MULES.

the granaries overflowing with corn, buckwheat, and a dozen varieties of cereals and pulse, the use of which is to us almost unknown, you begin to understand what important factors "hog and hominy" are in the economy of Southern life.

Rice also plays an important part in the dietary of the labouring classes. The green vegetables—the cabbages excepted—are very poor; and I regret that I have not been able

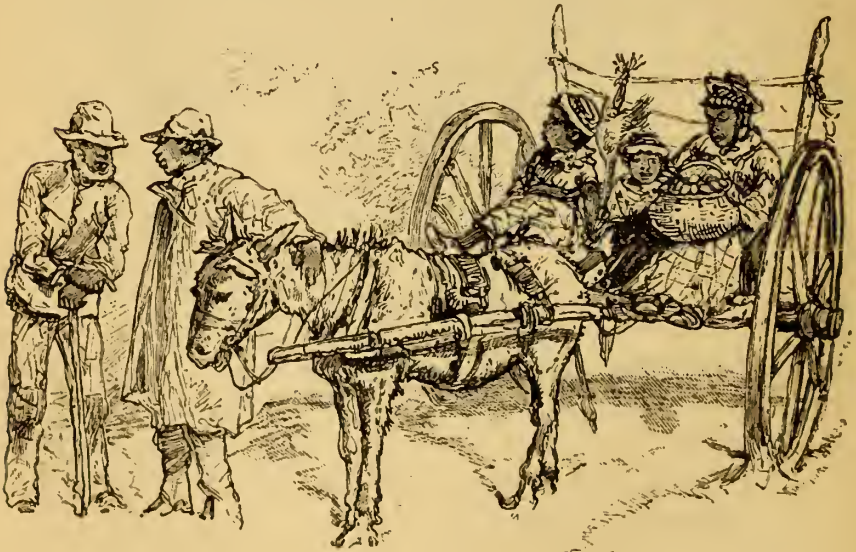


to ask any medical man in Augusta what effect, deleterious or otherwise, a diet which seems to be composed mainly of salted meat and farinaceous food may have on the health of the people. Oysters are not nearly so plentiful as in the North—to be sure, we are a hundred and forty miles from the sea; and the bill of fare at the Planters' Hotel does not always comprise fish. Very large and new oranges are five cents or twopence halfpenny apiece. There is a great wealth of less choice oranges, hard, heavy, brown of skin as ribstone pippins, full of juice, but not sweet, and without perfume. They tell me that even down in Florida—the State *par excellence* for oranges—I shall find the golden fruit comparatively scarce and costly—the Floridan Hesperides being systematically despoiled for exportation of the fruit to the North; and in view of this I cannot help repeating that which I have said over and over again in print, but which my countrymen are apt to forget, that there is no country in the world, out of Spain and Cuba, where the wholesome and delicious fruit is so abundant and so cheap as in that England which, neither for love nor money, can grow an orange for herself in the open. We are not half grateful enough for our imported plenitude of oranges at home; and that is the long and the short of the matter.

I have been riding round about Augusta in the most ramshackle of imaginable barouches, drawn by a pair of splendidly-matched horses, and driven by a negro coachman, amiable, talkative, well-informed, and in rags. His hat, previous to its having formed the headgear of a scarecrow, seems to have been built on the precise model of the memorable "tile" in which, more than forty years ago, at the Surrey Theatre, I beheld Mr. T. D. Rice wheel about and turn about and jump Jim Crow.



Pardon my iteration if I dwell, once and once again, on the tattered condition of the negro in the South. I remember, many years ago, freshly arriving at Naples, being asked by an English lady of great practical common sense what was the population of the Magna-Græcian city. So many hundred thousand, I replied. "And not one perfect pair of pantaloons," thoughtfully observed the practical lady. The Via di Toledo and the Chiaja assuredly do not shine in the integrity of the nether garments of the Southern Italian people at large. But a Neapolitan *lazzarone* is a Poole-clad "swell," a "Crutch and Toothpick" exquisite, in comparison with a Southern negro. Not only his pantaloons but his coat and his vest—if he have any vest—are phenomena of tatters. And let me in pure candour here remark that the negro's shreds and patches must not be taken as unerring proof of his poverty. Large numbers of black and coloured people hereabout, I am told, are doing extremely well: not only as porters, warehousemen, grooms, and stock-drivers, dealers in tin ware, and so forth, in the city, but as small farmers in the outlying country districts. They are



gradually enriching themselves by spade husbandry, or by raising small crops of cotton.

It is true that in the great cotton mills in Augusta, where excellent sheetings and shirtings are woven for exportation to Africa and even to England, the sixteen hundred and fifty hands, male and female, employed, are all white. I was told that the negro, while excellent as a field hand, a market gardener, a horsetender, and even as a workman where nothing but "pulley-hauling," fetching or carrying, or striking was required, as in forges, smelting works, cooperages, tobacco factories, and the like, was next door to useless as a machinist. His intellect as yet does not seem to have risen to the capacity of taking care or "minding" the different portions of complex machinery; whereas "minding" is the first thing requisite in a factory operative, and a white girl-child of thirteen is, as a rule, found more competent in "taking care" of the section of machinery at which she is posted than a negro man of forty. But, on the other hand, the coloured people, who devote themselves to such modes of industry as suit their existent intellectual calibre, thrive, and thrive wondrously, all things considered.

Has the tariff anything to do with the wretchedness of their raiment? I cannot help thinking so; for it is by no means uncommon to find a negro, whose rags would be disdainfully rejected by the most destitute applicant at the door of an English casual ward, in possession of a substantial silver watch and chain. The coloured women and girls, too, rejoice in gold rings—two or three on each hand sometimes—and in gold, or ostensibly gold, earrings and brooches. In general they are far better dressed than the men; as the North-Eastern factories turn out large quantities of gaudily-patterned and comparatively cheap articles of feminine wear. It is in good cheap woollen stuffs, moleskins, corduroys, velveteens, and other articles of apparel fit for mechanics and working men that the deficiency is most lamentably apparent; and shabbiness in apparel is visible on this continent to a greater extent, and in a more highly ascend-



ing scale, than in any other country in which I have travelled. Solomon in all his glory could scarcely be arrayed more gorge-



LOST IN ADMIRATION.

ously than is a wealthy young American in one of the great cities. The ladies of fashion are so many Queens of Sheba in their raiment; but the great mass of the American people, male and female, are very poorly clad.

After this assertion you are quite at liberty to throw Seven Dials in my teeth, and to reproach me with the rags and dirt of Drury-lane. I grant the impeachment, "I acknowledge the coin;" but I unhesitatingly maintain

that an English clerk, or shop assistant, or respectable mechanic with thirty shillings a week, dresses thrice as well as does an American with double that amount of wages; and that an English servant girl on her "day out" can afford to wear a dress, a bonnet, a jacket, boots, "fal-lals," and kid gloves, which an American young lady three grades above our housemaids in social status cannot afford to wear. I repeat that which I may have said over and over again, that the home manufactured textile fabrics when made up into garments look "sleezy." If the tariff have anything to do with this, I say that a tariff which, under the pretext of encouraging native manufactures, keeps an intelligent and industrious people meanly and shabbily clad, deliberately retards the progress of civilization; and that, besides, such a tariff strikes directly at the root of those democratic institutions which are so highly and so deservedly prized by the Americans; for how can there be thorough equality in a country where only the very rich are able

to wear those handsome and comely garments which in a country of Free Trade can be worn by all but the idle, the improvident, and the profligate?

Having exhausted the drives about Augusta, the pleasant excursions to Summerville and the Sandhills, and having paid a visit to some very handsome nursery gardens rich in avenues of the beauteous magnolia, and in the greenhouses of which flourish the richest varieties of tropical vegetation—bananas, palmettos, bamboo, Jerusalem cherries as large as tomatoes, and cacti innumerable—I thought that I might appropriately bring my visit to Augusta to a close by going to the play. The City of Many Cows boasts a Grand Opera House. So, it may be hinted, do most American “cities” or towns, where the population exceeds six or seven thousand. Whether the Americans have any decided taste for the legitimate drama, properly so called, is a question which, I heartily rejoice to say, I am not called upon to discuss in this place; but a liking for theatrical amusements they indubitably have, and against indulgence in such amusements there does not appear to be any widely-spread prejudice, religious or otherwise. Short as has been the time which I have passed in this country, and widely as I have mingled with different classes in the community, I have yet to make acquaintance with the “Serious Classes,” as we understand those classes to be from an Exeter Hall point of view; and people who would shudder to think of missing attendance at church on Sunday seem to see no harm in going to the play on Saturday evening.

The Augusta Grand Opera House is a pretty little *salle*, about as large as our Olympic, but not seating, I should say, as many spectators as does the time-honoured house in Wych-street. The pit or “parquet,” of which the incline is very steep, is roomy, and filled with comfortable fauteuils with reversible seats. There is a dress circle with plenty of elbow room, and where full dress is not required—a very sensible rule, and one that obtains in the majority of American theatres. The

price of admission to the parquet and to the dress circle was the same, and, considering that the theatre was a country one, it was high—a dollar. Above was a spacious gallery, admission to which was fifty cents, or two shillings. This part of the auditorium was largely filled by ragged negroes, and the coloured folk are, I am given to understand, great playgoers. I am not aware whether the institution which by some people in England is denounced as a curse, and by others hailed as a boon to the poor—the Tally Trade—exists in the United States, but, granting the existence of an honest tallyman in the State of Georgia, a negro might very easily purchase the fee simple of a decent coat and appendages to match by paying two shillings a week to the man with the tally. To be sure, he would have to forego his favourite amusement of going to the play.

The decorations of the Grand Opera House of Augusta do not call for any detailed criticism on my part; since scarcely any attempt had been made to decorate the interior at all. The act drop was a ludicrously vile daub, and the scenery, generally, was as bad. The performance was that of "Tony Denier's Pantomime Troupe," and the pantomime itself was the "famous trick entertainment," known as "Humpty Dumpty." The story of the "opening," so far as I could make it out, had nothing whatever to do with the corpulent but infirm hero of nursery legend, who sat on a wall, and had so great a fall therefrom, that all the King's horses and all the King's men were inadequate to set Humpty Dumpty up again. The hero of the Augusta pantomime seemed to be a kind of village pickle or scapegrace, perpetually indulging in mischievous horseplay with an ancient farmer, the father of a lovely daughter, in a yellow pinafore and cream-coloured silk tights, and whose hand was sought by a sprightly youth in a broad-brimmed hat, and a tail coat so much too long and too large for his slim little figure that the garment seemed to have been borrowed from Mr. Jack Dawkins, the Artful Dodger, and then to have been dyed a pale pink.



The "lines" of the old Italian pantomime, with its Arlecchino, Colombina, Gracioso, and Gerontio, appeared to have been closely followed, or in greater probability the entire *scenario* had been copied from some old piece of buffoonery erst the Parisian Funambules. There was a fairy—a pretty little maiden of some ten summers—who effected the transformation, when, of course, the village pickle became Clown, the old farmer Pantaloon, the slim little fellow in the Artful Dodger's coat dyed pink Harlequin, and the young lady in the yellow pinafore and the cream-coloured tights Columbine. The clown, Mr. G. H. Adams, otherwise "Grimaldi," was an exceedingly funny one. He was a wondrous dancer on stilts; and from certain peculiarities in his gait—you know the "outside edge" walk, and the habit of looking far up and wide around while walking—I am perhaps not altogether wrong in conjecturing that "Grimaldi" had smelt sawdust in early youth, that he had been acquainted with the Ring, and that the sounds of "Houp! la!" and the aspect of fair *equestriennes* careering on barebacked steeds, or bounding through hoops covered with tissue paper, were not wholly unfamiliar to him. However, he made us all laugh, which was something; and he made the tiny Augusta children, who formed fully two-thirds of the audience, positively shriek with delight: which was a great deal more. He had merely smeared his entire head, face, and neck with white paint, wearing neither crimson half-moons on his cheek nor a cock's comb on his pate; in fact, he was made up much more like a French Pierrot than an English clown, and this gave him somewhat of a ghastly appearance.

There was scarcely anything about the performance to remind one of an English pantomime, save in the intermittent appearance of the inevitable policeman, who never strode about the stage without smiting somebody with his truncheon: a joke which seemed to be highly relished by the audience. And stay, there was a British Grenadier in an amazingly dirty tunic, which had once been crimson, garnished with faded gold lace, and

wearing a prodigious bearskin, whose principal business it was to run away in dire perturbation whenever he was pelted with pea nuts by a small Yankee boy. And, stay yet again. In the



middle of the performance the Columbine, temporarily dispensing with her skirts, came on in trunk hose—a somewhat scanty allowance of trunks to a lavish quantity of hose—made up after the manner of the “Gold Girl,” and danced the Skipping Rope dance. Horror! Ah! Mr. James M’Neil Whistler, the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. There is a Nemesis in Art, even if you have to come so far as Augusta in Georgia to find her.



VIEW OF ATLANTA.

## XXII.

### ARROGANT ATLANTA.

Atlanta, Georgia, Jan. 21.

JUST prior to quitting the City of Many Cows, intent study of my "Appleton" convinced me that it was not precisely practicable to drop "like a plummet" from Augusta, southward. Such a course would have brought me out at Key West, among the Florida Reefs :—a place which I should very much like to visit for the sake of its manufactories of cigars, which in fineness of flavour are beginning to rival the famous *puros* of Havanna.\* But there is no railroad to Key West, nor, indeed, to any locality in Florida further south than Cedar Keys ; so, abandoning the plummet course of progression, I was fain to swerve a night's journey westward and even slightly northward from Augusta the

\* As respectable rivals to the Cuban cigars are the Mexican ones, of which some excellent samples ("Flor de Mejico") have recently been imported into this country by the well-known Mr. Carreras of Princes Street, Soho.



Prosperous to Atlanta the Arrogant. The distance is about one hundred and eighty miles ; and we were a trifle under twelve hours in accomplishing it. A gentleman, name unknown, who was one of our companions in the sleeping car, declared it to be "the meanest railroad ride" he had ever taken ; and at six p.m.—we left Augusta at 5:30—retired to bed in dudgeon, and with his boots on. He was, nevertheless, not indisposed to be communicative ; and at intervals broke the stillness of the night by inquiries addressed to the passengers in general as to whether, in the whole course of their experience, they had ever had a "meaner" journey.

So far as I was concerned I found little to complain of. The sleeping car was not a Pullman, and was therefore not "palatial," but it was comfortable enough ; and the "Cap'n" or conductor, was very chatty and companionable. I happened to tell him of the exceptionally good breakfast we had been favoured with at Graniteville before coming to Augusta ; whereupon he informed me that the wayside inn in question was celebrated for its excellent cookery, and that Mrs. Senn, the landlady of the establishment, was quite a noted character in that section of the State. He showed me a paragraph from an Augusta paper in which it was stated that Mrs. Senn had been in town on the previous day, to obtain fresh supplies of Worcestershire sauce, sardines, and Crosse and Blackwell's pickles, but had returned to Graniteville in the evening, "at the call of duty," Mr. Joe Jefferson and his entire Rip Van Winkle Company having telegraphed from Columbia that they would all breakfast at Graniteville on the following morning. "That woman's shirred eggs and sugar-cured ham should immortalise her," the sleeping-car "Cap'n" gravely remarked, as he folded up the local journal.

We obtained some supper at eight in the evening, at a place the name of which was not revealed to me, but which to my imperfect vision and in the bright moonlight looked as though it were situated in the midst of a snow-clad plain. But the seeming snow was only lily white sand—as fine and as shining as that

at Aiken. The little shanty which served as a summer-house was embosomed in a thicket of graceful trees; and altogether it looked just such a place as Mr. Longfellow's *Diana* might have chosen in her dreams to drop her silver bow upon, and to wake Endymion with a kiss, "when, Sleeping in the Grove," he was quite unaware that the chaste goddess had fallen in love with him. The supper was not equal to the Graniteville breakfast; but it was a pleasant repast to me, for at its conclusion the



money—fifty cents a head—was taken by the prettiest little sixteen-year-old maiden that I have yet seen in the South. She had hair of pale gold, and eyes of such a lustrous ultramarine

blue that they might have been stolen from that great sphere of lapis-lazuli above the high altar in the Church of the Gesù, at Rome. She had the slimmest little figure that ever drove a scientific corset-maker to despair as to fitting it properly; and it would have been an outrage to have placed any but five thousand dollar diamond rings on the rosy tipped fingers with which she took our fifty cents for supper. She was as timid as she was pretty and graceful; and holding out her tiny hand and murmuring "thanks," kept with the other the door ajar of the private parlour of her family, which comprised, I think, an aunt with a shrill voice, and, I am sure, a baby that squealed. Good-bye, little sixteen-year-old maiden. I shall not see you any more in this world; but one does not meet a Sylphide every day; and, when found, she should be taken note of. The ladies in the sleeping car all agreed that the maiden was "passable," which confirms me in my opinion that she was enchantingly beautiful.

I passed a sleepless night, roaming about the cars, listening to the snorers, conversing softly with the conductor, the baggage-master, and the negro boot-black, and ever and anon finding solace in the Indian weed. It seemed to me that we stopped at least half a dozen times during the night between station and station, and that the duration of our stoppages varied between twenty minutes and three-quarters of an hour. They were strangely oppressive to the sense,—these long intervals of utter immobility and silence without; but after a while would come a solemn clanking, as of the chains of doomed souls in torment, and then the hoarse thick pants of the locomotive. Passing from the door of the car you beheld a weird and, as it seemed, interminable train of open waggons and trucks and huge "box cars" passing you, dragged sometimes by two engines. These were freight trains; the trucks heaped high with cotton bales; the "box cars" laden with grain, on their way from the middle-south to Savannah and Charleston, for shipment to Europe. How many hundred tons of the raw material for





THE BAGGAGE MASTER'S ARMOURY.

English bread and English body-linen passed our sleeping car that night I cannot estimate ; but it strikes me that the freight traffic, either in the South or in the North, would not be quite so lively if a facetious British Chancellor of the Exchequer clapped a merry duty of a penny a pound on cotton, and a proportionately jocose import tax on every bushel of American wheat. How the advocates of the Morrill tariff would howl to be sure. But the thing is, of course, impossible. Mr. Mongredin and all the sages of the Cobden Club tell us so. We may not retract—we *must* not retract one iota of the dogma of Free Trade. We cannot obtain Reciprocity ; but we must not think

of Retaliation. Oh, dear no! We must turn the other cheek to the fiscal smiter, and allow the British farmer, the British dairyman and cheesemonger, and the British manufacturer of preserved provisions to be half-ruined by duty-free imports from the States.



A HOT AXLE-BOX.

As for the railway stoppages, they are due, I suppose, to the circumstance that the lines, save in the immediate neighbourhood of the Atlantic cities, are single ones; and it is consequently necessary to shunt the passenger trains on to sidings to allow the freight trains to pass. Sometimes the shunting is not properly performed, and the "freighter" runs into the passenger and "telescopes" it into horrible havoc and collapse.

They bundled us out of the train at Arrogant Atlanta at five o'clock in the morning, and in the middle of a white fog that would have done honour to Sheerness in October. No actual physical coercion, it must be admitted, was used in extruding us from the train, and the gentleman who had so frequently denounced the meanness of the journey publicly proclaimed from behind his curtains his resolution to have his dollar and a half's

worth out of the "Sleeper," and to remain in bed until breakfast time; but the negro shoeblack told us that it was "quite most de fashionable ting" to go to the hotel until we could "make connections" with the train for New Orleans, and, as a stranger in Atlanta, I did not like to be unfashionable. The railway depôt is in the very centre of the Arrogant City, and right opposite a tall hotel called the Markham House; so thither we repaired, shivering. We were affably received, and the black waiter, who conducted us to a very elegantly furnished bed-room, forthwith brought us a jug of iced water to regale ourselves withal. Ice is the Alpha and Omega of social life in the United States of America. You begin and you end every repast with a glass of iced water; and whenever you feel lonely in your bed-room you have only to touch the electric bell, and the waiter makes his appearance with an iced-water pitcher. I do not know whether they ice the babies to soothe them during the anguish of teething; but I have already hinted that the first thing that an American undertaker does with the mortal coil of our dear brother departed is to ice it. We concluded not to drink the glacial beverage, but to shiver until breakfast time. But why was it so cold? I asked myself. Were we not yet in the State of Georgia? Were we not still in the Sunny South? We had left June weather at Augusta. Why this chilliness of temperature at Atlanta? I soon found out the reason why. The Arrogant City is at the foot of a mountainous region, and is itself a thousand feet above the sea level. It was not a real fog which had half suffocated us; it was a mountain mist. I half expected, when I received this information, to find all Clan Alpine's warriors true in the breakfast hall, and to be told by the negro waiter—confound his iced water!—that he was Roderick Dhu.

Between Augusta and Atlanta there is as much structural and social difference as there is between Birmingham and Stratford-on-Avon: that is to say, the difference which exists between swart and grimy and anxious industry and simple, peaceful, beautiful rurality. Augusta in its every blade of green prettiness



is redolent of the South. Atlanta at once and emphatically reminds you of the stern strong North. The Atlanta papers rally their sister city for being such a Campo Vaccino. "The Augusta cow," I read in one of the local journals, "is still at large." Why not? A city cannot be very wicked when the cows roam undisturbedly about the streets. I would sooner meet a cow than a steam-engine; and the locomotives are puffing and panting about the streets of Atlanta all day long. There is a very excellent reason for the go-ahead and substantially Northern aspect of the capital of Georgia. The city is a creation, so to speak, of the day before yesterday. Next to Savannah, it is the largest city in the State, and the population they told me exceeds 50,000, although "Appleton" puts it down at only 38,000 in 1878; and its remarkable outgrowth has been ascribed to the fact that it is the centre of an extensive network of railways. But there is another reason. During the Civil War, Atlanta was the Richmond of the Central South; and its position made it a place of vital importance to the Southern cause. The siege of Atlanta by General Sherman will be ever memorable in the history of the tremendous struggle; and with its capture the doom of the Confederacy was virtually sealed. Before evacuating Atlanta to fall back on Macon, the Confederate commander, General Hood, set fire to all the machinery, stores, and munitions of war which he was unable to remove; and in the terrible conflagration which ensued, on September 3, 1864, the greater part of the city was reduced to ashes.

Its resuscitation was swift and marvellous. Immense hotels arose. The Kemball and the Markham houses rival the caravanserais of Philadelphia in vastness and handsomeness; there is a grand State House, and, of course, a grand Opera House; there is a State Library, containing sixteen thousand volumes, and the Young Men of Atlanta have a library with five thousand volumes, while there are as many tomes in the library of the Oglethorpe College. Gigantic warehouses and dry goods stores

rise on every side; and the city is growing rapidly rich, owing to its being a vast emporium for the produce of the South, and a distributing centre for such Northern commodities as the South has need of. I should scarcely call it an agreeable city; but it is in all respects a very remarkable one. The negro population seemed to be numerous, and to be very hard at work as porters and packers; and I saw very few street-corner loafers. Why I have called Atlanta Arrogant is not with the slightest intent of disparaging her, but because she seems to have altogether a certain swaggering mien and a high-handed manner of comporting herself, as though she was saying, "See what a burnt-up city can do; look at my hotels and my banks, my colleges and libraries, my dry goods stores and my First Methodist churches, and then talk of the crippled and impoverished South, if you dare."

The great marble entrance hall and clerks' office of the Markham House, where they treated us very politely, and charged us only three dollars for excellent accomodation and a capital breakfast, is slightly suggestive of a Moorish-built house in Andalusia, inasmuch as it has a *patio*, or inner court-yard, of marble, round which run galleries, supported by marble columns, and leading to the various corridors. But the *patio* of a Morocco-Andalusian house is open to the sky, whereas that of the Markham House is roofed in; and the space beneath, whether the roof be of cupola shape or not, is always known as the "Rotunda." There at the clerks' counter you register your name, and enquire for your letters. There, at a stand at one side of the hall, you buy your newspapers and your postage stamps. Elsewhere you find facilities for purchasing railway tickets to every part of the Union, or for sending telegraphic messages; and at a stall at the opposite extremity you find a place for the sale of cigars, which, as a rule, are expensive and not good.

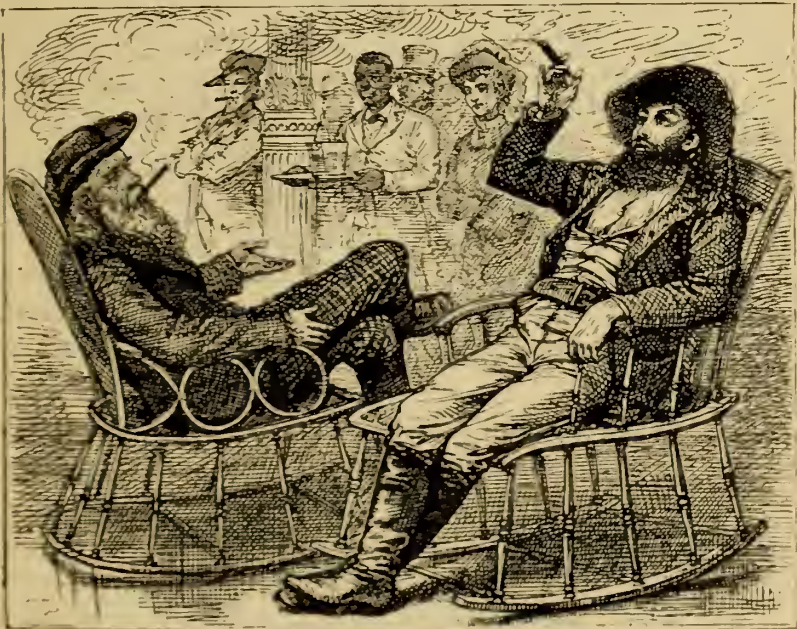
While travelling in America never cease to bear this cardinal fact in mind, that this is a wholesale and not a retail country.

Everything is on an extensive scale. Nothing is petty. And if you want a good cigar at a reasonable rate you must get some friend to introduce you to a direct importer of the article and buy a couple of boxes. You may even procure good and comparatively cheap claret if you buy it by the cask and bottle it yourself; only the "trouble" is that the transient and elderly traveller who has been accustomed from his youth upwards to drink a modest pint of St. Julien at his dinner does not see his way towards travelling up and down the enormous continent with a hogshead of Bordeaux in his baggage. Frenchmen, as a nation, are not travellers. Were they such wanderers to and fro on the earth's surface as we are, I imagine that nine lively Gauls out of ten, journeying through the interior States of the American Union, would go mad or commit suicide for want of their accustomed *vin ordinaire* at breakfast and dinner. Yes; I know very well that *vin ordinaire* at thirty cents a pint can be obtained at many of the New York restaurants; but the great Republic is not all New York. From the point of view of cheap and good wine I have hitherto found it a great desert in which New York is the solitary oasis. But *halte là!* It is too early to generalise. I have not yet seen New Orleans. There should be some thousand lusty Creoles in the Crescent City, of Gallic descent, to whom cheap claret must be a necessary of life. And—much more—I have not yet seen Chicago the Marvellous. I have not yet seen San Francisco the Auriferous. There will be claret enough there, I have no doubt.

I saw two strange specimens of American humanity at the Markham House, Atlanta—the very strangest, assuredly, that I have yet beheld in the course of my travels. I met them loafing in the hall. They occupied two rocking chairs. They were smoking very big cigars, and they were the observed of all observers. Strange man number one was over six feet high, and correspondingly athletic. He was very handsome and exceedingly dirty. He wore his brown hair flowing in long ringlets over his shoulders and a good way down his back. He



was full-bearded and moustached; but a very long period seemed to have elapsed since any barber had "fixed" him up with the emollient pomatum or the invigorating bay rum. His attire consisted of an old drab coat, vest, and continuations, high boots, as innocent of "the soot pots of Day and Martin" as were the boots of Frederick the Great, as pictured by Mr. Carlyle; and a battered, greasy, old, low-crowned felt hat, with a monstrous broad brim, which, with a tarnished gold cord and tassel encircling it, looked like the ghost of a Mexican *sombrero galonado*. His revolvers and his bowie-knife—if his equipment comprised such trinkets—did not in sight appear; his age might have been about thirty-five. His companion was, perhaps, bordering on sixty; but his grizzled hair fell over his shoulders, just as did the lovelocks of his companion. He was quite as unwashed and unbrushed; his apparel was similar in cut to that of his fellow; only there was no *galon* or tarnished gold cord round his *sombrero*.



Who were these hirsute men? At first I took them for "Moonshiners," or illicit whiskey distillers, who just now are abounding in the State of Georgia, and against whom the Federal Government has sent out a whole army of revenue officers, well mounted, and armed to the teeth with rifles and six-shooters. The "Moonshiners'" haunts are up in the mountains, and the revenue people find the task of raiding the stills to be both difficult and dangerous: since the smugglers are very apt to show fight, and derive much gratification from hiding behind projecting ledges of rock, and "potting" the Excise officers as the latter ride by. The state of things fiscal in Georgia is, in fine, closely similar to that which existed in Scotland in the days of a certain "riding officer" of the Excise named Robert Burns. But the hairy men whom I saw in the hall of the Markham House could scarcely have been "Moonshiners." They were not under guard, nor were they handcuffed. "Bushwhackers" they might have been, but could be so no longer, since the guerilla or "bushwhacking" profession faded out with the Civil War. Were they members of that darkly-famed and direly-dreaded *Vehmgericht* the "Ku-Klux-Klan"? No! the mysterious brethren of the Ku-Klux only sallied forth by night, and when engaged in their nocturnal raids they wore masks and black calico shrouds over their ordinary garments. Finally, I asked, were these ringletted strangers twin brothers of Mr. Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras, in difficulties? People laughed when I interrogated them on these gravely moot points. I was told, jocularly, that one of the hairy strangers claimed to be "Buffalo Bill," and that the other was "Kit Carson."

Who are Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill? I could obtain no further explanation concerning them beyond a hint that I should see "plenty more of the same stripe" when I got out West. Be it as it may, the men with the ringlets and the *sombreros* afforded me food for cogitation until it was time to take the train for New Orleans; and gradually I began to

associate the hairy men in my mind with the heroes of a very droll story which was lately related to me by a distinguished Senator of the United States, whose fund of humorous anecdote is as inexhaustible as that of Mr. Secretary Evarts. Perhaps I shall mar the tale in the telling of it; but so far as I can recollect, it ran thus: Say that the two heroes were named Damon and Pythias, or Orestes and Pylades, or, better still, Jim and Mose. At all events they were the fastest of friends. They were together one evening in some out-of-the-way rural town, no matter in what State; when finding, "between drinks," the time hang somewhat heavy on their hands, they concluded to attend a lecture given at the local institute by, say, Professor M'Hoshkosh. The lecture was on the identity of the author of the Letters of Junius, and the peroration seemed to have been a sublimely eloquent one. "Time," quoth Professor M'Hoshkosh, "has left but a very mean balance of mysteries to be toted up and unravelled. Time has rent the veil of the Semitic Isis, and turned Edison's electric light full blast on the Man with the Iron Mask. Time has deciphered the Rosetta inscription; and there ain't much in it. Time has revealed the cause of the banishment of Ovid; and in process of time we shall find out who stole the body of A. T. Stewart, and which of the Masonic lodges it was that didn't murder Morgan. Time has replaced the lost nose of the Sphinx, and all her conundrums have been answered in the columns of the Philadelphia press. But, ladies and gentlemen, the Author of the Letters of Junius doesn't care five cents for Time, and defies the most persistent researches of the New York detectives. Who wrote those letters? Was it Sir Philip Francis? Was it Edmund Burke? Was it Lord George Sackville? Was it Lord Temple? Was it John Wilkes Booth—I mean John Wilkes? Was it Benjamin Franklin? 'Echo answers P'raps.' Was it Dr. Johnson? Was it Tom Paine, when he was a young man? Who wrote those immortal editorials? Who wrote them? We ask again and again; and Echo replies, in a derisively equivocating



manner, that she possesses no reliable information on the subject.'

Thus Professor M'Hoshkosh. The two friends adjourned to the nearest bar, much edified by what they had heard. They partook of many drinks, still discoursing more or less coherently about the lecture; and by the time they reached their hotel Jim and Mose were quite "tight." The attached friends "roomed" together; and in the middle of the night, Jim, waking up thirsty, and stretching forth his hand for the iced water pitcher became aware of Mose bewailing himself dolefully in his bed. "Wot's the matter?" asked Jim. "O, my wife and babes," sobbed the afflicted Mose. "Who writ them letters to Julius? Why didn't he own up? Why didn't he acknowledge the coin, and send in his checks? Why didn't he send it to the papers that he writ 'em?" And Mose continued to moan and sob, at intervals, for at least two hours. Unable to endure any longer the affliction of his friend, the sympathetic Jim sprang from his couch, and sitting by the side of Mose's bed, took his comrade's hand, and wrung it affectionately. "Don't cry, hoss," he said, the tears running down his own brown cheeks. "Don't cry. I can't abear it. You shall know all about it. *I writ them Letters to Julius; and he answered every darned one of 'em; and I've left 'em downstairs in the office, locked up in The Silas Herring fireproof safe.*" There is a touch of tenderness in the absurdity. The poor ignorant fellow's falsehood was atoned for by noble friendship, sympathy, and compassion.

END OF VOL. I.

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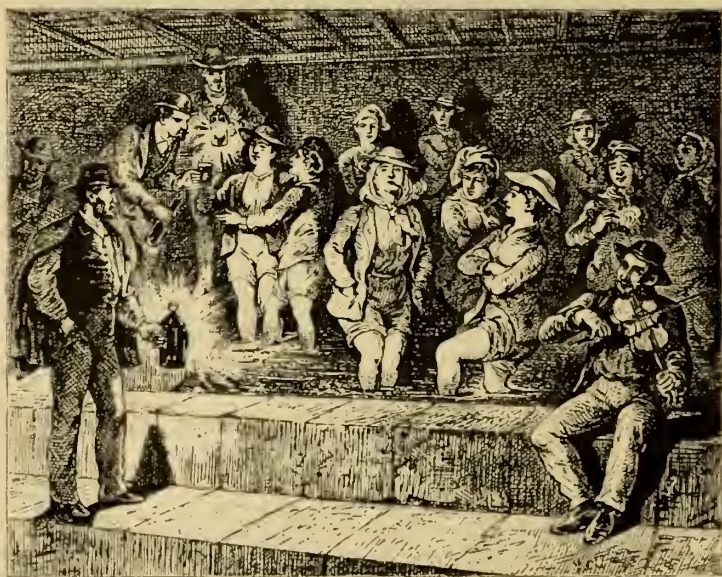
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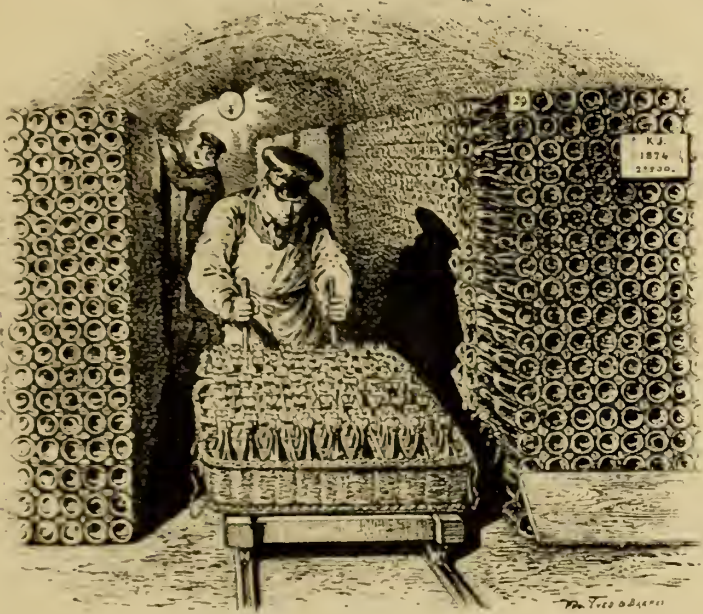
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